THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
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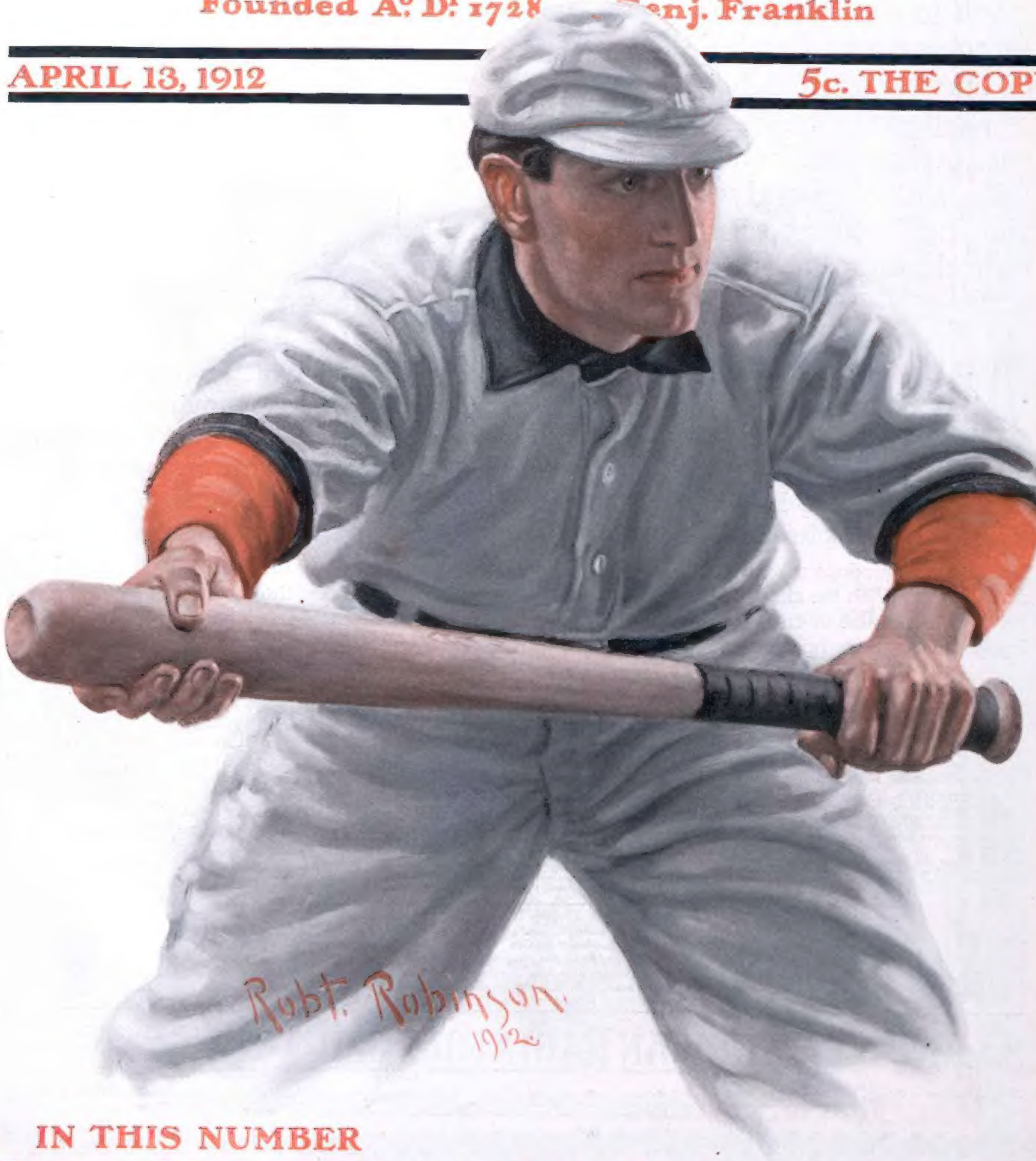
APRIL 13, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY



IN THIS NUMBER

How to Make a Winning Ball Team—By Connie Mack

Advance agents of home health

No other group of men in all the world do a work equal in *practical good* to that performed by the present-day body of earnest, skilled heating experts in uniformly sanitarily and healthfully warming and ventilating the home, school, church, shop and office with

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Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

Chicago New York

Ivory Soap at House-Cleaning Time

In the first place, let us suggest that you plan your work so as to have a "day off" in the very middle of house-cleaning.

Don't say, "I can't do that." The contrary is true. You can't afford not to do it. What difference does it make whether the parlor curtains are hung on Wednesday or Thursday? But it does make a great deal of difference to your family as well as to yourself if you overtax your muscles, brain and nerves.

Another hint: Begin operations at the top of the house and work down. From attic to cellar is the easiest route.

Now, as to the best way to clean your house and its furnishings: We know it is "born in women" to do this work or have it done satisfactorily. But different women pursue different methods, some better, quicker, easier than others, and all women like to know about new and improved ways.

We, therefore, give below directions which thousands of housekeepers and our own experiments have proven most practical. It is evident that these suggestions mean safe, sure cleaning, for, with Ivory Soap as the chief dirt mover, the work is certain to be well done and without a particle of danger to the article.

We submit our information to the housekeepers of America with best wishes for a more pleasant and more successful house-cleaning than ever before.

The Procter & Gamble Co.

Rugs and Carpets Sweep the rug thoroughly. Then, beginning at the corner farthest from the door, scatter Ivory Soap Paste (see directions below) over not more than a square yard at a time. Scrub vigorously with a stiff scrubbing brush. Scrape off the paste with a metal-edged ruler or piece of zinc. Wipe thoroughly with a cloth wrung out of clean, lukewarm water. Work with—not against—the nap.

Furniture With a painter's brush, 5 or 6 inches wide, apply warm Ivory Soap Paste, covering a small surface at a time. Sponge off, using very little water. Rub dry with a soft cloth. If furniture is slightly soiled, apply warm Ivory Soap suds with a few drops of kerosene added. Use a soft cloth and rub dry with another soft cloth. This treatment is a wonderful restorer of mahogany, walnut and oak.

But remember this: Use very little water and don't let it dry on the surface or it will be streaky.

Hardwood Floors If in good condition, treat the same as soiled furniture and polish with a flannel cloth. If they show wear, wash first with Ivory Soap; then apply this finish: Dissolve 4 oz. Ivory Soap, shaved fine, in enough boiling water to cover it. Beat to a stiff, white foam like whipped cream. Melt separately 1 oz. white wax and 1 oz. yellow wax and stir in briskly, while warm, to prevent hardening. Let it cool. Add 1 pint of turpentine, a little at a time, beating slowly all the while. Apply with a soft cloth and polish with weighted brush.

Painted Walls and Woodwork Shave a cake of Ivory Soap into a gallon of hot water. Add a pint of milk and 6 tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Have ready a plateful of whiting. Dip a soft flannel cloth into the Ivory Soap suds, squeeze almost dry and apply to the painted wall, or woodwork, a small space at a time.

To remove finger marks, dark spots and stains, dip the cloth first into the suds and then into the whiting. A little rubbing will remove the dirt. Wash with clean, lukewarm water and dry with a soft chamois.

Wall Paper Shave half a cake of Ivory Soap into a quart of hot water. Keep almost, but not quite, at boiling point until the soap is dissolved. Stir in sifted flour slowly, until a thick paste is formed. Let cool. If too thin, or sticky, reheat and stir in more flour. The mixture should be of the consistency of dough. Separate into pieces convenient to handle. Begin at top of wall and work downward in long, parallel strokes. Fold dirt into cleaner as it becomes soiled.

Windows To a basin of hot Ivory Soap suds, add 2 tablespoonfuls of kerosene. Dip cloth, wring slightly and rub on window. Wipe off with a soft cloth and polish with tissue paper.

The Piano Provide two basins of clean, lukewarm water, to be renewed as often as necessary, and three good-sized pieces of clean cheesecloth. Wring one cloth nearly dry from first basin. Rub on Ivory Soap and clean about a square foot of the surface. Wring second cloth nearly dry from second basin and wipe off the suds. Rinse and wring cloth again and wipe off any moisture that remains. Rub dry with third cloth, using quick, light strokes and very little pressure.

Proceed in this way until the entire instrument has been cleaned. Then go over it lightly with a clean, soft handkerchief, or a very soft, not new, chamois. The finish will then appear as when new.

The Piano Keys To a bowl of lukewarm water, add a tablespoonful of alcohol. Wring a soft cloth from this almost dry. Rub cloth on a cake of Ivory Soap. Wipe off keys. Polish at once with a clean, soft cloth.

Oil Paintings
A Famous Artist's Way

Have at hand plenty of clean, warm water (not over 100 degrees), a good-sized, first quality silk sponge and a soft cloth. Wipe off all dirt. Then dip sponge in water, rub on just a little Ivory Soap and go over the painting quickly and gently. Rinse thoroughly and dry with the cloth.

General Brightening Up Apply lukewarm Ivory Soap suds with a soft cloth or brush. Rinse at once with clean water and polish vigorously with another soft cloth. This method will improve the appearance of ninety per cent. of the articles in your home. Ivory Soap and water will not harm anything that water alone will not harm.

How to Make Ivory Soap Paste Shave one large cake of Ivory Soap into three quarts, or two small cakes into four quarts of water. Do this with a knife, vegetable grater or food chopper. Keep nearly, but not quite, at boiling point for about fifteen minutes, or until the soap is perfectly dissolved. When cool, it will be like jelly. Keep in china or glass jars. Use as needed.

We cannot emphasize too strongly the value of Ivory Soap Paste, not only at house-cleaning time, but also in the kitchen, the laundry and for general household use.

Next Month's Advertisement of Ivory Soap will deal with its uses in the Garden

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How to Make a Winning Ball Team

By CONNIE MACK

A BASEBALL fan, fairly successful in his own business, wrote me a letter in the championship season of 1911 about the running of our team—the Athletics. He said he had a plan as to how the men should be played—which was not the way I was playing them. His letter ran like this:

"Your infield, as at present constituted, is the youngest and fastest in the big leagues and is doing wonderful work! The idea occurred to me that, with Baker on first and McInnis on third, the field would be just as fast, and at the same time would give what in my opinion is needed—a larger man at first base. You can take this for what it is worth."

That's what I did. Baker's natural position is at third and he was playing the bag as well as any man in our league—much better than most third-sackers. For some time McInnis was a problem to me. The club signed him as a substitute shortstop—the position he played as a high-school boy—but we found that he was not the ideal infielder; and by infielder is meant a man who can play either second base, shortstop or third reasonably well—first base is not included. McInnis, however, sure can hit the ball, and the regular team needed his batting. I lay awake many a night—though the fan who wrote to me was sleeping soundly, no doubt—trying to figure out where to play McInnis. Finally I had the hunch to put him on first. I knew that some one must be found to take Captain Davis' place, and the substitute we were carrying was not up to the job. So I told McInnis to grab a mitt and play first in practice at every opportunity. He did so. And the way he developed was amazing! When spring practice was over he was playing the position in the first-sacker's manner born. Our problem was solved—at least so I thought.

Then came the letter from the business man suggesting that we rearrange the infield combination, though, in his own words, that combination was "doing wonderful work!" Of course I have become hardened to outside advice. I guess managers of ball teams get more advice about their own business than any other class of men—I shouldn't except public officeholders. Letters come by hundreds; and the funny part of it is that many of them are signed by successful men who would resent any outside interference in the management of their business affairs. No doubt this was true of the man who wrote me about my business. I thought I was justified in having a little fun with him; so I wrote him a polite letter, thanking him for his interest in the club and winding up in this fashion:

"Perhaps you have overlooked the fact, but the club is paying me a large salary to manage the Athletics. I am supposed to be worth it. Now, my friend, it's all right for you to send me a confidential letter telling me how to run the team and I appreciate your trouble in the matter; but I have a favor to ask: Don't let the club-owners know that you are doing my thinking for me."

To my surprise the letter made him mad. He wrote back: "I am as good in my line as you are in yours!" I hadn't said a word about his business. I shouldn't think of advising any man in another line how to run his affairs—have trouble enough looking after my own. Why, I should hesitate to offer advice to the managers of other ball clubs. They have their way of doing things, I'm glad to say—and I have mine. They think their way is best, and—well, I'm rather partial to ours, not altogether because my system has succeeded quite well, but because it is based on the experience of twenty-eight years' playing and managing, and has been worked out step by step and then checked up with actual results. Why give it away? If we have something valuable why not let our club monopolize it? Well, a system on paper is one thing, and a system in practice—in actual play—is decidedly another thing. Hereafter, our club must rely on the certain application of principles rather than on a knowledge of how to play winning ball. The desire to win is so strong that every manager is on the keen scent for the best methods in handling a ball club. It's a sure thing that the wise manager isn't going to copy the plans and specifications of the tail-ender in the league. I feel that our rivals are right up to the fence—that they will get a look-in somehow; so I might just as well let them look over the fence and see how we do it.

Here's the formula: Get the right stripe—get them young and green; teach the youngsters all you know; handle them right; forget the scoreboard and play for the game—never for individual averages. It's as simple as keeping tally in "scrub" with pebbles—the theory of it. To put it in practice I guess a manager must show some executive ability, as they say in humdrum business.

There's no use wasting time with a player who isn't ambitious to rise in his profession. Youngsters of the right stripe see that it is only common-sense to keep in the best possible physical condition. Excesses of any kind will ruin the cleverest ballplayer that ever faced a pitcher. And by excesses I don't mean drinking and moral uncleanliness only; I include eating to excess. One of the greatest players of the last ten years ate his way out of the American League. Here's how we look at it:

PHOTO. BY ARMBRUSTER

Connie Mack Watching a Big Game

Before we played the Cubs for the world's championship in 1910 I had one talk in particular with my men about the series. I told them that we had something "on" Chicago and ought to win; but, win or lose, we wanted to come out of the series without any regrets. I reminded the boys how after some world's series there were stories about—I don't know how true they were—that the losing club had dissipated, and so hadn't shown its best baseball. If nothing else that was mighty poor business. Nothing like that must be said of the Athletics, I insisted; and my players agreed with me. Then I told them that I wanted each man who could do so to say that he wouldn't take a drink for the two weeks covered by the series and the preliminary practice; but I made the point that any player who couldn't go without his drink was to say so. I wanted him to speak right out. We called the names—and every man promised.

One of my old players, who did not handle a ball until the deciding game, did some great work on the coaching lines. After the fourth game he was so hoarse he could hardly speak—had a bad cold and seemed in for a case of grippe. He came to me that evening and said:

"Connie, I'm half sick. I need something to brace me up or I may be in bed tomorrow. If you don't mind I want to take a drink."

"All right," I told him. "Do as you like—but I'd rather die than take a drink!"

"That settles it," he said, "no drink for me!"

Next day I put him in the game. He got on first, stole second at a critical moment and helped turn the tide of victory in our favor. And he did it without his drink! Not one of the regulars or the substitutes took so much as a glass of beer during those two weeks—I am morally certain of that. We came out champions; but, had we lost, there would have been no regrets that could have been helped.

It was easier for me when we played the Giants

PHOTO. BY H. S. JENNINGS, PHILADELPHIA. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY THE U. G. CLUB, PHILADELPHIA

The World's Champions of 1910. Reading From Left to Right: Top Row—Livingston, Murphy, Collins, Dygert, McInnis, Lord, Hartzel, Strunk; Second Row—Krause, Plank, Derrick, Thomas, Houser, Bender, Coombs, Baker, Barry; Lower Row—Morgan, Atkins, Davis, Mack, Oldring, Lapp, Donohue, and Vanzelt, the Mascot

last fall. I had something to work on; and all there was to do was to draw conclusions from the preceding world's series and let the players see for themselves that our best chance to repeat was to follow the same rules. So I gave them this talk:

"Boys, you were mighty successful against the Cubs. Now I feel that that success was due, to a certain extent, to your not taking a drink—any of you. I am going to ask you to do the same thing in this series. I know there will be times when the temptation may be great. If one of your friends sees you taking a drink he will naturally want you to have one with him; but if you are not taking it you can say to your friend, 'I'm not drinking,' and that makes it easy to refuse. I think you will agree with me—because you know it's good business."

The players agreed. Every man promised and they all kept their word. And we beat the Giants!

These incidents, which were all in the game, merely go to show the importance of the player's condition in major-league baseball; but I should not mention these happenings if I thought the general public might draw a wrong conclusion because the men abstained from drink during the series. They are not of the drinking class. Several of the Athletics have never taken a drink in their lives and others confine their drinking to a bottle of beer a day. One and all, they are temperate. Take twenty young men out of any business or banking house and you will find they cut up more and are more given to careless living than my squad. Hotel men tell me they would rather have twenty major-league ballplayers as guests than twenty men in any other business. I guess you could include almost all of the professions and not work any injustice. The fact is that a big-league player has to be in fighting trim day in and day out or he is sent to the minors. It's the survival of the fittest.

It wasn't so twenty years ago. Star ballplayers were few compared with the present crop and they took advantage of their rarity. Boozing was common among them. I know, because I was a major-league player in the eighties and nineties. I know, because I tried to manage the Pittsburgh club—and failed. I was catching for Pittsburgh when the club-owners called me into the office in the midseason of 1894 and offered me the management. I was knocked off my pins. When I recovered from the shock I told the officials that they would make a mistake to swap horses in midstream—that the manager was getting all out of the team that the players seemed willing to give. My argument decided them to let things run for a while as they were; but in six weeks they again sent for me and offered me the management. I started in to give them the same old song, but they wouldn't listen; so I agreed to take the reins. I told the players that there would be no change in the rules that season, and there was no change in their conduct.

When Killing the Umpire Was Fashionable

THE next year I tried to have them cut out the dissipation and for a time succeeded. Up to midseason we led that great Baltimore club. Then there were injuries and the players seemed to lose heart—consequently to dissipate; but it was a pretty good year. The National was a twelve-club league then, and Pittsburgh finished seventh. Chicago, which landed in fourth place, led us by less than three games. In '96 we finished one notch higher; but our playing, on the whole, was not so brilliant, and financially it was a poor season. As a manager I was a failure all right. That's why I went to the minors—went of my own accord. It was a sore point with me that I hadn't been able to control the men off the field. They wouldn't take care of themselves and I couldn't make them—not the class of players I had in those days. I spent many a sleepless night trying to figure out how to enforce discipline, but I couldn't solve the riddle. It was simply that I didn't know how to handle men.

Necessarily the conduct of players off the field twenty—yes, twelve—years ago was reflected in their barroom manners on the field. Rowdyism was the rule, not the exception; and—a point to be remembered—the public upheld the players in their rowdy tactics. I remember a game in Cincinnati about 1896.

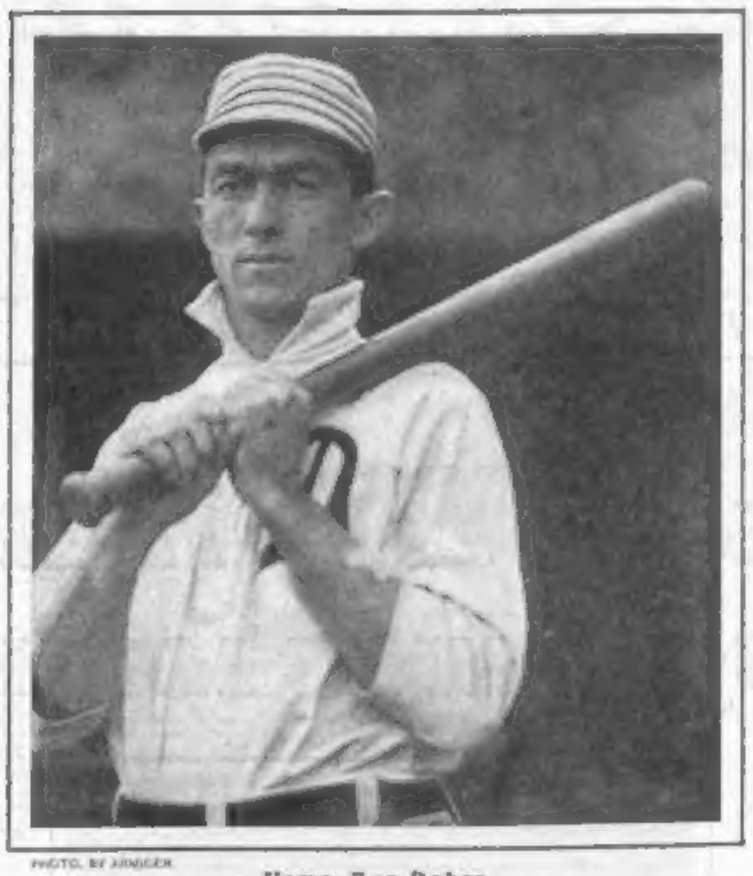

PHOTO. BY ANDUCER

Home-Run Baker

Killian, one of the greatest southpaws of the game, was pitching for Pittsburgh, and Lally, the lone umpire, was calling balls and strikes behind the pitcher's box. The batter knocked a hard-hit ball along the third-base line, scoring the run that put Cincinnati in the lead. It was difficult to tell whether the ball went fair or foul, and the Pittsburgh players protested the decision which allowed the run. Killian grabbed Lally by the sleeve and tried to pull the umpire over toward third to show him that the ball was hit on foul ground. Lally would not listen and pulled away. Killian then hit Lally in the face, and pitcher and umpire "rough-housed" it before the spectators. The police came on the field and arrested Killian and took him to the station; but next morning the magistrate, who was a baseball fan, merely censured Killian and let him off. Lally showed good judgment in not appearing to give his side of the story; for if he had appeared, judging from the remarks made by the guardian of the law, the magistrate would have fined them both. And note this: No action whatever was taken by the league! For such conduct now a player would get a suspension of at least thirty days—if not a life sentence.

Confession, they say, is a good moral stimulant. I was a little raw myself in those days. I don't like to blame the umpire, who has the most thankless job of any one on the ball field; but in the days I am speaking of the umpiring sure was rank! Self-preservation was the cause of many of their bad decisions. Umpires felt that they were not safe unless they gave the home club the benefit of the close decisions. I shall always remember a game at Kansas City. It was after I went to the minors and was managing the Milwaukee Club. I was catching that game. Kansas City had a man on second base when a hit was made into short center field. The center-fielder picked up the ball cleanly and started it on a perfect line for the plate. The base-runner, who had rounded third and was making for home, should have been out by at least twenty feet; but all at once I felt myself moving away from the plate, and when the ball came over the rubber I was fifteen feet out of my position, with five or six of the home players still shoving me! I called the umpire's attention to this illegal interference; but I talked in vain. My, but I was sore! And I determined to get even.

We had the last time at bat; and in the ninth inning—with men on first and second, and one run needed to tie and two to win—one of our players hit to right field for a long single. Of course our man on second scored easily, but the man on first should have been held at third. I was coaching on the third-base line; and, yelling to the runner to come on, I started in ahead of him, dashing along the path as if I were the base-runner. I made the slide home, knocking the catcher out of the way—and the real base-runner came in behind me and scored the winning run. Of course Kansas City protested and mauled the umpire all over the field; but, for some reason, he allowed the run. My opinion is that, because I made the slide to the home plate, the umpire thought I was the base-runner, and as the catcher dropped the ball he had to call me safe.

Let's draw a comparison. In 1907, at Philadelphia, the Athletics and the Detroits played the series that decided the championship. There was an immense crowd present, which was held back by ropes in the far outfield. Under the ground rules a hit into the crowd went for two bases—no more. With the score a tie, Captain Davis went to bat in the fourteenth inning, and knocked a long hit far over the left-fielder's head. Crawford tried for the ball, leaning on the barrier in an attempt to catch it; but it sailed over his head into the crowd. If he had mounted a stepladder he couldn't have touched it. Now—and note this fact in connection with what I shall say about the present-day fan—not a single person in the crowd tried to interfere with Crawford, though each and every man was "pulling" for the Athletics to win; but a policeman happened to pass in front of Crawford as he backed up against the ropes and the Detroit player claimed interference. The best that could have been said for the protest was that advantage was taken of a slim technicality to defeat the merits of play.

College Men as Professional Stars

WHAT was our amazement when one of the umpires allowed the protest and called Davis out! Murphy, the next man up, followed with a clean single, which should have scored Davis with the winning run; but no run was counted and the score was a tie when darkness called a halt at the end of the seventeenth inning. That decision cost us the championship.

If an umpire had made such a decision in the early days of baseball against the home club he would have been very roughly handled by the players and perhaps mobbed by the crowd. But on this occasion nothing happened. Some of the fans jeered at him, but not a hand was raised against him—which goes to show that the baseball public has come right along with the players as an exponent of fair play. Indeed, if public opinion did not actually demand a cessation of rowdyism on the ball field, certainly there was plenty of backing for President Johnson when, in the early days of the American League, he wisely insisted that the umpire was to be supreme on the playing field.

In learning how to handle men as a manager in the Western League I soon settled on one point—namely, that the first thing was to get the right men to handle: men who would subject themselves to discipline. That's why I came to look with favor on the college ballplayer, and the collegian has had a prominent place in my baseball album ever since. We had, on the Milwaukee team, Fultz, of Brown University; Sparks, of Alabama; and Husting, of the University of Wisconsin. Some of our older players dissipated to a certain extent, but here were three youngsters who had no vices of any kind. They were always in condition to play their best ball, whereas others who sometimes dissipated after the game were not invariably fit to give their best

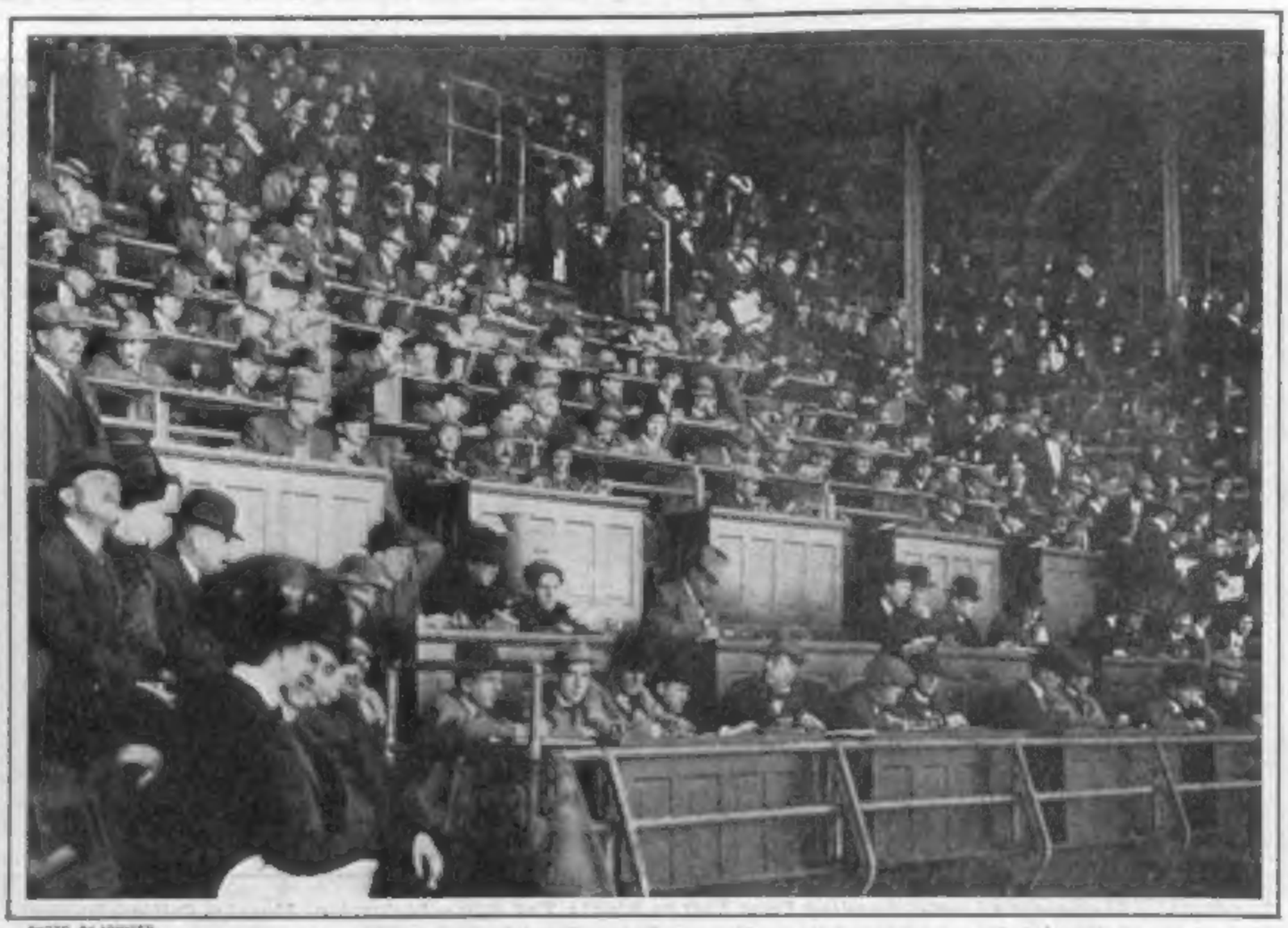

PHOTO. BY ANDUCER

The Press Box Before the Game That the Largest Number of Newspaper Men Ever Attended in a World's Series: 207 Active Newspaper Men, 89 Telegraph Operators, and 51 Photographers

service to the club. These college men opened my eyes to the assistance which the collegian could render to a professional ball team. They could set an example to the players coming from the independent and minor leagues. This they have done, according to my own experience.

The college player, in my judgment, has done a great deal to raise the moral standards of the national pastime and to make the game what it is today; but in paying this merited tribute I must say that at the present time the collegian takes no better care of himself than do the players we get from the different clubs throughout the country—for it seems to be now quite generally recognized that a major leaguer, with a career on the diamond before him and sure money in his pocket, must cut out all bad habits. Here is the place to emphasize one plank in my baseball platform adopted in 1900—to have as many college boys as possible on the squad.

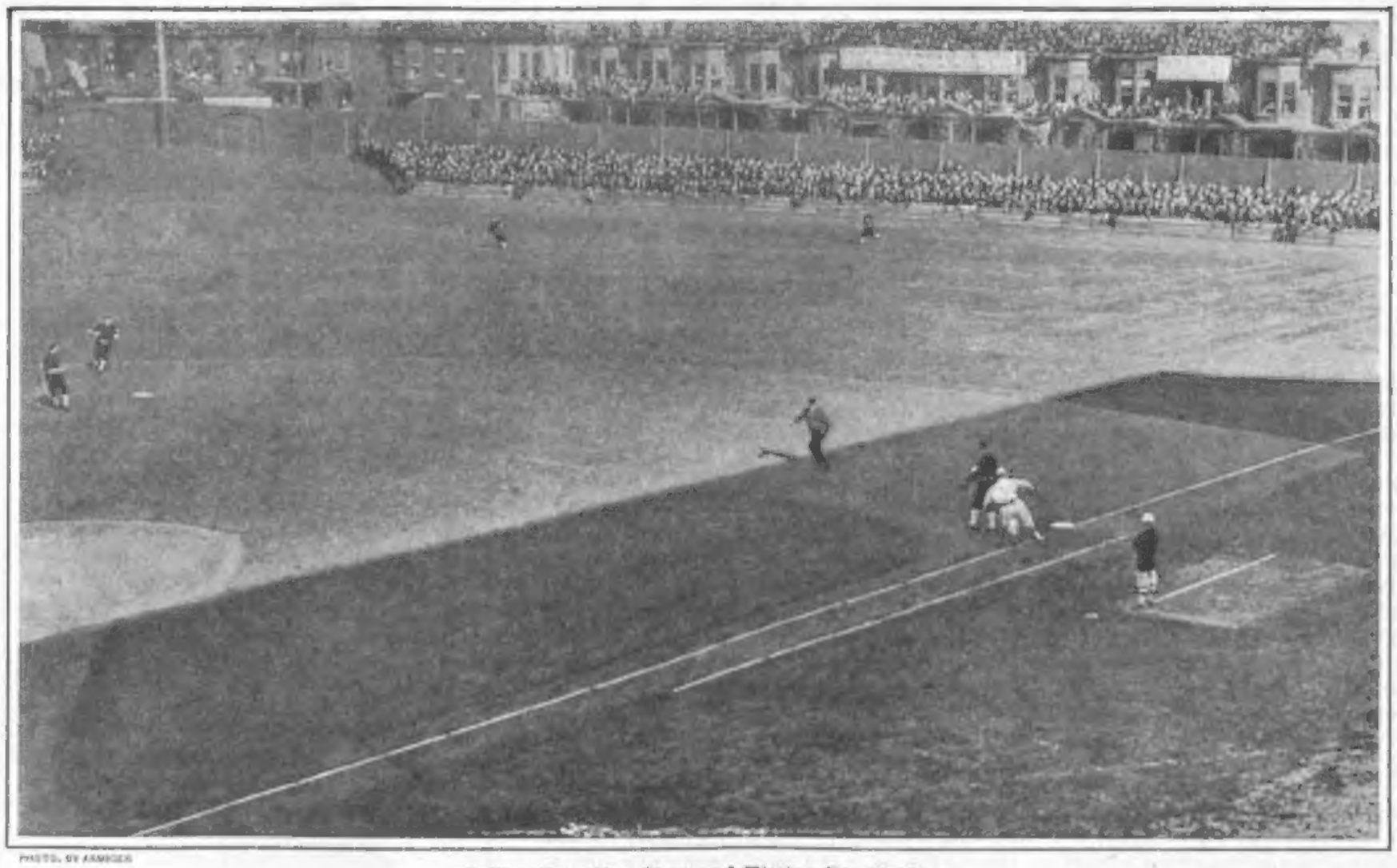

PHOTO. BY ANNIGER

Collins Rounding First and Hitting His Stride

Though every rule is supposed to have its exception, I don't believe a rule enforcing discipline permits of an exception. However, I made such an exception; and I'd better acknowledge it before some critic gets after me with his fountain pen. Speaking frankly, I ran the risk of injuring the discipline of my team by carrying a player who frequently broke my rules; worse still, he would leave the club without permission—and again and again I took him back, restoring him to good standing. To make the confession full and complete I did this because he was a great pitcher who could win games, and for the further reason that, because of his eccentricities he was a notable drawing card both at home and throughout the league circuit.

Without the hearty coöperation of my players I could not have handled "Rube" Waddell, who was one of the greatest left-hand pitchers that baseball has ever seen.

This eccentric performer first came under my management in 1900. Pittsburgh had suspended him, and the club gave me the privilege of getting Waddell and playing him on our Milwaukee team if I could locate him. That was easy. No matter where Rube happened to be, he was always in the newspapers. To the sporting writers he was a godsend, for when there was nothing else to write about Waddell was good for a column—and the story was not buried in the local paper; it invariably got on the wire and was telegraphed about the country. So I located Waddell at Punxsutawney, a little town in Pennsylvania, northeast of Pittsburgh, where he was playing on an independent club. Perhaps as a reason for hitching up with him I might say that my pitching staff at that time was all shot to pieces; and the same was true in 1902, when I put Waddell into a Philadelphia uniform. I wrote and then wired to Punxsutawney, urging Waddell to join our team. One collect telegram came from him declining my offer, but I kept after him. There was not a day for two weeks that I didn't send him either a letter or a telegram. At last he wired at my expense: "Come on and get me!"

Getting Rube out of Punxsutawney

THE first train took me to Punxsutawney. When I arrived my bankroll was not any too heavy—about one hundred dollars; and how it melted away! Rube piloted me along Main Street and into one store after another. I can't remember how many bills of his I had to pay; but the only thing that saved me from temporary bankruptcy was that our train left at noon; and I remember I had just enough money to provide us with meals en route to Milwaukee. I can't say that I left for home altogether in a cheerful frame of mind, though I had landed my pitcher.

Waddell certainly pitched grand ball for Milwaukee; and so, when the courts took away three of the Athletics' pitchers in 1902 I started on the track of Rube and located him with an "outlaw" club on the Pacific Coast. I'll never forget my experience in getting him East! A railroad ticket had been sent to him, together with advance money. He was on the train, all ready to start, when a party of his friends, among them the baseball manager, persuaded him to get off and remain with the outlaw club. I learned afterward that they made all sorts of threats and told Rube he would be locked up in jail in case he deserted the California team! These threats he took seriously. I might have been a long time hearing about this if a fan had not taken the same train and come East. He witnessed the occurrence and told me what took place. My next step was to wait until Waddell went to another town with his club. There we had an agent kidnap Rube and take him out of the state. This agent kept me posted every day by telegram how the journey was progressing, and I met them in Kansas City. We left for Baltimore the same day and reached there a few hours before the game the Athletics were to play. Rube had been traveling for seven days; yet he insisted on pitching, much against my judgment. He was hit pretty hard in this game, but he had full revenge two days later, when, before a large crowd, he held the Baltimore club runless—only twenty-seven men going to bat and fourteen striking out—a feat talked about to this day. Moreover, he made a great hit with the fans, especially in the last inning when, with two men out and Cronin, the Baltimore pitcher, at the bat, he stopped momentarily and, waving his hands at the crowd, told them it was all over—to go home! The crowd refused to go, however, until he had struck Cronin out. From that day on Rube was the idol of every fan in Philadelphia.

Many times the question has been asked: "How did you get along with Waddell for six years?" Well, I made up my mind that the only way I could possibly handle this player was to let him think he was fooling me—to appear to swallow every excuse he made.

My experience with Waddell was that, whenever he was pitching wonderful ball—unbeatable ball—it was necessary to keep him as close to you as possible. He was inclined to run wild whenever he was "going good," as we say in baseball. Success went to his head. If he was pitching only fair ball, however, he was one of the easiest men in the profession to handle. He was always ahead of the other twirlers in the number of games pitched and in games won.

(Continued on Page 53)

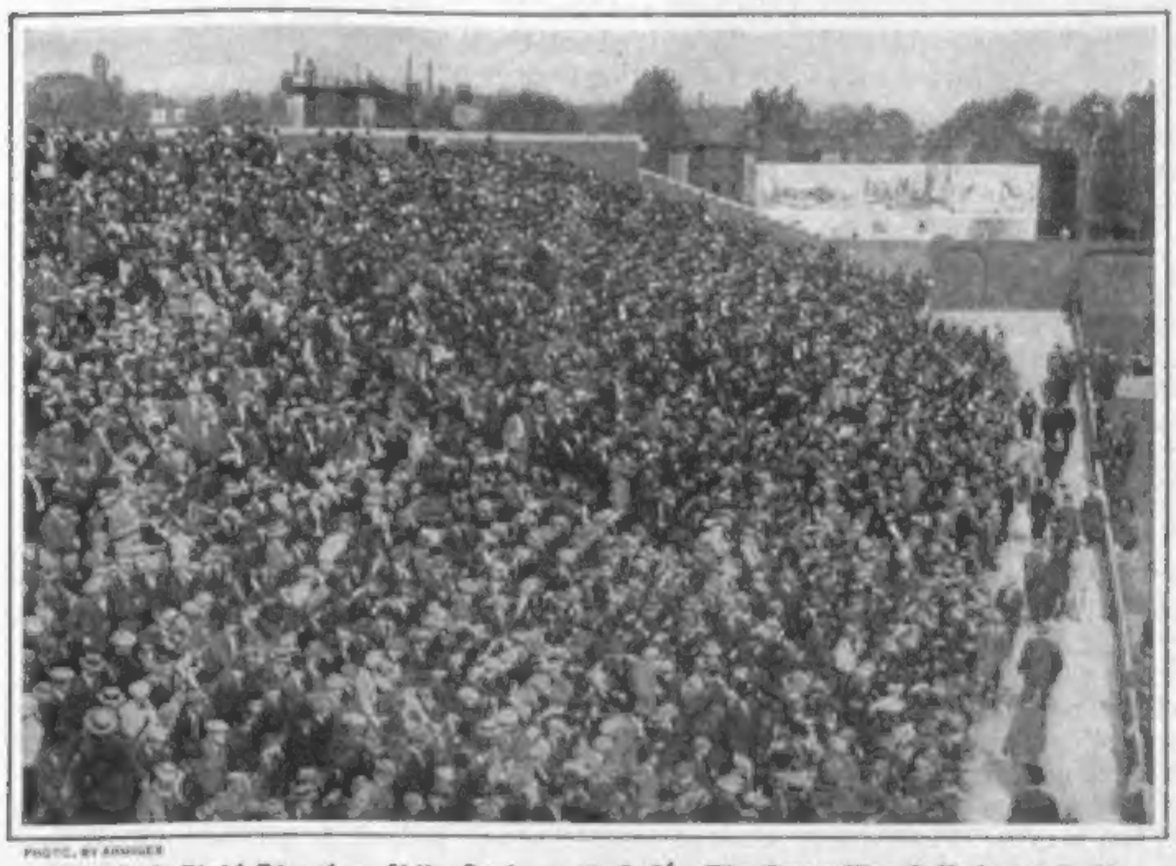

PHOTO. BY ANNIGER

The Left Field Bleacher, Shibe Park, at 10 A. M. The Game Was Called at 2 P. M.

PHOTO. BY ANNIGER

Outside Shibe Park During the Game—a Novel Grandstand

THE VESTED REMAINDER

It Nearly Stayed in the Wachs Family

By MONTAGUE GLASS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

AT HALF past eleven o'clock, one cold November morning, Marcus Wachs, doing business as the Finefit Waist and Dress Company, sat in his office on West Twentieth Street and for the benefit of his designer, Max Podgorsky, evidenced all the symptoms of an apoplectic seizure. "What do you want from me, Max?" he shouted. "Take my life! Shed my blood!"

"I don't want your life *oder* your blood, Mr. Wachs," Podgorsky said calmly. "All I am asking is you should pay me what I am worth."

"What do you mean—what you are worth?" Marcus cried. "Ain't I am always paying you what you are worth? Three thousand dollars a year ain't enough for you, Max? What do you think you are, Max—a judge of the Soup-ream Court *oder* a president from a bank? What?"

Max shrugged resignedly.

"I am a designer by waists and dresses, Mr. Wachs," he said; "which Sammet Brothers, B. Gans and Polatkin & Scheikowitz would *oser* give a judge of the Soup-ream Court ten dollars a week if he would come to work in their place, Mr. Wachs, *aber* me they stand willing to pay thirty-five hundred a year already—and that's all I got to say."

At this ultimatum Marcus discontinued his efforts at apoplexy and grew suddenly calm. "*Nu*, Max," he said, "give me a couple days to think it over."

"I already give you a month, Mr. Wachs," Max retorted, "and my contract expires next week."

"Sure, I know," Max replied, and his voice broke pathetically. "*Aber* give me a couple days more, Max, and I guess it would be all right."

Max hesitated for at least five minutes.

"*Schon gut*, Mr. Wachs," he said at last; "I will wait two days more, *aber* no longer."

As the designer left the office, Marcus Wachs leaned back in his chair and rolled a rank unlighted cigar between his dry lips. In this attitude he remained until the office door opened and there entered Jonas Flowerfield, collector for Amity Lodge 123 I. O. M. A.

"*Wie geht's*, Mr. Wachs!" Jonas said. "I wish you a long life."

Marcus Wachs nodded sadly and extended a limp hand in acknowledgment of this salutation, imposed by the ritual on one meeting a mourner for the first time after his bereavement. "Don't mention it," he said. "I suppose you called about my lodge dues."

Jonas nodded and sat down.

"Well," Marcus added, "if it ain't one thing it's another!"

"I give you right, Mr. Wachs," Jonas commented. "*Aber* your uncle Harris Wachs was an old man, and it ain't no more as you could expect."

"Physiology Comes to Me Natural; But First-Year Latin, Miss Wachs, I Couldn't Get in My Head at All"

"Ain't it?" Marcus said almost angrily. "Well, I'll tell you the truth, Mr. Flowerfield: Not only I didn't expect it, but I was surprised yet."

"Surprised!" Jonas repeated.

"That's what I said," Marcus continued. "I always thought the feller would live to be anyhow ninety—out of spite yet!"

Once more he leaned back in his chair; and, as Jonas Flowerfield maintained an embarrassed silence, Marcus cleared his throat and prepared to minister to his own bruised sensibilities with a few well-chosen epithets.

"Of course the feller is dead, Mr. Flowerfield," he began hoarsely, "and about the dead I shouldn't tell nothing but good—particularly a cutthroat like him, which honestly that feller was such a *Rosher*, understand me, that if I would open my mouth to say anything about him at all, I couldn't help myself—I would got to talk bad of the dead. Such a dirty lowlife the feller was! So I would keep still about him."

Jonas Flowerfield nodded sympathetically.

"But he left your father a big property—ain't it?" he asked.

"He left the old man all his property," Marcus Wachs corrected—"for life."

He paused and his head became palsied with emotion.

"For life the old man gets the property," he continued. "Which you could figure it out yourself, Mr. Flowerfield, when an old man like my father is got a weak heart and kidney trouble at sixty-eight years of age he ain't going to live to be a hundred exactly."

"Well, there's one good thing," Flowerfield commented: "You are rich and your Cousin Ellis is rich; and so you don't need none of Harris Wachs' money—ain't it?"

"What d'ye mean, I am rich, Mr. Flowerfield?" Marcus cried indignantly. "Certainly I ain't a *Schnorrer* exactly; *aber* if you think I am so rich as all that you are mistaken—that's all. Besides, it ain't Harris Wachs' money I care about—it's the idee of the thing. Harris Wachs comes over here from Telshe thirty years ago, which he didn't got twenty dollars to his name, understand me; and his two brothers—Mordecai, which is my father, and Tzvee, which is Ellis' father—gives him enough money he should go out with a pack, peddling. The other brother, Dovid, was a big *Schlemiel* and lives and dies a *Schnorrer*, y'understand—so naturally he couldn't help Harris none; *aber* what is the result, Mr. Flowerfield? Hafterward, when Harris goes to work and dies a rich man, understand me, he turns round and leaves all his money to Dovid's daughter Esther after my father should be dead, which the girl wouldn't got long to wait—six months *oder* a year at the outside."

"Ellis must feel pretty sore too," Flowerfield said, "considering his father didn't even come in for a life interest even."

"How could Uncle Tzvee come in for a life interest when he is dead?" Marcus demanded.

"Is Ellis' father dead?" Flowerfield asked.

"Sure he's dead," Marcus explained; "and, though I don't want to say nothing about him neither, Mr. Flowerfield, if a feller's got an idee that schnapps makes a good breakfast food, y'understand, and also fairly washes himself in it for the rest of the day, understand me, he don't need to carry no endowment policy. Straight life insurance is good enough for such a feller."

"But anyhow, Mr. Wachs, you couldn't blame the girl none that the old man leaves her his money," Flowerfield remarked.

"I don't blame her, because I don't know her. Furthermore, I don't want to know her," Marcus said. "Only one thing I got to say, Mr. Flowerfield: When a girl is an orphan, understand me, and my wife takes pity on her four years ago to send her a couple dresses which wasn't hardly worn yet, understand me, and the next day comes the dresses back, without a letter or nothing, y'understand—such a stiffnecked girl I don't want nothing to do with at all!"

"Might the dresses didn't fit her, maybe," Flowerfield suggested.

Morris Knew He Was in the Presence of a Personage

"Any size should ought to fit a *Schnorrer*," Marcus said; "but anyhow, she ain't a *Schnorrer* no longer."

"I know she ain't," Flowerfield said; "and that's just the point I was thinking about. With you, of course, you couldn't do nothing on account you are already married; *aber* Ellis is still a young man, in a way, so to speak, and there ain't no *Din* against one cousin marrying another."

"What!" Marcus shouted. "That old fool marry Uncle Dovid's *Tochter!*"

"Sure! Why not?" Mr. Flowerfield said, and with this query vanished every prospect of collecting Marcus Wachs' dues.

"Why not?" Marcus Wachs exclaimed. "A question! I'm surprised to hear you you should talk that way, Flowerfield, after all I am doing for the Order. I think you forget yourself, Flowerfield."

"What do you mean I forget myself, Mr. Wachs?" Flowerfield protested. "I ain't said nothing out of the way. All I says is Ellis Wachs ain't so old, which, let me tell you, Mr. Wachs, Ellis is also a member of Amity Lodge in just so good standing as you are—better even."

Marcus rose abruptly from his chair.

"What are you trying to do," he demanded—"make trouble round here?"

"I ain't trying to make trouble," Flowerfield declared. "All I was going to say was ——"

"I don't care what you was going to say!" Marcus interrupted. "If you want to turn round and make up matches between an old feller like Ellis Wachs—which he is fifty years if he is a day, Flowerfield—go ahead and do so; *aber* don't you hang round here no longer, because I wouldn't stand for it."

"I ain't hanging round here," Flowerfield said as he started for the stairs. "I am coming here to collect your dues, which if you don't want to pay 'em we could always sue you for 'em in the courts yet."

Flowerfield paused at the top step.

"Furthermore," he said, "if you wouldn't got so short with me I was going to make for you a valuable suggestion, Mr. Wachs, which now I wouldn't make to you at all."

He began to descend the steps, and it was not until he had reached the first landing that Marcus' curiosity got the better of him.

"Was it about Uncle Dovid's *Tochter*—the suggestion you was going to make?" he called.

Again Jonas Flowerfield paused.

"Never mind what it was about," he said. "There's plenty business men as yourself would be willing to take as a partner a young feller which would got the gumption to marry Miss Esther Wachs."

He punctuated his retort with rapid nods and glared defiantly at the crestfallen Marcus.

"And so, therefore," he concluded, "I would go somewheres else with my suggestion."

II

FROM the business premises of the Finefit Waist and Dress Company, Jonas Flowerfield proceeded immediately to Hammersmith's café, on Fifth Avenue, since Jonas never resorted to the enameled-brick lunchrooms until he had thoroughly canvassed the restaurants of the cloak-and-suit district for luncheon invitations. Be it remembered in this behalf that not only was Jonas collector for Lodge 123, but he performed a similar office for Rambam Lodge 59, the Clionia Relief Association and two minor orphan asylums. Moreover, he followed the concomitant occupations of marriage, business, real-estate and insurance brokerage; and accordingly he possessed a wide circle of acquaintances. Indeed, he seldom rendered himself susceptible to a luncheon invitation without being

asked by some lodge member to join in the coffee and pastry course, and no sooner had he passed Hammersmith's cigar counter than he was hailed by no less a person than Ellis Wachs himself.

"How do you do, Mr. Flowerfield?" he cried, and his cordial tones reflected a clear conscience in the matter of lodge dues.

"*Wie geht's*, Mr. Wachs?" Jonas replied, employing the usual salutation: "I wish you a long life."

"That's all right," Ellis rejoined. "Sit down and drink a cup coffee with me."

"Much obliged," Jonas said, and immediately he helped himself to a piece of rye bread and a dill pickle.

"Of course, Mr. Wachs, your uncle was an old man," he continued after he had swallowed the first mouthful, "and it was only to be expected."

"I don't miss him much," Ellis said. "Wouldn't you take some *Mohnkuchen?*"

"I guess I would have a piece cheesecake," Jonas replied, and a moment later he attacked a segment of pastry that in itself was not only a hearty meal, but ought to have satisfied the normal appetite to the point of suffocation.

"Yes, Mr. Flowerfield," Ellis went on, "I couldn't say I feel lonely at all without the old man."

"Well, I don't blame you none," Jonas replied. "He didn't do much for you when he was alive."

"Much!" Ellis exclaimed. "Why, the feller never even loaned me a button, Mr. Flowerfield; and I suppose you heard what for a will he made?"

Jonas nodded sadly.

"I guess it wasn't any more as you expected," he remarked.

"It was a whole lot more as I expected," Ellis rejoined. "What I expected was that the very least the feller does with his money is to leave it to a Home *oder* a Free Loan Association, because, you know as well as I do, Mr. Flowerfield, the only reason so many people acts charitable is to spite their poor relations."

"I give you right there," Jonas cried; "*aber* you ain't so poor, Mr. Wachs."

"Me I ain't poor at all," Ellis declared—"Marcus neither; *aber* Miss Esther Wachs was working for years as bookkeeper by a children's clothing concern, Mr. Flowerfield, and I'm really surprised that old cutthroat should leave his money to her."

"But she ain't got it yet," Jonas reminded him.

"Yet it wouldn't be long, Mr. Flowerfield," Ellis continued, "on account last week after the funeral I was over to see Uncle Mordecai, and I want to tell you he's on the naked edge. The least little thing like a cold *oder* the indigestion, and Esther wouldn't got to hold on to her job no longer."

"What for a looking girl is she?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Mr. Flowerfield," Ellis said. "Of course I ain't no judge of women, on account I never got much to do with 'em; but if you would ask me my private opinion I would say that, for a girl which would be twenty-six next *Shushan Purim*, I really couldn't tell you if she is good-looking *oder* not—especially as I ain't never paid no particular notice to her."

"Then she ain't so good-looking?" Jonas hazarded.

"*Ziemlich*," Ellis continued; "her eyes ain't so bad. Her eyes is hazel-brown *mit* little black specks in 'em. Her hair is also brown *aber* how brown exactly I couldn't tell you on account I didn't notice much."

"Is she a good-tempered girl?"

"A girl *mit* a wide mouth is usually good-tempered," Ellis replied. "Also she's got pretty good teeth—big teeth."

"I suppose she's pretty smart?" Jonas Flowerfield said.

"Smart she must be," Ellis declared, "because *mit* a nose which it is straight and quite big, understand me, a girl is usually smart. One thing good about her I could say, Mr. Flowerfield—she's got a pretty good figure—about thirty-eight bust, I should judge, and forty-one skirt—forty-one *oder* forty-two—on account, as I tell you, I didn't notice much."

"What for a dresser is she?" Jonas inquired.

"Now you are asking me something which I couldn't answer at all," Ellis answered. "The only thing I noticed about her is she's got on a black marquisette *mit* an imitation filet yoke, which a concern like Marcus Wachs sells at about a dollar seventy-five; but why do you ask me all this, Mr. Flowerfield?"

Jonas finished half of his coffee and polished his mustache with his napkin before replying.

"Well," he said, "I got an idee—that's all."

"An idee!" Ellis cried. "What d'ye mean—an idee?"

"I mean this," Jonas replied: "I got a certain idee which I would ask you a simple question. I would ask you, Mr. Wachs, *unberufen*, how old you are?"

"How old am I!" Ellis exclaimed. "What are you asking me such a question for?"

"Never mind why I am asking you," Jonas said. "I am asking you—that's all."

"*Nu*, if you must know," Ellis replied. "I am coming here in '88. My father, *selig*, died in '92—from '11 makes nineteen; so I am fifty years old next *Shevosa v'Tamuz*."

"Why, you are a young feller already!" Jonas exclaimed.

"Well, I left off playing marbles some years ago since," Ellis said; "*aber* if this is some life-insurings proposition you are giving me, all I could say is, talking life insurings to an old bachelor like me is wasting good breath after bad."

"I'm not wasting good breath, Mr. Wachs," Jonas hastened to say, "because I ain't talking life insurance to you. That would come later on account after a man gets married he needs a little protection for his wife and children; so that's why I says you are a young feller, because my grandfather, *olav hasholem*, gets married for the fourth time yet at eighty—and one of his wives was his own cousin too."

Ellis sat back in his chair and gazed at the *shadchen* insurance broker.

"You mean," he said, "you got an idee that me and my cousin, Miss Esther Wachs, would make a match together?"

Jonas nodded.

"Sure! Why not?" he said. "There ain't no *Din* against it—and then you could laugh Marcus Wachs in his face yet."

For a brief interval Ellis remained silent and then he shook his head.

"What for do I want to get married, Mr. Flowerfield?" he asked. "I got *doch* a good room in the Prince Clarence, Mr. Flowerfield, and the eating there is fine."

"Sure, I know," Jonas continued; "but you could always use money in your business—ain't it?"

Ellis shrugged. "Before I would get married to bring money into my business, Mr. Flowerfield," he said, "a whole lot of banks must got to be shut down."

He Hobbled Away to the Door and Paused to Wink Again

"*Aber* if you would got eighty thousand dollars more capital in your business, Mr. Wachs, you could double your trade—ain't it?"

"Double it!" Ellis cried. "I could treble it. Only, what's the use talking, Mr. Flowerfield? At the most, Uncle Harris left only thirty thousand dollars in the first place, and in the second place I wouldn't get married, not if you would pay me a hundred thousand dollars in the third place!"

"That's where you are making a big mistake, Mr. Wachs," Jonas retorted. "I was speaking last night to Henry D. Feldman, which he is one of the executors of your uncle's will, understand me, and he says in the lowest estimate the old man left seventy-five thousand dollars."

"Well, I couldn't help it if he did," Ellis commented.

"You couldn't help it if he leaves that much money," Jonas went on, "*aber* you could help it if you let it slip through your fingers; because if you got any particular feller which you would like to take for a partner, Mr. Wachs, all I ask is he should be not too old and a single feller, understand me, and I could fix it up with Miss Wachs for him."

"That's a pretty big order to fill, Mr. Flowerfield," Ellis said, "when you don't even know the girl even."

"Never mind I don't know the girl!" Flowerfield cried. "I got my methods, Mr. Wachs, and I never made a failure yet."

"I don't doubt your word for a minute," Ellis answered him; "but I don't want a partner, with or without money, Mr. Flowerfield, because I am running a garment business now for twenty years without a partner, and I wouldn't begin today to break somebody in he should do business the way I do."

"Never mind you should break somebody in!" Flowerfield cried. "Ain't you got some one working for you which you are willing to take for a partner?"

As Flowerfield spoke, Ellis was in the act of washing down his dessert with a glass of ice water; but suddenly he paused with the tumbler poised midway between the table and his lips.

"Lipsko!" he exclaimed, banging down the glass.

"What Lipsko?" Flowerfield asked.

"My designer—Henry Lipsko," Ellis replied, and snapped his fingers impatiently toward the bar.

"Gimme a *Bissche* schnapps, Louis," he said to the waiter who responded. "I want to talk the thing over with you, Mr. Flowerfield."

Flowerfield nodded.

"For you also schnapps, Mr. Flowerfield?" Louis inquired.

"I still got some coffee left, Louis," Flowerfield replied; "so I guess you could bring me a rye-bread *Schweizer Käse* sandwich and a package of all-tobacco cigarettes."

He crossed his legs unconcernedly as the waiter departed.

"And now, Mr. Wachs," he said, "tell me all about this here young feller."

III

IT IS a singular commentary on the life and works of Harris Wachs that but two individuals in the entire universe sincerely mourned his demise; and these two were not only strangers to his blood, but had no claim to an expectancy so far as his estate was concerned.

"That's the way it goes, Landberg!" cried Morris October to Harris Landberg, who was the "company" of M. October & Company, the copartnership mourners in question. "A bookkeeper works for you for years already till she knows your business better as you do yourself even—and then her uncle goes to work and dies on her and leaves her a lot of money."

"What do you mean—knows the business better as I do myself?" Landberg demanded indignantly. "I know just so much about the children's clothing like you do; and furthermore ——"

At this juncture the office door opened and there entered Miss Esther Wachs herself.

"Mr. Landberg," she said, "the sponger is here; and I should think, Mr. October, that if you're ever going to look over those monthly statements I gave you yesterday you'd begin doing it now."

Morris October wheeled round in his chair and took up a pile of statements.

"Right away, Miss Wachs," he said huskily; but Landberg proved less tractable.

"Couldn't Saffran talk to the sponger?" he protested.

"Mr. Saffran is busy, Mr. Landberg," Miss Wachs retorted; "and as you and Mr. October have been talking here for pretty near an hour I thought you would like to see the sponger yourself, Mr. Landberg."

Landberg cleared his throat twice by way of launching some incisive repartee; but, under the influence of Miss Wachs' steady gaze, he broke into a gentle perspiration and walked slowly away.

"Mr. Landberg is like a whole lot of people, Mr. October," she said—"he needs stirring up once in a while; otherwise he would fool away his whole day over nothing."

October nodded guiltily.

"That's all right, Miss Wachs," he admitted; "*aber* I couldn't blame him much. He's all broke up."

"All broke up!" Esther repeated. "What about?"

"About enough," October said. "We are losing a good bookkeeper, Miss Wachs—a first-class, A-Number-One bookkeeper."

Esther shrugged her shoulders impatiently. "Now look here, Mr. October," she declared, "I've told you that just

so soon as my Uncle Mordecai dies I shall give up my job, and not before. So all the jollying in the world won't change it."

"I ain't jollying you, Miss Wachs," October protested.

"Besides," Esther went on, "Uncle Mordecai may live to be ninety for all I know."

"Not while you are working for us, Miss Wachs," October replied mournfully. "With some other concern, yes—I would give the feller a hundred even; but with us the least that happens us is he dies next week already—such luck we got it!"

"It's wicked to talk like that!" Esther cried. "The poor old man never did you any harm, Mr. October."

October waved his hand in a gesture of impatience.

"I wouldn't argue with you, Miss Wachs," he said, taking refuge in the pile of statements and Esther turned to leave. She had hardly left the room, however, when the elevator door opened with a jarring noise and Jonas Flowerfield alighted. For a brief interval he peered about him; and then, catching sight of Morris October through the half-opened door, he walked squeakily forward.

"Mr. October, ain't it?" he said.

Morris nodded.

"My name is Mr. Flowerfield," Jonas continued, "and I am coming here to see you for something which if you would be a father of a family, Mr. October, you must got to be interested in."

October made a hasty survey of Jonas Flowerfield's frock coat and the white tie, which is the badge of the entire tribe of collectors for charitable institutions.

"I'll tell you, Mister Flowerfield," he said at last, "I am father of a family after seven o'clock in the evenings uptown; but here and now I am in the children's clothing business."

"Sure, I know," Jonas replied; "but ——"

"Mr. October," Esther interrupted, for she had noted the color of Flowerfield's tie also and had hastened to her employer's rescue.

"What is it, Miss Wachs?" October asked.

"Are the statements ready for me yet?" she continued; but before October could answer Jonas jumped to his feet and an ingratiating smile overspread his newly shaven features.

"This ain't Miss Esther Wachs, is it?" he cried.

Esther bowed stiffly, but Flowerfield's enthusiasm remained unabated.

"You don't tell me!" he said. "Why, Ellis Wachs was only talking about you to me this morning."

"He has good reason to," Esther commented shortly and turned again to Morris October. "If you have those statements I'll ——"

"That's where you make a big mistake, Miss Wachs," Jonas hastened to say. "He speaks of you in the highest terms. To me especially he wouldn't do otherwise, on account he knows me and Dovid Wachs learned in the same religious school together forty years ago already, in Telshe."

As he paused for breath, Jonas Flowerfield's smile became fairly ecstatic, for he knew that he had struck the right note at last.

"Did you know my father?" Esther exclaimed, clasping her hands.

"A question!" Jonas said. "I knew your father, excuse me, a damsite better as his own brothers knew him; in fact, up to a dozen years ago him and me was still very good friends already—but you know how it is yourself, Miss Wachs, the older people gets the more they are liable to drift away one from another."

At this juncture October punctuated his visitor's reflections with a hard, dry cough.

"Here is the statements, Miss Wachs," he said significantly; but Jonas barely noticed the interruption.

"Of course, when I heard your poor father passed away—*olas hasholem!*—I says to myself, 'I must look up the *Tochter*,'" he continued; "*aber* I always thought what is the use?—on account she must be married, with children and a home; and she don't got no use for an old snoozer like me coming round."

"What d'ye mean, married, *mit* children and a home?" October cried indignantly. "How old do you think Miss Wachs is anyway—forty?"

"I don't think nothing," Jonas retorted. "I know how old she is. She will be twenty-six next *Shushan Purim*."

Esther nodded and smiled.

"And at twenty-six my mother—*olas hasholem!*—had five children already," Jonas concluded.

October rose to his feet, trembling with rage.

"What for a way is that to talk to a young lady?" he demanded.

"An old friend of the family could say such things," Jonas replied stoutly; "and I'm sure Miss Wachs ain't insulted none."

"Not a bit," Esther assured him.

"I didn't think you would be," Jonas went on; "*aber* I am taking up too much of your time already, otherwise I could tell you a lot of funny things from the old days already when your father and me was boys together."

"Why don't you come round and see me?" Esther cried.

"And So, Therefore," He Concluded, "I Would Go Somewheres Else With My Suggestion"

"With the greatest pleasure in the world," Jonas declared. "Write me down the address before I am leaving."

"I'll go right back and do it now," she replied, and as she left the office Jonas reseated himself and signed heavily.

"Yes, Mr. October," he said, "an orphan like Miss Wachs has got a very hard time of it."

"What d'ye mean she's got a hard time of it?" cried October. "Miss Wachs is making here twenty dollars a week and we couldn't treat her better if she was a millionaire's daughter already."

"Sure, I know you treat her all right," Jonas agreed; "but, *even so*, what is it—an orphan's life? No father, no mother—no nothing! Such a girl should get married, Mr. October."

"Well, what d'ye want me to do?" October asked. "Marry her? Because I must tell you right now, Mr. Flowerfield, not only I am already married, but I also got business to attend to, understand me; and if you are only coming here to fool away my time you should be so good and make an end."

"Of ecurse, if you are busy," Flowerfield said, rising from his chair, "I would come in and see you again. All I wanted to do is to show you this here annual report of the Babette Relief Association, which the object of the society is giving marriage portions to poor orphans. Five dollars makes you a member, ten dollars a patron, and a hundred dollars a life member; and we would like to see your name here among the list of life members."

"You stand a swell chance," October said, "on account I am at present figuring on a couple of marriage portions for two young ladies which is already in high school, Mr. Flowerfield."

"Also orphans?" Flowerfield asked.

"Not unless I worry myself to death *mit* charity collectors, which I ain't got no intentions of doing," October concluded as he wheeled round in his revolving chair; "so you should please close the door behind you when you go out."

Five minutes later Jonas Flowerfield entered the place of business of Ellis Wachs, and in his waistcoat pocket reposed Miss Esther Wachs' address, written in her own legible hand.

"*Nu*, Flowerfield," Ellis cried as he entered, "how did you make out?"

Flowerfield sat down heavily and wiped his features with a handkerchief.

"First thing," he said, "I want you you should tell me all you ever heard about Dovid Wachs when he was a boy, because I got an engagement to go round and see Miss Wachs tonight yet."

IV

MEDICINE was the chosen profession of Philip Saffran; though, pending the successful termination of his Regents' examination, he pursued the occupation of shipping clerk in so perfunctory a manner as to be regularly discharged by M. October & Company every other Thursday—the dismissal to take effect the following Saturday night.

In the abstraction of his studies, however, Philip never suspected that his reëmployment, which invariably happened on Saturday morning, was due to any other than the agency of Providence; and when, on the afternoon of Flowerfield's visit, Miss Esther Wachs sought to remonstrate with Philip for his diffidence, he received her protest in sulky resentment.

"I could look after my own affairs, Miss Wachs," he said, "which I wish you the same."

"But," Esther insisted, "this is the third time you shipped goods to Wilmington, North Carolina, that were meant for the Bon-Ton Store of Wilmington, Delaware."

"What is past is past, Miss Wachs," he said; "and, anyhow, I am doing my best here. I assure you if I could get this here first-year Latin off my mind I would feel like a new man. Physiology comes to me natural; but first-year Latin, Miss Wachs, I couldn't get in my head at all."

He passed his fingers distractedly through his wavy brown hair; and as Esther noted the bony wrist and long, thin hand she could not repress a sigh.

"Are you keeping on with the cod-liver oil emulsion?" she asked abruptly, and Philip blushed.

"The fact is," he stammered, "I clean forgot it since yesterday already."

Esther's brows contracted in an impatient frown as she looked at him.

"You'll forget to draw your wages next!" she cried.

"A little thing like that I could easy forget," Philip replied; "but, anyhow, Miss Wachs, don't get mad at me and I would try I should remember everything—even first-year Latin."

As he left the office, Esther sighed again and plunged into a pile of statements by way of forgetting Philip's thin, bloodless face and great dark eyes, which for the past six weeks had been growing daily more sunken. Five times she added up the first column of figures; and having obtained a different footing at each operation she gathered the papers impatiently together and thrust them into the drawer of her desk. Then she looked at her watch. It was nearly six o'clock, and as she turned to put on her hat and coat Morris October entered.

"Miss Wachs," he said, "here's a gentleman wants to see you."

At the conclusion of this announcement he backed out hurriedly on to the toes of no less a person than Marcus Wachs himself.

"Excuse me!" he muttered; but the resulting agony promptly caused Marcus to forget his well-rehearsed introductory remarks; so that, after repressing the wave of profanity which surged to his lips, he greeted his cousin with a husky:

"How d'ye do?"

Esther nodded calmly while she continued to put on her hat.

"You don't remember me—ain't it?" he said.

"Why shouldn't I?" Esther retorted. "You're my cousin, Marcus Wachs."

"That's right," Marcus said. "Is there a place where we could sit down here?"

"Certainly," October cried from behind the partition, where he had lingered unnoticed. "Come right into my office, Mr. Wachs."

He led the way to the firm's office and drew forward two chairs.

"Nobody would disturb you here," he declared, "and nobody is going to hear what you got to say."

"For my part," Marcus replied, "the whole world could hear what I got to say."

He sat down heavily and placed his hat on the floor.

"Yes, Mr. October," he continued, "all I am coming here for is to ask my cousin she should be so good and let bygones alone, understand me, on account my father is a sick man; and he wants before he dies she should go up and see him once."

"Sure! Why not?" October said. "Any time she wants to go up there morning *oder* afternoon we are perfectly agreeable."

"Sure, I know you are agreeable," Marcus said; "*aber* I want her she should go up with me right now, Mr. October."

"Right now!" October exclaimed. "Is the old man so bad as all that?"

Marcus nodded sadly.

"This afternoon he had a spell and they sent for me I should come uptown," he answered; "so I called in right away Doctor Eichendorfer, and he says it might be any time now. He is coming again this evening."

"I'm sorry," Esther murmured.

Marcus nodded again.

"Three dollars a visit that *Rosher* charges," he said; "but, anyhow, my father is *doch* your uncle, Esther, and he says to me: 'Marcus,' he says, 'tell her from me I know we ain't been so friendly in late years,' he says; 'but she shall come anyhow.' And I says: 'I would go right down and get her.' When I left him he was reading in a book of Psalms, which Uncle Dovid gives him when they was boys already."

"*Ai, rachmonos!*" October cried; and Esther wiped her eyes with her handkerchief.

"So you see the old man is pretty low," Marcus concluded with an appealing look at Esther.

"I'll go with you immediately," she said; and five minutes later they entered the subway en route for Marcus Wachs' residence on One Hundred and Eighteenth Street. Fortunately for Marcus, the rush-hour crowd in the train made conversation impossible, and thus it was not until they alighted together at the Hundred and Sixteenth Street station that he felt obliged to invent new episodes for the further mollification of Esther's feelings.

"The old man is getting kind of wandering in his mind," he said as they walked up Lenox Avenue. "He keeps talking about things which happened to him years ago, when him and Uncle Dovid was boys together. It often happens that way just before people is dying."

Esther's face grew stern.

"Just before my father died," she said, "his mind was clear. He worried about what was to become of me. 'Your uncle and cousins will look out for you,' he said."

Marcus cleared his throat with a rasping noise.

"Some people is sensible right up to the end," he commented, and for the rest of their walk he remained silent.

"My wife will be glad to see you," he remarked finally as they ascended the steps of his house. "She always thought very high of you on account you never needed no assistance nor nothing."

And a moment later Mrs. Wachs confirmed this statement by clasping Esther round the neck and bestowing on her unwilling cheek a series of smacks that penetrated even to the sickroom abovestairs.

"Esther!" Mordecai cried feebly; and she was led forthwith to his bedside. Here, at least, was reason enough for her visit, and Esther could not prevent her tears as she bent down and kissed the old man.

"*Nu*, popper," Marcus asked cheerfully, "how are you feeling tonight?"

"A little better, *Gott sei Dank!*" Mordecai said in thin, querulous tones. "So this is Esther—what?"

She pressed his hand and sat down without removing her coat.

"Take from her the lady's coat, Marcus," Mordecai said; "she's going to stay and take supper with us."

"Sure she is!" Marcus cried; and after she had surrendered her hat and coat he withdrew from the room and closed the door gently behind him.

"*Nu*, Esther," Mordecai began, half raising himself from the pillow, "why ain't you been to see me before?"

"I didn't know you wanted me to," Esther replied.

"Why shouldn't I want you to?" Mordecai asked. "I am *doch* your father's brother - ain't it?"

Esther made no reply, and for a few minutes the old man lay back on his pillow without speaking.

"Who do you live with now, Esther?" he said at last.

"I'm boarding," Esther said.

"Boarding!" Mordecai exclaimed. "That's a life!"

"I'm very comfortable," she declared.

"Boarding and comfortable ain't in the same dictionary at all," Mordecai commented. "A nice girl like you, Esther, should ought to get married."

"I have a good position," she said, and Mordecai nodded feebly.

"Sure, I know," he said; "*aber* if you would get sick what happens to you?"

"I have some money saved up," Esther replied.

"Even so," Mordecai continued; "the best savings for a girl is a husband *mit* a good business of his own."

Again he lapsed into silence, which was presently broken by a gentle knocking at the door.

"Come!" he cried, and a moment later the scowling face of Marcus Wachs protruded itself into the room.

"Ellis is here," he said abruptly.

"Ellis!" Mordecai repeated. "What does he want?"

"I only wanted to see how you was coming on," Ellis said in hearty tones, for he had followed on the heels of his cousin; and as he spoke he pushed his way past Marcus into his uncle's room.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Wachs?" he said, catching sight of Esther—"or rather I should say Esther."

Under the frowning gaze of his cousin Marcus, he grasped Esther's hand and shook it vigorously.

"Well, Uncle Mordecai," he went on, "the whole family is under one roof - ain't it?"

Mordecai smiled, for there was no resisting Ellis' infectious good spirits.

"You see, Marcus," Ellis continued, "he's better already. All he needs is some one should cheer him up."

"Jokes is out of place in a sickroom, Ellis," Marcus retorted with a scowl.

"Jokes is never out of place nowheres, so long as people is feeling good enough to appreciate 'em, Marcus," Ellis rejoined; "and if you wouldn't be all the time looking so *rachmonos*, Marcus, might your father would feel better maybe."

"Ellis is right, Marcus," Mordecai said. "It would be plenty time to sit mourning for me after I am dead."

"Which wouldn't be for a long time yet," Ellis added. "Why, it wouldn't surprise me in the least, Marcus, if Uncle Mordecai would even get married yet before he dies. At sixty-eight such things ain't impossible."

"What's the matter with yourself?" Mordecai asked with a ghost of a smile. "You ain't fifty yet even."

"*Nu*, popper, you are talking too much," Marcus interrupted, glowering at his cousin. "The doctor says you should be kept very quiet."

"In that case," Ellis said, "I guess I would be going."

"Wouldn't you stay to supper, Ellis?" Uncle Mordecai asked.

Ellis was about to refuse the invitation; but when his eyes rested on his cousin's face it bore an expression of such profound chagrin and disgust that Ellis promptly reseated himself.

"Why, thank you, uncle," he said. "I guess I would."

"Then I must tell 'em downstairs," Marcus said hoarsely, "they should send out to the delicatessen store for something extra for you, Ellis."

"Delicatessen suits me, Marcus," Ellis replied. "A little smoked *Gänsebrust* wouldn't go bad."

Marcus choked with rage as he left the room, but Ellis remained entirely unmoved and smiled amiably at Esther.

"Yes, Miss Wachs," he said, "with me and Uncle Mordecai, getting married is really a joke; but with you that's something else again. A nice girl like you shouldn't got to got no difficulty in finding a husband."

"I am just telling her that," Mordecai said. "There's lots of young fellers with good prospects which they would make a good husband for Esther. Me and Marcus was only talking about it yesterday."

At this naïve declaration, the amiability suddenly departed from Ellis' smile and it assumed the fixity of a wax display form.

"Is that so?" he said. "Did you have any one in mind?"

"Well," Mordecai began, "we was thinking ——"

"But You Have Got Bronchitis, and in Addition to That You're Blind"

"Popper," said Mrs. Marcus Wachs, who at this juncture appeared in the doorway, "here's a gentleman to see you."

She stood to one side; and as Ellis turned in his chair he broke into a copious perspiration, for he recognized the newcomer to be none other than Max Podgorsky.

V

WHATEVER suspicions Ellis may have harbored with respect to Podgorsky's presence in his cousin's house that evening were wholly confirmed by the manner in which Marcus arranged the seating of his guests at supper. All the way downstairs he had been noisily clearing his throat, and when he reached the dining-room door he assumed an elaborately careless attitude and made what he intended to be an offhand announcement in the tones of a chairman calling to order a county convention held in an armory building.

"Esther," he bawled, "sit next to Mr. Podgorsky!"

And then, after falling over the edge of the rug, he glared defiantly at Ellis and plunged into a chair at the head of the table.

"You are working long by the Finefit Waist and Dress Company, Mr. Podgorsky?" Ellis asked as Mrs. Wachs began to carve the roast fowl in front of her.

"It will be two years next week," Max replied.

"That's a long time a designer should stay contented in one job," Ellis said, reflecting on the importunities of his own designer, Henry Lipsko; but Marcus construed this comment as a reflection on his business methods.

"What d'ye mean stay contented?" he demanded. "Max not only stays contented with his job, but he is going to renew his contract yet next week already."

Max gazed about him at the members of the Wachs family, and he began to conceive the suspicion that he was being inveigled into a declaration against interest in the presence of five hostile witnesses.

"Excuse me, Mr. Wachs," he protested, "but I think you are getting a little too previous in your remarks."

Marcus began to experience what the patent-medicine advertisements describe as hot and cold flashes.

"*Lass bleiben*, Max," he muttered hoarsely; and Esther attempted to relieve the situation by helping herself to a second portion of the chicken, though her plate was not half empty.

"Excuse a boarding-house appetite," she said, smiling apologetically.

"It ain't only boarding houses," Ellis volunteered; "hotels is the same way too. When I order roast chicken at the Prince Clarence, Esther, it looks like roast chicken and it acts like roast chicken—the way the gravy gets over your clothes; *aber* for all it tastes, understand me, it might just so well be roast beef *oder* roast lamb."

"A hotel *oder* a boarding house," said Max Podgorsky, "is a wholesale business like any other wholesale business; and most fellers which runs wholesale businesses you couldn't expect it of them that they got much taste. Now a retail ladies' tailor makes one suit and it's got an individule touch, y'understand; *aber* a manufacturer could make a couple of dozen suits just the same style *mit* the same goods, trimmings and findings, understand me—and the individdle touch ain't there."

"I don't agree with you," Ellis retorted. "The individdle touch is what makes a designer a designer. Otherwise he ain't no designer—he's just a cutter."

Marcus was torn between a desire to take the conceit out of Podgorsky and his resolution to be just as disagreeable as possible toward his cousin Ellis. He therefore contented himself with a noncommittal shrug.

"Mr. Podgorsky is right in a way," Esther interrupted, "and so is Ellis; though the trouble with us is, our designer shows such individual taste in making up the sample that, when we come to ship the order, our customers complain that the goods aren't up to sample."

Max Podgorsky frowned ominously.

"The trouble in every garment business is that everybody knocks the designer," he said. "There ain't a *Schlemiel* which is working in the place, from the shipping clerk up to the boss, understand me, which he don't think he knows more about designing as the designer himself."

"With some designers it ain't to be wondered at at all," Marcus commented indiscreetly; and Max Podgorsky straightway forgot his rôle of prospective suitor and remembered only the dignity of his calling.

"Sure, I know," he said bitterly; "because some designers would stand for anything—but not me, Mr. Wachs."

Mrs. Wachs tried to head him off by ringing the bell for the maid, but he was not to be diverted.

"Yes, Mr. Wachs," he continued, "everybody wants to learn me my business, Mr. Wachs; but

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STRETCHING THE SOIL

And How Much Dry Farming Does It

PHOTO. BY J. E. STINSON, CHEYENNE, WYOMING

Wheat in the Old Cow Country

By EMERSON HOUGH

I HAVE a friend named Wilkinson, a gentleman of indefinite age. He has a false leg and only one eye, is bald, wears store teeth and dyes his whiskers. I know this latter statement to be true because yesterday Wilkinson wanted to borrow a dollar of me so he could get his whiskers redyed—he said he was going to be married, and felt rather awkward about not having his whiskers look fresh in a case like that. I do not like to lend Wilkinson a dollar in any circumstances, least of all for purposes such as indicated, and I told him that a human fragment like himself had no business getting married. He pondered for some time over this and at length remarked: "Well, a man has to do just the best he can, don't he?" When you stop to think about it there is philosophy in that remark of Wilkinson's. Take, for instance, the question of getting for yourself a piece of land, a home in a country where vines and fig trees will grow. Your selective opportunity is not so large as it once was. It is the same way with Uncle Sam. Not long ago he could offer a fine free farm to any one who would take it off his hands. Today he simply has to do just the best he can. The free farms in the approved rain-belt country have gone long ago. The remaining cheap lands in the West are for the most part to be held only by irrigation or dry farming. Either is something relatively new to the Eastern American farmer now disposed to move westward.

Far be it from me to suggest that the science of dry farming has the slightest resemblance to the dye in Mr. Wilkinson's whiskers, but certain it is that at just the crucial moment when we were in need of some new science of agriculture to make available a vast acreage of soil long thought hopeless, that new science of utilizing the scanty rainfall and raising crops in arid regions came to the fore and, to a certain extent at least, altered, transmogrified and improved our national whiskers. It was the best we could do, and in the wholly hopeful and resourceful American fashion we made that best pretty good.

A Gamble With a Good Average

TODAY there are thousands of homes on land which less than a decade ago was held quite worthless. The dry farmers themselves are not given to much talk, but there are numberless railway presidents and land agents who tell you that for their part they would not have any kind of a farm but a dry farm as a present. All discounts out for enthusiasm, the crops are there to show for themselves, over thousands and thousands of acres of lands reclaimed by modern science. If the crops are not invariably regular and invariably great at least their average is good enough to induce Eastern money-lenders to advance good stiff mortgage money on these lands; and that is the best proof of all that dry farming makes good to a commercial per cent.

It is interesting to speculate what would have been the political or commercial complexion of much of the West today had necessity proved herself the mother of invention twenty years earlier. The great land boom of the early eighties was a spontaneous and ebullient overflow of our eager population, a far less preoccupied and deadly advance westward than the present insistence on some place for the forward plow. People knew nothing of dry farming at that time. A vast empire of cheap land, in which a home could possibly be made to stick, in the lights of those days, lay open for settlement, and it was rapidly settled. I saw countless little shacks in 1886 on the arid antelope range of the Southwest. Two years later where were they and where were their late occupants? They had gone back to their wives' folks. All the mortgage money advanced on that country was lost, or at least was not repaid until the dawning of another day in agriculture. All the old skin-hunters and cowmen of that country would tell you that the soil was so hard you couldn't drive a nail in it, and that it never rained there and never was going to rain. Western Kansas got a black eye in those days. She has two perfectly good eyes today and is able to wink either one of them at all scoffers. An advance in the science of agriculture did it. The rain belt never changed.

The story of our land laws and the distribution of our public domain has largely been one of hit-or-miss wisdom. The only unqualifiedly good land law was the old Homestead Act of Galusha A. Grow, and the virtue of that ran out when our advancing population arrived at the eastern edge of the high, arid country where dry farming now obtains. Before that day arrived many things had happened which apparently were not known about in Washington. The open range used by all, the fenced range gobbled by a few, the passing of the cow and the coming of the sheep, and the passing of these in turn to make room for the little nester and his plow—all went forward under an inflexible land-law system that was planned for wholly different agricultural conditions, namely, those of the Mississippi Valley. The theory at Washington was that a hundred and sixty acres of land were enough, and that one quarter-section was just the same as another.

At last changed conditions forced themselves upon our lawmakers. The tendency of the Government today is to throw open wider regions of lands newly made practicable and to distribute them in larger single holdings, because this is a necessary thing. The Kinkaid Act, applying to the short-grass country of Nebraska, makes the homestead six hundred and forty acres, four times as large as the old farming homestead used to be. This law works out to the benefit of the cowman who wants range, but it is yet more essentially beneficial to the farmer who is trying to make it stick, and who knows he cannot live at dry farming on a quarter-section of land of that description. The Mondell Act extends this idea, increasing the homestead from one hundred and sixty to three hundred and twenty acres in many arid states and territories. This legislation has been forced into the statute books by the new science of arid agriculture, which not only has stretched the homestead, but also is bound to stretch indefinitely our national possessions in land that will support a population.

Encouraged by these new developments, Uncle Sam has chirked up considerably of late, has got some new store teeth and a bottle of whisker dye, and confidently contemplates reëntering the holy state of matrimony. He is going to do his best.

How good is that best of Uncle Sam today? To how many total acres has our national soil been stretched? No one actually can answer that. It may be a hundred million acres or twice that or one-fourth that. Land does not look the same on the ground as it does on the map or the real-estate folder or in the Government tables of acreage. There is a great deal of arid land that never can be used for dry farming at all, and sometimes there are strips of this sort of land even in districts that on the average may be called suitable for dry farming.

Any settler takes a considerable chance in making his selection of land, and no man living today can tell just what is his per cent of success in that chance. It is undoubtedly true that grains in time adjust themselves to arid environment, and this spells increasing success. It is also without doubt true that some parts of the arid country raise crops on less rainfall than do other parts. The rainfall west of the Rockies is less than that in many parts just east, but the farmers out there for years have got along with it and have raised good crops. The hopes of the vast Inland Empire of the Northwest center on dry farming, which will unlock many resources impossible to be reached by any irrigation scheme. The best proof of at least a certain good per cent of success you may see for yourself in the fields of oats, wheat, barley, rye, specialized grains, in the high and dry country on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. If you call dry farming in this country a gamble—and you must if you keep quite within the truth—at least it is a gamble that wins big enough sometimes to keep up its average. This is not far from the truth regarding agriculture in any part of the country.

Methods Bettered but Not the Soil

BUT any farmer moving westward to the arid regions to engage in this somewhat speculative pursuit must remember that there has been no such revolution in science as to leave him in any case safe and sure of success. There has been no change in climate, no improvement in soil. There has been no increase in rainfall. A way has simply been discovered by which, through the agency of continuous hard work, an existing and fluctuating rainfall can be utilized. That is to say, though the environment has not altered, human beings have been taught how they can adjust themselves to that environment.

The rain belt has not moved westward one iota, although we always used to think it was moving westward. They farm in the Nile Valley today as they did thousands of years ago, but it does not rain there one drop more now than it did when Potiphar's wife wore her hair in curl papers. You must take these facts as they lie on the ground and not as they lie in the real-estate literature. Even so, the per cent of dry-farming success now approaches that of old and accustomed agricultural operations in proved countries; and this over a large region once proved out by two waves of settlers to be "uninhabitable." Our soil certainly has been stretched.

This increase in practicable acreage is fine for the horny-handed plowman, and fine also for many men to whose hands the plowhandle is about the most remote thing in the world. We might anticipate certain shrieks of anguish from land agents and railway folk who can't see any dye in Uncle Sam's whiskers at all. All these decry the evil habit of pessimism and proclaim themselves to be optimists.

Now an optimist is a man who is always ready to spend your money for you. If I had fifty thousand acres or so of dry land which had cost me maybe two bits an acre, and if I could sell it for twenty-five or thirty-five dollars an acre to dry farmers, I would maybe be the cheerfulest little optimist in the world. Indeed while the land boom is on everybody is an optimist. The bands play and the sun shines and the luminous pink stripes come out all round the world. Everybody is ready to spend your money for you, and all goes as merrily, at least, as the Wilkinson marriage bell. But the best way for the dry farmer who has on his soul the serious business of making a new home for himself and family in a new country, and that on a new basis of farming, is to be neither too much of an optimist nor too much of a pessimist, but to be a good business man, weighing both sides of his venture before he goes into it.

What then, in the light of a cold and dispassionate reason, are the per cents and processes of success in this essentially interesting game? What are the rules of the game and how must it be played?

It seems safer to admit that the land-seeking movement of today is just a trifle hysterical, just a trifle fostered by good business men. It has, however, in it a far larger per cent of actual homeseekers and a far less per cent of adventurers than any westbound wave we ever knew. The Easterner who wants cheap lands must go West and must take what he can find. That means arid land, and arid land means dry farming, and dry farming means nothing easier than a continual fight with Nature. Above all, the man going West ought not to undertake that poorest of all deceptions, the deception of oneself.

Dry Farming a Perpetual Fight Against Nature

I HAVE been interested in this new phase of Western settlement chiefly because it occupies the land which many years ago I knew principally as a hunting range for antelope, and which at that time everybody thought would always remain an unclaimed portion of the wide-open out-of-doors. Finding that early conviction wrong, I have recently spent considerable time in trying to discover how some of these closely interworking cogs of our advancing civilization really are going to operate.

I am especially interested, however, in the human side of this land-stretching proposition. It is going to produce for us an entirely new breed of American men. The typical dry farmer of the arid West is half nester and half cowman. He is one of the many stalwarts who have won the West for us. He will continue to live in the free electric air of the cowman's high plains, but he will live on the products of the soil. He will live under the cowman's clean blue sky, in the cowman's clean dry air, but he will remain far from neighbors, alone, independent, self-reliant. Holder of our last advancing skirmish line, we may well be glad that he is precisely what he is and will be—indomitable, resourceful, not to be discouraged. We have always developed just such men when we needed them.

How wide is this skirmish line which these men are going to hold for us—how big is the new dry-farming country? In terms of the past it is roughly coincident with the old antelope range. The line between the rain belt and the arid country is roughly coincident with the line dividing the old antelope range from that of the white-tailed deer. If you stood at the mouth of the Rio Grande and looked north and a trifle west of north, clear to our boundary line, and indeed a thousand miles north of our northern boundary line, you would be pretty much squinting up the line which divides the proved from the possible in modern agriculture. Our Government bureaus call the western half of Texas, most of Kansas and Nebraska, part of Eastern Colorado, nearly half of the Dakotas, "debatable ground between the region in which irrigation is not considered necessary and that which is known to be too arid for successful agriculture without irrigation."

There are, however, very large extents of land marked on the Government maps under the same description, which are located in Eastern and Western Washington, Upper Oregon, Western California, Northern Montana; and there are many dots and splashes indicating valleys and benchlands of the same description scattered irregularly over Colorado, Montana, Wyoming, California, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. These dots and splashes on the maps extend into Texas, especially into the Panhandle country. Compiled by Government experts to the best of their ability, the indicated acreage of these land statistics is perhaps not so great as that which the dry farmers eventually may prove to be feasible. Continually we learn to use tomorrow what we rejected today. Into some of these indefinite districts must go the young or the old prospective dry farmer who finds that land has become too expensive back in the Middle West.

It is only fair to say that the immigration boards of most Western states want these new settlers, and endeavor to treat them fairly, not attempting to proceed on land-boomers' principles, but trying to warn the newcomer in regard to the peculiarities of the country which he intends to make his home. Some of the literature of the Colorado State Board of Immigration may be quoted to this effect:

Dry-land farming is a continual fight against relentless, unfavorable conditions. Success depends upon the man—his courage, his knowledge and judgment, and his persistence. Physical strength and endurance of both men and women is a large factor in this struggle. With the best seeds and methods of tillage, there will be some years of total failure and many others of short crops. It is safest to lay plans that will furnish a living with an average of two failures each five years. There have been three consecutive years of no crops, followed by as many years of good crops.

Conditions are much more favorable than they were twenty or even ten years ago. There has been no increase in the rainfall, but the methods of storing and holding moisture in the soil are better understood. Today there are dry-land plants that will produce crops with limited rainfall and seeds of these crops that have been selected and bred under arid conditions are the best for use.

It is customary to call Mr. H. W. Campbell, of Lincoln, Nebraska, the father of dry farming; and without doubt that gentleman has done more than any one of our day in the practical development of this new and highly useful form of agriculture, the result of which will be to add considerable empire to our Western realm. Mr. Campbell is perhaps not the first man to discover the essential principles of this new science. Not long ago this matter came up in the presence of Mr. John P. Irish, a well-known Californian, who had occasion to say: "I should rather be disposed to call Horace Greeley the father, or say the grandfather, of dry farming; for, more than forty years ago, Greeley, in some of his agricultural writings, called attention to the fact that the bottom of a chip might be moist while its top had become entirely dry from exposure to the air. That, of course, is the whole secret of dry farming."

Two truths, then, we may call established: The first is that dry farming in the nature of things cannot be a universal certainty, because it does not change Nature, but only uses Nature; does not increase rainfall, but only conserves rainfall. The second truth is, that the selection of lands for dry farming must always be much of a gamble, even in proved districts. One man may hit a strip which looks like all the country about him, yet fail to raise crops upon it; whereas his neighbor, distant but a mile or so, may be more favored. For instance, there is sheet water under much of eastern Colorado, but this water seems to lie in strips. Maybe you find it with your well and maybe you do not. One sturdy settler, who had been hauling water forty miles in barrels to his homestead, was asked why he did not dig a well. "It is closer to water overland than it is straight down," was his grim comment.

Optimistic Prophecies and Pessimistic Figures

WE OUGHT not to discredit any well-founded statements on either side of a mooted question; but we ought to measure up one statement against another, one condition with another. Thus, Professor Thomas Shaw, an acknowledged soil expert and now in the employ of the Great Northern Railroad, made the statement in a public speech at Great Falls, Montana, that in his belief the plateau east of the Rockies and north of the Belt Mountains would annually raise a hundred million bushels of wheat. His remark, based on several years of success, is enthusiastically quoted all through the arid West; but now comes along a cold, hard, heartless man, formerly an engineer for the Reclamation Service in upper Montana; and this gentleman is rude enough to point out to the professor certain rainfall figures with which the latter had not been familiar. These figures were taken from the records of Fort Shaw and show that the average rainfall in that part of the mountains from 1867 to 1886—twenty-one years—was 10.65 inches. The maximum was 16.14, the minimum 4.24. From 1869 to 1875, there were seven years which were extremely lean and dry, the greatest rainfall being 8.32 inches. It might be well to append the figures in full, which are: 1869, 7.46; 1870, 8.32; 1871, 5.03; 1872, 7.27; 1873, 6.90; 1874, 4.24; 1875, 5.67.

In the earlier days of our history when we were settling the humid Middle West, there was a certain amount of evenness in conditions, and the farmer going into any given state in that region could pretty well tell in advance what he was going to meet. In regard to the arid parts of the West of today this condition of affairs is not so generally applicable. After all, success in dry farming depends upon rainfall, and this seems to go in strips, so that the statistics of one district do not apply to all others. This accounts for the fact that even in the "yellow year" of 1910, when there was a general failure of crops over the dry-farming country, there were some few favored districts where very decent crops were raised. It goes without saying that a general and universal run of several such bad years in succession as the lean years at Fort Shaw would break any country, for it would require too heavy capitalization, at too high a rate of interest, to make it a commercial proposition.

In dry farming an acre of ground is cropped only every other year—or at least this practically is the rule. Combine this fact with the luck of wet years and dry years, or a succession of dry years, or a variation as to rainfall in your district, and you will be able to get a fair view of the entire question of dry farming. This is something which you surely ought to do before engaging in that business. In other words, be an optimist after you have got into a business and not when you are going into it.

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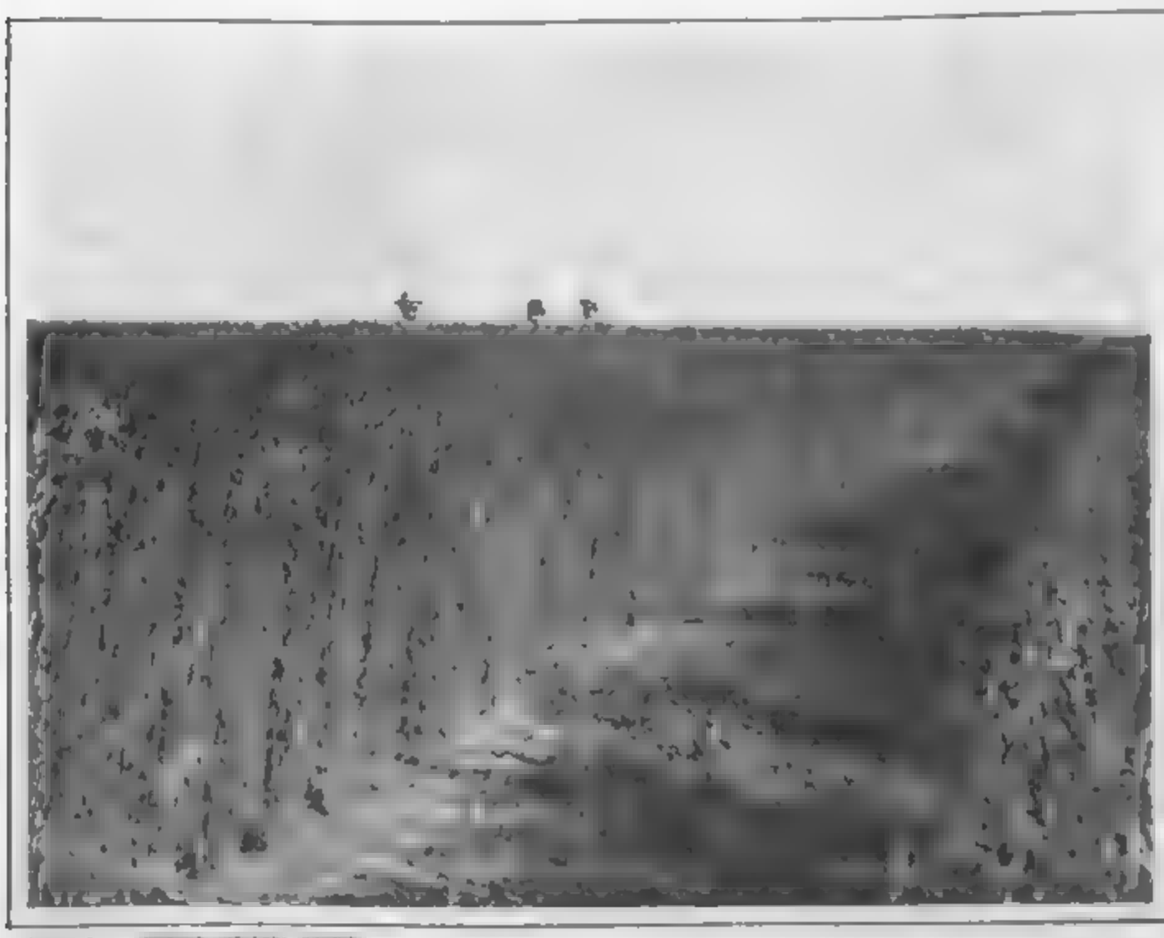

Coming Through the Rye in Dry Wyoming

Potatoes, Tubers or Spuds Grown Dry, But None the Worse for the Windmill

THE EXPECTED ONE

Old Reliable Dips Into the Mirage and Gets a Hot Bunch of Labor

By HARRIS DICKSON

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS

THE sun rose and for an instant hung midway of the horizon—a fiery furnace door, glaring over the edge of the world. Out flowed a molten blast—a ravenous, consuming stream that sizzled across the desert. Widening as it came, the scarlet-yellow torrent rushed on and on, scorched the grim, brown knolls, filled the hollows with lakes of quivering heat, scintillated on the chocolate Nile and flashed into sharp silhouette a solitary tugboat.

This tugboat—bulldoggish, irreverent, British—hurled its defiant smoke into the sky; for was it not transporting Colonel Spottiswoode and Zack Foster, Effendi, to the Beni Yeb Plantation, where Fergus Cameron extorted fifteen thousand cantars of cotton annually out of the dry Sudan? Cameron had conquered a foothold in the desert; with these Americans the British cotton growers would subdue unto the plow that vast Ghezireh, south of Khartum. The tugboat continued puffing. In front, to the east and west, stretched those barren immensities of the Sudan—brownish, brickish and dingy red through all these shriveling ages. Behind it lay Upper Egypt, strangled in the sand.

Colonel Spottiswoode slept on deck, else he could not have slept at all. At the first dazzle of light he got up. There was no rolling over for a second nap after that sun made ready for business. He stepped into a pair of heelless slippers and stood at the rail in his pajamas.

Lyttleton Bey—veteran of many a Dervish fight—warned him from the next pallet: "I say, Colonel Spottiswoode, you'd better put on your helmet; that sun might bowl you over."

"Why, the sun is not half up."

"No matter; half of it does the grubby work—then it's label your bedding to the hospital."

Zack Foster, Effendi, posed on the forward deck. Nobody need remind Zack to put on his helmet; he had never once removed it since the Colonel made that gladsome purchase. The Cairene shopkeeper handed it down—dazzling white, broad blue streamers, polka dots. Zack saw those fluttering speckles crossed rakishly fore and aft—and surrendered. He strutted the streets of Cairo for three days while the Colonel and the syndicate bought supplies. In it he had startled the sleep of Egypt, flitting through Luxor on donkeyback, like a black bat with blue wings. In it he had suffocated on the narrow-gauge train to Shellal, where the windows were of smoked glass to shut out the desert glare, but where nothing could shut out the desert dust. On the mailboat from Shellal to Halfa Zack donned his helmet and defied the sun.

Beneath the sloping bank at Halfa lay their special tugboat which was to convey them to Beni Yeb, where the Southern planter would confer with the Scotch pioneer before proceeding to yet more savage lands. At two o'clock in the afternoon the pitiless white sunshine glinted on the river and dazzled on the desert. The white-clad white men in white-clad chairs lounged beneath their awnings on the afterdeck. The tug headed straight across the current for the landing at Beni Yeb. A triangular gleam marked the roof of a house which threw out its flat, cemented angle from a clump of palms, flanked by denser vegetation. The vivid greens contrasted brilliantly with all those dirty yellow mines.

Lyttleton pointed. "Look, Colonel. That proves what irrigation can accomplish."

At this moment Colonel Spottiswoode was not thinking of irrigation. His eyes and mind were fascinated by a sparkling mirage which he had been watching for an hour.

"That water is perfectly plain," he remarked, "and those palmtrees as distinct as trees on this side of the river."

"So they are," assented Lyttleton.

"And you say it's all imagination?"

"Not exactly imagination; rather an optical illusion. For instance, you and I might count those palmtrees and will agree as to the number; both of us see the same thing—which cannot be imagination."

The Colonel counted: "One, two, three—I see seven palms: four in a cluster, two others close together and one stands off a little farther to the left."

Lyttleton nodded. "Quite true, quite true; that's what I see."

"See that small rocky island in the little lake? Why couldn't I take my rifle and splash a bullet in that water?"

"I fancy you could—if the water were there. Many a poor beggar has gone to his death trying to splash his canteen in mirage-water."

"Tell me about them."

Lyttleton settled deep in his wicker chair; he loved the desert and loved to talk of it. "These Ababdeh Arabs know every foot of Nubia. They have regular routes, unmarked, like the course of a vessel at sea; but they travel almost infallibly from well to well. Of course, if they veer to right or left and miss a well, their nerves go to fiddlestrings; they die and shrivel up. Well-known landmarks become invisible, distorted or unrecognizable. Sometimes the ghost of a familiar rock or tree will confront the famished beggar from a totally different direction and lure him to the Belly of Stones. Main caravan routes are marked with bleaching bones, like bricks along a garden walk."

"What sort of a country is it out yonder—behind that ridge?" The Colonel pointed to the empty west.

"No end o' leeway, sand and sky; a few roving Arabs, goatherds, outlaws, religious fanatics, unpleasant people—yet—oh, well, one never gets bored."

Lyttleton had seen much of these turbaned tribes and the mystical grip of the desert held him fast. Like others who once tasted service in this land, many times he had quitted it forever—only to wander back and back again.

Colonel Spottiswoode Ran Down, Buckling on His Pistols

"Cunnel, I Ain't Gwine to Let You Wash in Dis Stuff. 'Tain't Nothin' But Coffee Paste"

Colonel Spottiswoode was beginning to understand this horizon fever. "Seven palms," he mused; then he caught sight of Zack puffing at a cigar and displaying himself before the servants, particularly the attentive Said, who jumped whenever this worshipful black Effendi shouted: "Whar he!"

Colonel Spottiswoode smiled and called: "Zack! Oh, Zack!"

"Comin', suh!" Zack marched like a soldier, for McDonald had hinted to the negro that Arab traders in Wady Halfa mistook him for a certain famous Sudani officer, who had fought in Mexico under Marshal Bazaine. Zack touched his helmet and grinned.

The Colonel nodded toward the mirage. "Zack, how's your eyesight? Can you see that spring?"

"Sholy, Cunnel; I jes been watchin' dat spring."

"We've made a bet; how many trees do you count?"

Zack squared himself to meet his responsibility. He squinted and counted, and counted and squinted; then announced: "Seben, Cunnel. I figgers out seben trees—ef I makes no mistake."

"Told you so, Lyttleton. Now, Zack—you're an old bear hunter—how far is that spring from the house?"

"Lordy, Cunnel, dat spring ain't nowhars away fum dat house. 'Pears to me like it mought be right in de back yard. Jes medjer fum dat big tree—dat bigges' one off by itself—not dem chunky trees nigh to de ribber."

Zack indicated a lone and unusually tall palm that stood somewhat away from the Nile in direct line behind the plantation house. "Dat spring is jes 'bout betwixt forty-nine and fifty yards behin' dat tree—ef I makes no mistake. Howsomever, ef you-all is got a bet I'm gwine to step it off jes as soon as we git to de landin'."

"Lyttleton, I'll bet that Zack's right."

Zack's attitude justified the boss in betting on his correctness; but McDonald, with a Scotch mind that never jibbed its job, inquired: "This is the man you were speaking of, who gets labor for your plantations in America?"

"Yes, sir; Zack's the best on earth when it comes to rounding up a bunch of niggers. How about it, Zack?"

Zack bulged out like a goatskin bag that is swelling up with water. "I reckon dat's so, Cunnel. I kin git niggers whar d'ain't no niggers. Dey jes nachully sprouts up outen de groun' ef dey knows I wants 'em."

"How do you manage it in America?" McDonald hammered away diligently at his job of pounding out the statistics.

Zack tendered him the goods: "Lordy, mister, it's jes dat easy, 'tain't no pleasure to brag about it. Niggers follers each other same as sheep; dey gits de travel itch an' loves to move. Ef a man knows his business he jes finds de ole bellwether and pokes a notion in his head dat ramblin' time is come. I picks me out a place whar de niggers ain't made enough to pay fer rent an' vittles; den I dresses up real fine, gives 'em a few cigars and brags on de Cunnel's

lan' growin' a bale to de acre jes by stickin' seed in de groun'. Nigger needn't do nothin' 'cept take a seat an' wait. Den I specify dem reg'lar rations what Cunnel issues on Sad'dy night. Niggers ain't studyin' dat bale to de acre, but reg'lar rations ev'y Sad'dy night—dat's what fetches 'em."

McDonald weighed these statements from a British point of view. "That's what we want in the Shilluk country—a man who can induce those blacks to work."

Zack smiled benignantly, as if the British officer were a child. "Shucks, mister, is dat all? You jes make yo' min' easy. Ole Reliable don't promise nothin' what he can't do. I'll have dem niggers swarmin' roun', same as follerin' a circus peerade."

These few kind words from Zack Foster, Effendi, reassured Bimbashi McDonald, who joined his friends in watching the preparations to receive them at Beni Yeb.

For miles that towering chimney had split the horizon like the trunk of an enormous decapitated palm. Sunshine glittered on the corrugated iron roof of the pump house; they heard the whirring of wheels; an English engineer came to the door in his overalls. Shifting groups of turbans circled round a British helmet. The man beneath the helmet wore white cotton clothes, innocent of starch, always spotless in the morning, always spattered at night; the calves of his legs, wrapped in leather, looked remarkably solid.

"That's Cameron," said McDonald, pointing; but the Colonel would have known.

Zack clapped his hands and shouted: "Whar he!" Said appeared.

"Hustle, you niggers, wid dem gripsacks; we gwine to git off dis boat."

Said understood the British language—that is, he stumbled on a word or two in high places and caught the general drift. Zack's Afro-American flunked him. Having spent his lifetime dodging the donkey stick and the courbash, Said's legs were nimble and his wits were quick. "Very good, Effendi," and he hustled—which always tickled Zack.

. . . .

It was night when Fergus Cameron led his straggling squad back to the plantation house after a three-hour ride over the fields of Beni Yeb. He rode slowly, for the American at his side sat awkwardly on that enormous camel. His own camel dropped promptly to its knees. Kali whacked the Colonel's and the big gray fellow snarled.

"Lean back, Colonel Spottiswoode—far back!" Cameron warned his guest; Kali brought the ungainly beast to the ground and the Colonel stepped off. Zack's feelings were hurt in the beginning because these white folks didn't provide him with a camel. "I kin ride plenty o' dese little ole roan horses at home." Not being seasoned to horseback, his feelings were continually hurt by that nervous, wiry Abyssinian stallion, and Zack finally climbed down as stiffly as a man with glass legs.

"It is a revelation, sir—a revelation," remarked the Colonel. "I never saw lands lie better—or better land."

"Oh, the land is all right enough; it is the people." Cameron spoke wearily. "We are at a standstill for lack of labor. I could put four thousand feddan in cultivation. Beni Yeb needs two hundred hoe men and women; fifty plowmen; two hundred at the grading. I could use five hundred men tomorrow."

Colonel Spottiswoode laughed. "Better get Zack to hustle 'em up for you. Last fall he got me two carloads of negroes in two days."

"Sho did—sho did."

Cameron was Scotch and serious; he looked thoughtfully at Zack and would consider the matter further when he got all the statistics.

The beasts were led away and four dusty white men stepped on the broad terrace and entered the house.

"Me for a tubbing," said McDonald.

"And change the kit a bit for dinner," added Lyttleton.

After three hours in the whirling sand they needed the tubbing and the change of kit. Colonel Spottiswoode went straight to his room and Zack limped upstairs behind him, as a hound limps home from a long chase.

These Englishmen would dress for dinner—wherever two or three are gathered together in the name of England they always dress for dinner. With his face gritty and his eyelashes full of sand, the Colonel said: "Zack, pour some water in that basin."

Zack poured about a cupful and then stopped. "Cunnel, I ain't gwine to let you wash in dis stuff. 'Tain't nothin' but coffee paste. Lemme git some clean water right quick."

"Hurry up."

"'Tain't gwine to take me no time. I'll run back to dat spring 'bout fifty yards behin' de house."

The Colonel heard what Zack said—heard distinctly and remembered afterward. With his mind full of queer-looking people and the strange life around him, he never imagined that Zack would ramble off into the desert for water out of a mirage. Zack grabbed his wool hat and started for that mystic pool, where only angels may drink.

The moon rode high in the heavens, big as a wagon-wheel, clear as a mirror, and so very near that if he had had a stepladder Zack could have tickled the old man in the face. Zack himself was not tickled. He was disgusted. "Dat's jes like a nigger. Git a bucket o' water for Cunnel out o' de fus' ditch he comes acrost!" He paused beside the tiny canal that wound in and out among the shrubbery; it flowed sluggishly with muddy eddies and looked like streaky brown gravy. "Huh! Cunnel wouldn't let nary one o' his mules git washed in sech water ez dat."

He paid no heed to a group of servants who rose from their haunches and salaamed. He passed the stables; passed the low hovels of the fellaheen. Through an opening in the hedge went a little ditch; so did Zack.

The lone palm was easy to find; he walked beyond it for about fifty yards. "Dat spring oughter be right here." But it wasn't. Zack kept going—walked some more, then halted. Everything was level and shiny in the moonlight, white wastes and no shadows—nothing but here and there a clump of Sodom apples. Zack shied skittishly around these things, for he had been warned that they would put out his eyes. The spring persisted in being absent. "Huh! Dat sho is curious."

He glanced back, got his bearings from the palm and moved in a direct line. Then something happened. Two somethings happened. They didn't come from anywhere; they just happened—right up out of the ground. It was a clump of Sodom apple bushes—Zack hadn't paid "no particular min'," but he felt certain they were Sodom apples; anyhow, it was something that let out a snarl and a roar and then began a mighty scrambling. The bushes scrambled and so did Zack. He glanced back over his shoulder at two big gray things, four times taller than he, that sprawled every which way and reached out to get him. It did 'em no good to reach out. Zack wasn't there. Even if that pair of camels had not been hobbled, they could never have caught Zack in his first quarter of a mile—not until his breath gave out and he sat down on a little ridge of sand. "Huh!" he gasped. "What you reckin dat wuz?"

Whatever they were, the two big gray things dropped down on the sand and Zack knew that he would never disturb them. The bucket had been abandoned long ago and forgotten.

"Dis sho is one big ole sandbar," Zack observed, and began to glance around him. Hobbled camels run almighty crooked and Zack had dodged zigzag, like a rabbit. The lone palm had vanished. Zack's guidepost was gone. True, there was another big tree to his left, but Zack knew he had not run from that direction. He looked uneasily for some road or path. There was none. Zack would have been in the middle of a bad fix if he hadn't glimpsed a light. A light is real—it gives something to travel by; a fellow knows he's going to somebody. Folks make lights. Zack got up and started toward this one. "Huh! Nobody can't git me los'—leastways not in open groun' like dis. I knowed de big house wuz dis way—knowed it all de time."

At first Zack kept his eyes skinned for Sodom apple bushes. Then he forgot, trudging along with his head down, studying an excuse to give the Colonel. At a distance, the black speck from which the light came had been nothing more than a blur upon the sand. Gradually it began to disintegrate into separate specks that resembled haystacks; other black specks seemed to be moving about among them. Zack drew nearer. A pack of dogs dashed out—not exactly dogs, but ghosts of dogs, or skeleton dogs—all legs and mouths—and tails so incredibly slender that they looked like a succession of knots tied in a plow-line. These dogs never barked and Zack distrusted their intentions; he was afraid of dogs that didn't bark and niggers that didn't brag. It gave Zack a crick in the neck trying to watch all of them at once. He cast his eyes round for a brickbat. Bricks don't grow in the desert and Zack hated to fool away his time throwing loose sand. He couldn't run away from those limber-legged gallnippers, so he slapped about him with his wide-brimmed hat and yelled.

A black speck straightened up from in front of a ragged tent, became a man and ran toward him, shouting gibberish. Zack had a premonition that he was not going to be popular with this man. "Mister, oh, mister, wull yo' dog bite?"

The answer did not reassure Zack; it was more of an avalanche than an answer. Swarms of people came running, some with plenty of clothes and some with none—long-legged skinny folks, blacker than Zack ever feared to be. Zack did not see all that happened. He had only two eyes. Everybody was doing things at once. Some of the folks picked up spears that glittered in the moonlight.

Zack edged away from them and bumped into a group of women. They ducked and disappeared like prairie dogs. A pot-bellied black child ran out, perfectly naked, stared at him for an instant, turned and fled without a sound. Fifty men closed round him. Zack talked mightily, but nobody paid any attention. An old man—a very old man—sat cross-legged on a mat in front of a tent. He looked up in the moonlight and Zack thought he was blind. Zack was half right, the Sheik Tabira being one-eyed. Tabira's face was no bigger than a cocoanut, with features squeezed together and smoothed out as if some one had tried to rub off the face when it was soft. Lifting that dime-sized countenance, Tabira listened to much chatter. The first word he spoke was a question, but Zack would not have known what he was talking about even if he had understood their language: "Is it the Expected One?"

The jabbering broke out again—a gabble of geese scared up at midnight. Some said "No" and some said "Yes"—everybody said something. A big man came striding out

(Continued on Page 68)

Zack Melted Into the Colonel's Horse and Looked Uneasily at His Late Associates

THE UP-TO-DATE DRUGGIST

By Walter E. Weyl

ILLUSTRATED BY HY. J. WATSON

I Had Loved the Old Druggist as One Loves a Quaint Ancient Text

THE moment I saw the sign I knew that old Fletcher was dead. This is how the sign read:

FLETCHER'S UP-TO-DATE
DRUG STORE

WE SELL AS CHEAP AS ANYBODY

NOT IN A TRUST! WATCH US!

I had known Phineas Fletcher for twenty years. I had learned from neighbors and from himself that he had dispensed drugs in this one store for over forty years. For over forty years he had been a conservative, painstaking right-living pharmacist, loving the old ways, setting his face against advertising, pushing and all innovation, and refusing as steadfastly as possible to embark in the numerous side lines into which his competitors had gone. Fletcher must be dead—for, with the breath of life in him, no flaring sign would have defaced his premises.

As I entered the brilliantly illuminated drug store this conviction deepened. Could Phineas Fletcher have permitted this vast accumulation of articles that shone under the glare of the electric light? Into the staid old pharmacy had come a mass of cigars, cigarettes, pipes, tobacco pouches, hairbrushes, clothesbrushes, leather purses, bath costumes, soaps, perfumery, razors, strops, cameras, films and illuminated postal cards. In less than a year the store had completely changed its character. Even the clerk, whom I had long known casually, seemed different. There was a new exaltation about the broad, red, alert face of Solomon Stragow.

"Hello, Sol!" I asked. "How is Mr. Fletcher?"

"Dead, thank you! Arterial sclerosis."

"Dead?"

"Died six months ago. I'm boss now. You'll see things whiz."

"Poor old Fletcher!" The old druggist was dead and a new druggist dispensed in his stead. "I suppose I must call you Mr. Stragow now?"

"We don't care about names here, so long as we get your trade. Want anything in the line of soaps, razors, cameras, candy, brushes, traveling bags, cigars—or—or drugs? Anything you don't see, ask for. This is going to be a live-wire drug store—the livest thing on the avenue!"

With a sudden shock I realized that the old dusty busts of Galen and Hippocrates were no longer in their accustomed places on the top shelf.

Stragow explained. "We have no room for dead ones in this shop. In forty years Galen never brought a cent into the store!"

"And you've torn down Mr. Fletcher's laboratory?" I asked, aghast at this new iconoclasm.

"Had to!" replied Sol Stragow. "Needed room. New department. I'm changing everything. I'm soon going to clean out those wooden counters and put in glass. Double my display space. Can't see through wood. What do you think of these electric lights? Nothing dingy about them—eh?"

A Profit in Postage Stamps

POOR old Phineas Fletcher! Electric light had ever been his pet abomination. I remembered how the old man stumbled round his dimly lit store, and how even the feeble gas jet was not turned on until darkness had settled on the place. He knew that a brilliant light attracted the human moths flitting about the streets, but a dim light was better for meditation and quiet converse. Had the ghost of Phineas Fletcher revisited the glare of Fletcher's Up-to-Date Drug Store, it would have fled affrighted and returned no more.

I liked this young barbarian, Solomon Stragow, as I had liked Mr. Fletcher—only in a different way. I had loved the old druggist as one loves a beautiful illuminated manuscript, an old sonnet, a quaint ancient text. I liked Stragow as one likes the Flatiron Building or a sixty-horse-power automobile. Solomon Stragow was young America—narrow, energetic, pushing, irreverent, efficient!

Just now he was a trifle inflated and self-important. Who is not at times? I never have a success but my whole being expands and I think what a paragon I am! And for Solomon Stragow to become proprietor of Fletcher's Up-to-Date Drug Store was a bigger thing in its way than anything I have ever done and been proud of.

"You see, it was this way," vouchsafed Stragow: "When I saw that poor old F was on the last lap I offered to buy the store—stock, fixtures, good-will. Once upon a time this place was worth ten thousand dollars, but you see the Sanders Corporation put one of their chain drug stores within three blocks and cut prices and got the trade. Old Fletcher was cranky and he wasn't up to date—and business had been rotten. So he let me have the store for five thousand dollars. I had two thousand cash, and an old friend of my father went on my note for three thousand. So here you see me—proprietor!" As he uttered the word "proprietor" a smile of ineffable delight spread over his broad face and his youthful red cheeks became redder and redder.

"Where did you get the two thousand?" I asked him with curiosity.

"Saved it. I've been out of college six years. I've averaged twenty-two dollars a week. It's cost me and my mother about fifteen dollars to live. Seven a week for six years does it.

"I suppose you'll think," he went on, "that, now I am proprietor"—again the broad smile—"I'll spread myself and take it easy; but I won't. We're still living on fifteen a week and I'm working all the time there is. When I was clerking for Mr. Fletcher I got here at eight in the morning and knocked off at nine in the evening. Now that I am working for Sol Stragow, I begin at eight A. M. and close at midnight, with two hours off at lunch. I've figured it out exact. Ninety-eight hours a week—fifty-two weeks in the year."

"Ninety-eight hours a week!" I gasped.

"If you were to come here and want paregoric or aromatic spirits of ammonia, or even a postage stamp, at eight in the morning or eleven-thirty at night, and you found the place closed, you'd go elsewhere and stay elsewhere. And what you'd do, others would do. There's so much competition in this business that we've got to keep long hours. Besides, I like it.

"It's not really work for me," he explained, "now that it's my own place. It's a game. Every night when I get home I think of what I'll do the next day. I've always got new plans—new schemes for pushing the business. I'm always meeting new people. When a new customer comes in I try to wait on him better than he's ever been waited on before. I try to make him think it is a special pleasure to this proprietor to wait on him."

"Even if he buys only a stamp?"

"Yes, even if he buys only a stamp. Now that's where Mr. Fletcher was wrong. He did not like to sell stamps. He used to get hot and argue with people and tell them to go to the post-office. My way is better. I make a profit of five dollars out of every five dollars' worth of stamps I sell!"

Clearly this piece of information should be useful to the Federal authorities!

"It's this way," explained Stragow: "When a gentleman comes in here and asks for a stamp he isn't sure he'll get one, and he's apologetic anyway. If you are friendly, and thank him just as though he'd bought a dollar hairbrush, he feels grateful. Like as not he'll ask for five cents' worth of chewing gum or a cigar, because he's got to buy these sometime anyway. Stamps sell other things; and it's the five-cent and ten-cent sales—not the dollar article—that make up the business. It's the same way with these side lines. If a man gets used to buying his writing paper here he'll send his prescriptions also."

"Wouldn't it be better," I suggested, "if you could do a straight prescription business? What's the use of a diploma from a college of pharmacy if you are going to sell razors?"

The Pills of Yesterday and Today

"THAT was Mr. Fletcher's theory," replied Stragow. "You remember the old man always used to say: 'Pharmacy is a profession, not a business! Dispense honest drugs and the profits will take care of themselves.' Well, I say: 'That's a good theory—only it won't work!' If I took out my side lines my customers would go to Sanders or some other druggist. If we druggists had to depend on prescriptions nine-tenths of us would starve, as Mr. Fletcher came near starving."

I did not like this theory of Stragow, but evidently the facts were on his side. I remembered now how old Mr. Fletcher had once read me a paper, written for the local pharmaceutical society, on The New Order in Pharmacy. I recalled how the old lips trembled and the old hands shook as he thundered his denunciation against the commercialization of the pharmacy; against the invasion of the drug store by the corporation; against the displacement of the pharmacist by the trained business man. All right-thinking pharmacists, contended Fletcher, should unite to combat these developments; yet Fletcher was dead and the up-to-date druggist was alive and prospering, and commercialization and the introduction of side lines had grown apace. The regular prescription business was not large enough or growing fast enough to make a living for all the druggists.

The facts lie on the surface. Today there are in the neighborhood of forty-five thousand drug stores in the United States. Some of these are one-man shops. Some have five, ten or more employees. The average is probably two or three people to a shop. In other words, there are probably one hundred thousand, or perhaps one hundred and thirty-five thousand, men and boys at work in American drug stores. Fortunately the American people are not sick enough to keep all these people busy compounding prescriptions.

Moreover, physicians do not prescribe drugs as drastically as formerly. In the good old days the family doctor would joyfully prescribe a fearful and wonderful concoction of a dozen drugs, which was almost as difficult to compound as to take. Today the same physician prescribes rest, sleep, fresh air and other things which you do not buy at the drug store and on which there is no profit. The sale of drugs increases, for no other nation in the world doses itself as does the American. Most of these drugs, however, for better or for worse, are not compounded in the little prescription department, but are manufactured in bulk in great factories and handed over the counter like a cake of soap or a cigar. It is a package trade—like a pound carton of sugar or coffee. You need not be a registered pharmacist to sell a bottle of Luke's Laxative or Brown's Baby Pills. It takes half an hour

In the Good Old Days the Family Doctor Would Joyfully Prescribe a Fearful and Wonderful Concoction of a Dozen Drugs

to fill a prescription; it takes half a minute to sell a patent medicine or a proprietary article. The prescription business has shrunk.

Nevertheless, the occupation of the druggist is not gone—nor is it going. From time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, you could buy a stamp at a drug store; and it is probable that, in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, and Cambyses the Babylonian youth sauntered into the pharmacies of Babylon to take a look at the city directory. The drug store, like the hotel, is a public convenience. So, when the soda-water fountain conquered America, there was no place for it except in the drug store. As the compounding of drugs became relatively less important, the sale of ready-made drugs and of other articles became more important. The druggist became in part a retail merchant, not only because there were so many of him but because there grew up a strong neighborhood demand for many small articles manufactured on a large scale and advertised all over the country. The drug store became one of the heirs of the village general store which, when it migrated to the city, split into two parts. One part became the department store, catering to everybody and selling everything. The other part split up into the corner grocery, the neighborhood tobacco shop, the drygoods store and the drug store. The pharmacy became a store which sold everything else.

Phineas Fletcher was not alone among druggists in deploring this commercialization of the pharmacy. Many druggists felt and still feel that a noble profession is being degraded. They predict that the art of pharmacy, which once produced a Lavoisier, a Scheele, a Chevreul, and other great chemists, will decline into a mere higgling trade. The conscientious and honorable pharmacist will be forced to compete with shrewd, pushing and perhaps unscrupulous tradesmen rivals. The result is not only unprofessional, but uneconomical. Why spend years over the study of pharmacy if half your time is spent in selling patent medicines, mixing chocolate sundaes and making change for the man who wants to telephone?

It is into a difficult and anomalous position that the new-fledged pharmacist is graduated. He is a better-trained man than was the druggist of a generation ago, for the entrance requirements and the curricula of the colleges of pharmacy have advanced wonderfully. And yet in some respects this better-trained man has less need and occasion for training. Despite pure-drug laws, his initiative and responsibility are decreasing rather than increasing. He cannot compound as scientifically as can the best manufacturing pharmacists, and he cannot produce as cheaply. The physician and the patient often prefer a well-known proprietary medicine, manufactured on a large scale and advertised nationally, to the product of the chance pharmacy which may use the best drugs and skill—or the worst. The pharmacist's pestle tends to become—like the officer's sword—a sign of authority instead of an effective tool.

"Want Anything in the Line of Soaps, Razors, Cameras, Candy, Brushes, Traveling Bags, Cigars—or—or Drugs?"

When Greek Met Greek

AGAINST the flood of patent medicines the pharmacist is equally helpless. He must give what is asked for; and the public asks for all kinds of patent medicines—beneficial, harmless and poisonous. The druggist—whether proprietor or clerk—is a professional man and a commercial man, and yet he works much longer hours than does the lawyer, banker, merchant or salesman. He is obliged to master the pharmacopœia, and yet he is also compelled to sell razors, cigars and bathing caps.

On the continent of Europe they manage these things differently and, according to Achilles Polykranas, better. Achilles is a semi-successful but disgruntled pharmacist in New York. He was a graduate of Athens, proficient in six languages and in the pharmacopœias of many nations; and he had practiced his profession in Constantinople, Venice, Marseilles and Alexandria. In the latter place he met an American traveler who advised him to try his luck in the New World.

When Polykranas first plunged his bewildered head into an American drug store he fancied himself for a moment in a bazar or a café. He could not forget the somnolent pharmacies of continental Europe, about which hang an air of professional dignity, and he had expected to bestow an oriental obeisance upon his learned *confrère*, the American pharmacist. But, on entering, he saw no learned *confrère*. The young lady behind the perfumery counter was nonchalantly making sales and simultaneously chewing gum, chatting with a fellow clerk and admiring in the glass the hirsute pyramid which towered above her head. The youth opposite was dispensing a raspberry ice-cream soda with an air which struck Polykranas as unprofessional. Everywhere Achilles saw buying and selling—he heard the men joking about the cigar counter as he heard the ring of the telephone bell and the click of the cash register. "If this is pharmacy," he mused, "then am I no pharmacist!" A few months later Achilles encountered his American benefactor on the streets of New York.

"How goes it?" asked the American, somewhat elated at having made Achilles and the United States of America mutually acquainted. "Great business openings—eh?"

The Greek shook his head sadly.

"The great business, yes; but the great profession—it is nothing! In America, I, Achilles Polykranas, of the grand University of Athens, sell—shaving mugs!"

And still what can the individual druggist do about it? We need skillful, well-trained men to dispense drugs and we need them everywhere, but we cannot afford to pay enough for our prescriptions to keep forty-five thousand drug stores thriving. The dispensing of drugs and the selling of shaving mugs seem ill-assorted business companions; and yet each operation helps to make the other possible. Unless the average drug store runs side lines it will not prosper, and we shall not have so many as we need. And, whether we use drug stores or not for such purposes, we shall require many shops in small towns and in various city neighborhoods for the sale of numerous small specialties.

Unfortunately for the small druggist, however, the very developments that force him into side lines also tend to make those side lines and the whole drug business less profitable. If you ask the average druggist how business is, and what is the matter with it, he will tell you that the whole trade is intolerably overcrowded. He no sooner settles in a virgin territory than a new drug store comes to compete with him. Competition forces down prices, cuts down profits, increases the cost of getting the business, and makes the work more strenuous. "There are too many druggists in the world," says the druggist.

Though it costs more money to open a drug store than it did a generation ago, still, with two thousand dollars or even one thousand—according to location—a man can edge into the drug business. He can hire a registered pharmacist to compound the drugs and can devote his efforts to the management of the store. The number of men with a few thousand dollars to invest is increasing faster than ever before in America; the number of graduates of colleges of pharmacy, despite higher requirements, is also increasing. No wonder some one is always starting up a drug store just across the street! No wonder competition cuts deep into prices and profits!

That is the lower millstone. The upper millstone is the chain of stores, the corporate drug store, the department store doing a drug business. The drug business has largely become a selling of specialized articles. In the selling of many specialized articles, which may be standardized and are not perishable and not bulky, the big store has an advantage over the little store and the business man has an advantage over the pharmacologist.

Take the little one-man pharmacy: Its owner is a very small capitalist who has made his investment and is taking his risk. He is a man with a little knowledge of business and a great knowledge of his profession. Let us suppose this man's time to be worth to himself thirty dollars a week. He does not sell illustrated postal cards as quickly or as efficiently as does the seven-dollar-a-week girl in the large corporation pharmacy. He does not sell brushes and toilet articles as efficiently as does the twelve-dollar-a-week clerk at the perfumery counter of the corporation drug store. He cannot even do his prescription work so quickly as could an equally well-trained man in a larger establishment, because he is constantly liable to interruption and must have his eyes and his mind everywhere.

The druggist in a one-man pharmacy has not the advantages of a division of labor and he must necessarily devote much of his valuable time to comparatively simple and untrained work. He has not the equipment or the conveniences. In serving a customer he walks from one end of the store to the other to get the article required; in the corporation drug store it is the customer who does the walking. "You'll get that at the perfumery counter," says the clerk.

In buying and in store management the pharmacist whose time is worth thirty dollars a week is at an equal, though a different, disadvantage with the five-thousand-dollar-a-year expert of the corporation store. The expert saves his salary many times over. The big store buys far more efficiently. It absorbs the profits of the wholesaler, the jobber and the importer of drugs. The corporation which runs a dozen or, it may be, a score of drug stores under one management has the advantages of unified control, of better buying facilities, of better credit facilities. It can afford to sell a few articles at a loss in order to bring the customer to the stores. It can afford large expenditures for advertising. It can bring new methods into the drug business. It can concentrate its great resources upon a narrow field and ruin a single druggist by putting a store next door to him.

A Personal Equation

IN THE grocery business the chain of stores has not driven out the corner grocer, but in the drug business the corporation pharmacy is likely, if not to destroy the little pharmacist, at least to restrict his activities seriously. There are many differences between the drug and the grocery trades. You do not go to the drug store as often as you do to the grocery, and therefore you do not insist upon its being so near. It need not be "just round the corner." The grocer sends a daily reminder to you in the shape of a clerk asking for orders; the apothecary does not and cannot do this. The grocer appeals more exclusively to women than does the pharmacist, and women are more tied to the home and therefore to their neighborhood—they are more personal in their business relationships. For much of your trade you drop into any attractive drug store, and you put your toothbrush in your pocket, your cigar in your mouth or your soda water in your stomach—and you do not care whether you are three blocks or three miles from home. But you will not carry home a bushel of sweet potatoes or three pounds of lard. The retail drug business is less dependent on neighborhood and on neighborhood traditions than is the grocery; it is a business that can be systematized, standardized and overseen. It is, therefore, adapted far better than is the grocery to control by large corporations.

There is another side, of course, as there always is. A few days ago Stragow refilled a prescription that had been made thirty-five years before. It had first been filled out by Fletcher, and the man for whom it was made would never have taken it to a chain drug store, even if compounded for nothing. Many men are more conservative in medicine than they are in politics; and even in the drug business neighborliness counts. The corporation drug store must pay high rents and high advertising rates; and, though it can skim the trade in the best centers, it cannot establish branch stores everywhere. The share of trade held by the corporation drug store is large and is increasing relatively and absolutely; but much trade always remains to be competed for by the ordinary druggist.

The resulting competition is keen—as keen as the razor that forms part of the new druggist's stock in trade. It is a competition which ruthlessly wipes out the inefficient, the easy-going, the old-fashioned, the unfortunate. It is a competition that puts an enormous strain upon the owners and

(Continued on Page 65)

BENEFITS FORGOT

By Elsie Singmaster

ILLUSTRATED BY H. C. WALL

JOHN BEHM'S words, heard of his brothers, were soft as honey; his frown, invisible to them, was as a sharp sword. The painful apprehension that occasionally visited the two old men flashed from James' eyes to William's eyes.

Thrice John began to speak; thrice he stopped.

"Women," said he ponderously—"women—women ——" It sounded like an apostrophe to the sex; it was, after all, only a very ordinary compliment.

"Women are nice!" Then, squatting on the lowest step of the porch, his hands on his knees, John Behm swallowed hard.

If he expected a response he was disappointed. Back of him the two pairs of eyes continued to hold each other in desperate grip; but the two old men did not speak. William, large, handsome, cheerful and partially paralyzed, was almost seventy years old; James, small and anxious, who had lost one hand and one foot in the war, was sixty-five. John was sixty. Their little house was like a ship in its neat compactness; the three men suggested sea captains, who, their journeys done, watched in contentment and peace the rest of the world go by. A Sabbath quiet filled the air; about their little barn the pigeons cooed softly; outside their yard the road wound gently down to the tiny church of their small sect and gently up to the domain of the Widow Geiss, to whose great farm their little establishment was like a gatehouse or a hunting lodge.

"De Greatest Sing in de World is Spelled Wis Sree Little Letters—L-u-f"

Again John took a deep breath.

"Women," he began—"women are necessary in this world. Women—women— wom ——"

After a long time William's deep, shaking voice helped him out. William spoke as though he were at the same time terrified and vastly amused. He had not been out in the world like the other two; in moments of strong emotion his native Pennsylvania German still made his speech rich. "De greatest sing in de world is spelled wis aree little letters—l-u-f."

"It is so," said John with approval.

Then John rose to his feet and looked uneasily up the hill. He was small and strong, and he still had the spring of a three-year-old.

"I am going in the church," he announced. "It is time."

Both James and William looked up the hill; then they looked at John. He was their nurse, their man of affairs, their purveyor of news, their support, their idol. He did all the work on the farm and in the house, he even performed their religious duties, since he was the only one who could go to church. And now a woman was going to get him!

"It is early yet," faltered James, who could have wept.

"It is nothing of the kind!" contradicted John crossly. "I guess you know we have this morning a lot-drawing for a preacher." He began to back away as though he must move while he talked. "It is nothing to do at the dinner till I get back." He turned and began to walk swiftly. At the bend in the road he ran a few steps. Then, deacon in the church though he was, John Behm stopped and shook his fist, and said an ugly word.

Back on the porch, his brothers still stared at each other.

"I hate her like snakes!" declared James in a solemn whisper. They never spoke of the Widow Geiss by any other title; she was the only woman in their masculine lives and she was an impertinent intruder. "She makes the chills walk over me; I can tell always when she is coming."

"You better not hate your sister." William tried to be facetious, but the words were a groan. The danger had come suddenly too near to be faced flippantly. "Perhaps she don't want him after all!"

"Want him!" mocked James. "Why should she come, then, all the time snooping round—say! Why did she have to sit here three hours yesterday? Tell me that! She had work to do at home."

"She was waiting for him," groaned William. "It is love. Don't you wish she was in love with you?"

"I get too much of her as it is."

"She is powerful rich," reminded William.

"She is powerful stingy," answered James.

"She gives us all the time presents," said William. "You can smell her chicken cooking in the pot."

James thrust his chin down and out. He had the gift of imitation.

"'It is here a chicken,'" he announced in shameless mockery of the Widow Geiss. "'I pitied it. The *glee knecht*'"—little servant—"'he killed it by mistake. I pitied it that it must go to waste.'"

"James!" reproved William. "It wonders me at you!"

"Let it," said James defiantly. Then his voice rose shrilly: "What does he care for money? What will we do alone? Do you believe ——" James leaned forward, whispering. Down the road came a buggy, drawn by a brisk horse. The Behms both saw and heard it. "Do you believe she has asked him yet?"

William's great shoulders heaved with laughter.

"You needn't laugh," said James. "You needn't think he would go away of himself. Ask him! Of course she will ask him; she ——"

"*Ruhig!*"—Be still!—said William.

At this instant the Widow Geiss drove to the gate. She was little and thin and sharp and capable, and her expression was a good deal as James had pictured it; but there was hardly a man in the county who would not have been glad to get her and her great property. It was cruel in her to want the ewe lamb of James and William. She pulled in her horse with a strong hand. It seemed to the two old men that her voice had acquired a new shrillness, an ominous sharpness.

"*Wie geht's?*" she cried. "How are you this morning?"

"We are well," answered William. James never spoke to her.

The Widow Geiss made bold inquiry:

"Where is, then, John?"

"He is gone already to the church."

"Why did he go so early?"

"We have a lot-drawing for a preacher."

To any one else the Widow Geiss would have expressed her contempt for this method of deciding affairs. She was an orthodox Lutheran and had no faith in the divine supervision of the lot.

"I am coming this evening to bring you ice cream," she announced. Then she continued with that necessity for explanation which is upon those who seldom give gifts:

"We made some this morning and it is too much for us."

The widow waited for no answer, but drove away, sitting well forward upon the seat of her buggy.

"She would catch up to him if she was going the same way," said James.

"Perhaps she will drive after him," chuckled William. The sight of the Widow Geiss calmed his fears; he became less frightened and more amused. The widow made chills walk over him also—all women did; it was not possible that John would marry her. Now he could not resist the pleasure of teasing James. "Perhaps he is sitting along the road waiting for her."

"He isn't!" shouted James. "He don't want her; it is her that is after him. He ——" James could not go on however. After a long time he told William in a trembling voice that he was crazy. "Now we will have her this evening," he groaned.

"But she will bring us ice cream!"

"Ice cream! What do I care for ice cream? It is to me always too cold. It is like her; it makes me always goose-skinny."

"Well, now, James!" laughed William.

It was after twelve o'clock when John came home. All signs of unhappiness had gone from his face. He might have been an accepted lover.

"We had our lot-drawing," he explained, with satisfaction. "Young Albert Wolf, he got it. In other churches any one that wants can be a preacher; but we take all that want—then one is chosen. We put it out of our hands; we have nothing to do with it. Albert Wolf is better than Peter Vogel; he is better than young Beidleman; he is the best of all."

John took the chicken from the stove and made the gravy; then he helped his crippled brothers to their places at the table and comfortably the three ate together. The chicken had come from the Widow Geiss; the potatoes had been her gift; the pie had been made by her hand.

"You might just so well have it," she had said as she offered the pie. "The pigs will get it anyhow."

"She was here," said William with sudden hilarity. His spirits had risen; filled with food, he was certain his brother did not contemplate marrying any one. He could not help teasing. "She was here," he said. "She is coming this evening again with ice cream. I think those that are not wanted should go to bed; they should clear out; they ——"

Then suddenly there came upon the Behms the most solemn moment of their lives. William laid his knife down upon his plate; James' mouth opened slowly. John had risen in his place and had begun to speak—sternly, impatiently—as though he had been tried by them beyond endurance.

"It is time a woman comes into this family," he declared. "If one has a chance for such luck it is right for him to take it. She is a good woman; she has property; she can work. That is what I have to say."

Poor James produced a sound between a gurgle and a sniff; otherwise there was silence.

"And it ought not to be put so long off," declared John, still more impatiently.

"That is so," agreed William with a mighty effort. If John really cared for the Widow Geiss they had treated him shamefully. "You have right, John."

"You will have everything you want," said John. "You will have somebody to look after you when I am dead; you ——"

"She take care of us!" wailed James.

"And James and I can come to see you every day; and ——"

William sank back in his chair.

"James and you!" he faltered. "Will you take James with you yet?"

"Why, surely!" John's voice shook. "I guess she will not turn us out. I guess she will loan her buggy for James, and I guess we dare sit sometimes a little on her porch with you; I guess ——"

"Sit on her porch with me!" gasped William. "You mean she will let you come down here to see James and me! You ——"

"I!" shouted John Behm with exultation. "I am not the one!"

"Who, then?" demanded William helplessly.

"I!" cried John once more. "No woman wants me. It is you she wants; she ——"

"But ——"

"Don't she sit all the time here with you?"

"But ——"

"Don't she ask all the time how you are?"

"But ——"

"You ask her if she don't want you. Of course she wants you!"

William was at once appalled and filled with admiration. Even thus would John sacrifice himself! He would give up ease and fortune as he had given up many things for their sakes. John had spoken in praise of the widow as no man in his senses would speak unless he saw her through the eyes of love. And he was giving her up—all her orchards and fields and meadows! There was no use to

argue—no use to talk; John had a glib tongue—he could talk the tail off a dog. There was one thing to be done however.

"We will draw lots," said William loudly. "We will soon settle which is to get married. If a lot can decide one thing it can decide another."

The three Behm brothers finished the Widow Geiss' chicken in quietness and awe. John was composed; he had complete faith that the lot would fall to William. William was also able to consume a second piece of pie; he also seemed to have some certain consolation. Only James had difficulty in swallowing. Whatever happened, James would be bereft of a brother. One moment he prayed that John would be spared to him; the next moment he remembered that he and William had not been separated for an hour in thirty years. And had William during all these years deceived him? Had he, during all these years when he laughed at woman, had leanings toward her himself? Had he now specific leanings toward the Widow Geiss? Otherwise, how could he trust so important a matter to chance? Confusion—terrible, distressing—settled down upon the mind and soul of James.

It was William, as the family scribe, who prepared the lot. He could not write so well as John; but it was one of the few things which his infirmity allowed him to do at all, and to him all necessary writing was carried.

William took two slips of paper of equal size, put a cross upon one and gave them to James, who with his single hand shook them in John's Sunday hat. William drew first, with closed eyes, according to the rule of lot-drawing. Then John solemnly lifted out the other paper. He unfolded it slowly—the cross was upon it!

William held out a shaking hand. He could have wept for himself and James in their loneliness and helplessness.

"You deserve it, John," he said. "You get it just right. We will get along fine, John. She is a fine woman, John."

To the horror of James and William, John brought his fist down in the midst of the dishes with a mighty bang; his face grew purple; he clutched the chair before him as though his fury threatened to lift him from his feet.

"All these years I took care of you!" he shouted. "All these years I did everything for you; all these years I stood by you—and now I must do this thing yet. I have all the hard things to do; I ——"

"John!" cried William.

"It is so. I tread the dirt for you and now I must dance your way yet. I ——"

"John!" William put out his well arm and seized his brother. "Don't you want to marry her?"

"Want to marry her?" John sat down heavily in his chair. "I don't care who she is or what she has. I don't care if she has gold dollars in bags and a thousand farms, or if I myself come in the poorhouse. I don't want her. I don't want anybody. The married man needs not to say 'God chasten me!' God has chastened him. Outside the women are smooth, but inside they have claws; and this one is like a cat! I have my work by you and I like it. I like to have my things myself. Oh, why"—John laid his head on the table and spoke in a muffled voice—"Oh, why should I have this thing to do when you want her and you like her, and ——"

"I don't like her!" declared William. "I know her. No man could tame her in a thousand years! And this is a fuss over nothing, because ——" William's eyes twinkled like a hickory fire. He wished to yell with laughter, but he had respect for John's religion and the seriousness of lot-drawing. "I am a miserable sinner. I will take anything you say to me—but I put a cross on both papers."

And William held out his own lot, crumpled in his hand.

It was dusk when, sitting in the little kitchen, the three Behms said their last word about the Widow Geiss.

"But she is coming," James finally reminded them. "She is coming with ice cream!"

"It is enough that we have eaten her chicken and potatoes and pie today already," said William. "What shall we do?"

John rose from his chair and crossed the room.

"We don't have to eat her ice cream?" said he; and with that he closed door and shutters.

In less than half an hour the Widow Geiss drove to the gate and tied her horse. Then, ice-packed pail in hand, she tried the door. The door was locked.

"John!" she called.

"See!" whispered William within.

"William!" demanded the widow more loudly.

"Listen once!" said John. "It is you she wants."

"James!" the widow's tones rose high.

The Widow Geiss put down her pail and pounded at the door. Again she called; again she pounded. She walked round the house and tried a shutter.

"Are you dead—say?" she demanded.

"John! Let me in!"

The widow's voice had softened; it reminded John Behm of the cooing pigeons; it left no doubt as to the person upon whom the widow had set her heart. John was terrified.

"You won't be sorry, John!" said the voice again. John flushed crimson in the darkness; he was mortified before his brothers. "Listen, John! I ——"

John would hear no more. Standing in the middle of the kitchen floor he lifted up his voice. It is safe to say that never before had he told a lie. "You can't get in!" said John loudly. "We have gone to bed!"

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

I Remembered Tad Had Said the Plant Wasn't Much

I HAD been a reporter for eight or nine months, had had my salary raised from ten to twelve dollars a week and had already demonstrated two things to my superiors when my partner and I bought our daily newspaper.

The first was that I had a sort of a talent for making friends with and getting the confidence of all sorts of people, from the highest to the lowest; and the second was that I had a sort of talent also for seeing the odd or unusual or humorous side of an occurrence and could write what I saw—rather amateurishly, but well enough to bring out the particular thing that interested me. In other words, I was good—for a youngster—on local color and human interest. Furthermore, I had demonstrated that I hated the routine, was likely to rebel under discipline, had all the cocksureness of youth, would work like a galley slave when a story interested me; but would slide through with the least possible exertion when the story was not to my liking, and that generally I was a rather opinionated and bumptious young person.

It is probable I was a good deal of a trial to my city editors and to the managing editor, but they didn't discharge me; and I was grateful for that, though I felt at times I was not properly appreciated, as every other enthusiastic and ambitious boy does. I was sure I could do the theaters better than the regular theater man and felt slighted when a big story came along that I did not have a hand in. I was big, healthy, running over with animal spirits and certain I had struck my vocation. There wasn't any doubt in my mind that I could make a great success of that daily newspaper, for I thought I knew it all—and this after seven or eight months at the business, mark you! I jumped at the chance, for in our vealy office talks about newspaper work we had long decided that the only way to make money and reputation was to own a paper—work for oneself instead of for wages. There was nothing in reporting. That was amply demonstrated by the fact that two such colossal geniuses as my partner and myself were working for twelve dollars a week apiece—fully as much as we were worth, by the way—and one or two others on the staff, not half so good, were getting the monumental wages of fifteen and seventeen dollars. The difference between twelve dollars a week and fifteen, when either sum is the total income, is greater than may appear to the casual reader. That extra three dollars meant many things that were unattainable when it did not come in on payday. With a daily paper of our own in a flourishing city, we figured we could easily earn a hundred dollars a week, which meant fifty dollars each; and fifty dollars was as much as the managing editor received—a plutocrat who belonged to clubs and rode in cabs, smoked two-for-a-quarter cigars and had several suits of clothes.

Tad—who was my partner—and I talked until daylight about the plan. He had had the idea for some time, for an uncle, or a cousin, or a relation of some kind of his, had a paper in a small Western city that he wanted to sell so he could resume the practice of law. Tad outlined the scheme to me. He was to get a few days off, go out to the city, see the uncle, look over the proposition and come back and report. He was sure his relative would give him a rock-bottom price and make easy terms. Also, he was sure his relative would be fair and square, and that this was the greatest journalistic opening for two bright young men—without much capital but with a capacity for work—in the country. I thought so too. Neither of us knew a single thing about any other opening in any other city. Nor did we look for any. We felt this was a providential offering for escape from the bondage in which we were held, and we scraped together enough money to buy Tad a railroad ticket—out and back—and get him a berth each way and his meals. It didn't take a great deal of money, but we had a hard time gathering it. As I remember it, we borrowed about all the available capital of our associates and then had to coax the cashier to advance us five dollars each on our salaries, which was a good deal of a task and took some very fluent and impressive reasons.

Tad left one Tuesday night and I stayed on at work, walking round in a sort of a rose-colored dream and seeing myself a great editor in a great state. I was to be the editor and Tad was to run the business end. Our capacities for these various employments were about equal. I had been a reporter in a small city for less than a year, and he had graduated from college with the idea of studying medicine. Neither one of us knew a bill payable from a passport, and our knowledge of the politics and other local complications of the place we intended to make our home was exceedingly vague. I was not yet nineteen and he was a shade over twenty-one—a powerful combination!

Tad said the reason he wanted me to go into partnership with him was because of my facility for making friends, which gave me a jolt. I supposed this opportunity had sought me out because of my highly developed editorial

capacity. However, I was so anxious to show what I could do that I swallowed even that and waited impatiently for his return, occupying my spare time with plans for running the paper. I could see many places where our own paper's methods were deficient and privately I knew the city editor was a dub—and I had my doubts about the managing editor. Our editor was the man I tied to. He could put out a "You-lie-you-villain-you-lie!" editorial, showing how any person who questioned the policies of the Republican party, whether in Washington or the fifth precinct of the Third Ward, or any of the leaders, was a perjured assassin of character; and I read his editorial articles avidly.

The days dragged along until the end of the week. Then I had a telegram from Tad saying he would be in that night. I was at the station to meet him, burning with eagerness to hear his report. I knew all the station people and had no difficulty in getting into the trainshed. Tad looked very important as he came from his car.

"What luck?" I asked.

"Great!" he said.

"Can we get it?"

Could we get it? Oh!—the pathos of that question!

"Yep!"

That settled it. I was to be a great editor. I felt like throwing up my hat and spending the last quarter I had for a telegram to my mother. I didn't, though I borrowed a stamp and wrote her, and used the quarter for sandwiches in the place where Tad and I retired to talk it over. He was stone broke. Indeed, he had lived on a nickel that day, getting a bag of peanuts at a station down the road and eating a few of those every time the dining-car waiter came through with his various calls for meals in the dining car. The trip had cost more than we had planned.

"It's a bully chance!" he told me as we went at the sandwiches. "The city is a fine little place and the paper is all right. My relative wants to go to another city to practice law, and he is willing to make a low price to us for the paper. It is an evening paper. There is another paper there that has been going for twenty years, and a weekly paper; but we can run them out in a short time when we get in there with our knowledge of the business. They are awfully slow and old-fashioned. The paper is four pages and hasn't been looked after. The plant isn't so big as it might be, but we will soon fix that. I like the town. It's a bully little place, and the country round it is prosperous."

We Become Sole Editors and Proprietors

"HAS the paper been making any money?" I asked incidentally, for we had talked for an hour of the various editorial reforms we proposed to institute.

"I guess so," he answered vaguely; "for it has got a lot of advertising. It had almost two pages the day I was there. I suppose," he commented, "that is where the money comes from."

"I suppose so," I answered, and then we went back to our editorial policy. Neither of us was interested in the advertising or circulation, though that was to be Tad's end of it. We talked a long time about the style of the firm—a most important feature—and argued whether his name or mine should come first. Finally we settled it by pitching a penny. I won. My name was to be first and his was to follow the "and," which firm name was to be followed by the words, "Sole Editors and Proprietors."

We stayed there until they shut the place. As we were walking up the street it occurred to me to ask how much the paper would cost. That part of it had been given little consideration. The main thing was to find out whether the proprietor would condescend to sell to us.

"What does he want for the outfit?" I asked in an offhand way.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars."

Twenty-five hundred dollars! I stopped in the street and looked blankly at Tad. Where would we get twenty-five hundred dollars? For the first time it appealed to me that money must change hands in a transaction of this kind. I hadn't thought of that part of it before.

"Twenty-five hundred dollars!" I shouted. "Why not twenty-five million? Where can we get twenty-five hundred dollars?"

"Oh," reassured Tad, "it isn't all in cash. He will sell it to us for five hundred dollars down and take a mortgage for the rest."

I breathed more easily—though five hundred dollars was more money than I had ever seen at one time in my life.

"Well," I said grandly, "we'll take it."

"Sure!" Tad replied, and we parted to go to our rooms. I walked down to the office and went up to the local room. Two of the boys were on the long watch and the rest had gone. They were reading the last revises. How I pitied them—slaves; mere cogs in a great wheel! While I—I was a Great Editor!

Next day we went into the financial end a little. We thought if we got two hundred and fifty dollars each to make up the five hundred, and a hundred each for expenses and railroad fare and money to have on hand until we could begin to collect on the advertising, we could get along. So we started out to raise the three hundred and fifty dollars each. It was hard work. At the end of two days we wired our benefactor we thought two hundred and fifty dollars would be enough—and two hundred and fifty dollars more at the end of a month. He sent back a "rush" telegram saying that would be all right. This seemed very kind of him. We felt under obligations. We never had a suspicion that his haste might mean anything else but a desire to help two bright young chaps make a start for themselves.

I decided to get three hundred dollars if I could. I soon discovered that three hundred dollars is a mighty sight easier to say and to write than to get—an experience common to everybody who has needed that much money. My rich friends all had excuses. They couldn't quite see the proposition in the bright light I did. Finally I turned to a source that had never failed me in times of dire necessity and the money came, with a blessing. That three hundred dollars was the greatest amount of money I had ever had at one time. It seemed like a fortune It was a fortune, for with it I was to grab the world and shake from it fame and wealth and power. Tad got some money. I forget how much—but some. Then we both resigned, giving the customary week's notice, and wrote to our benefactor that we would take over the paper on a certain date—about a fortnight ahead.

I left for the seat of my future operations one raw night in March at ten o'clock. The boys came down to see me off. That afternoon one of the city papers had printed a story of the venture. The first line of the head was: "Reporters Become Proprietors." It was a fine send-off. I have the clipping yet. The editor and the managing editor had wished me luck, but had expressed chilling doubts of the success of the venture. The boys of the local staff were frankly envious. They thought it was great.

It was the first long railroad journey I had ever taken and the first time I had ever been in a sleeping car. I watched the other passengers to see how they went to bed and finally turned in. I had the joint capital of the firm, with the exception of enough to bring Tad out a few days later, pinned in the inside pocket of my vest. I wore my vest to bed—an unnecessary precaution, for I was so excited I didn't sleep a wink, but tossed about all night and looked out the windows as we stopped at the stations. Those stops that night are literally burned into my memory. I can call the stations as they occurred until this day; and every time I ride on that road, which I have done a hundred times since, I look out at those places and that night ride comes back vividly. I can tell the railroad peculiarities of every station we stopped at. Some have new station buildings now, but some have not—and I know them all.

The train crawled. I was anxious to get at the work of being the architect of my own fortune When we got to the flat country it made me a bit homesick. I was used to hills and valleys. It seemed so bare and depressing. It was a twenty-four-hour journey and the train was more than an hour late, so it was nearly midnight when the porter told me it was time for me to get off. We pulled into a rather pretentious station and the porter took my bag and set it down outside. It was blowing a gale of half sleet and half snow. A hack or two and a couple of hotel busses stood near the station. I took the bus for the hotel Tad had said was near our office and rode up, peering out through the steaming windows to try and see something of the place. I noticed the street lamps were dim and far apart and that there were few lights in the houses. Finally the driver turned into a paved street and rattled up in front of a big, square, slate-colored place he said was the hotel. I was cold and somewhat discouraged. My entry to the scene of my future triumphs lacked many of the features I had pictured to myself.

"Boss," Said Chet, "Can We Have a Little Money?"

A Curtain-Raiser to Our Future Triumphs

FIVE or six men and a dozen women were sitting around a big stove in the middle of the office. I registered and the clerk said he would have a room for me as soon as the troupe that had played there that night left. They were going out on the one o'clock train, he said. Part of them were in the room then, gathered around the stove. I pulled up a chair next to a little, black-eyed, swarthy woman.

She looked at me curiously.

"You leev here?" she asked.

"No," I replied; "but I expect to."

"God help you!" she said, patting my arm in a motherly way.

"Why?" I asked. "What's the matter with this place?"

Then she told me she was the *première danseuse* of the company that had played there that night. They had a spectacular show, with a small ballet in it. Business had been very bad—not only there but elsewhere. The company was about to break up. She had walked about the city. It did not impress her, and the fact that the residents had refused to come out and see one of the world's greatest dancers made it certain to her that the place was of no consequence. She asked me all about myself and I told her.

"Too bad!" she said. "Too bad—and such a nice young man!"

We talked some more. She had been having an incredibly hard time—getting no salary and dancing before unresponsive audiences. If she could only get back to New York! Presently the porter bawled out the train and the actors and actresses bundled on their wraps and crowded into the omnibus. The little *première* patted me on the shoulder again. "Keep enough to get home with," she whispered. "Goodby and good luck!" I didn't know it then, but that was golden advice. She waved her hand at me as she stepped into the omnibus. The driver whipped up and the omnibus rattled away. I have often wondered whether she got back to New York—and how. I never heard of her after that.

The morose night clerk showed me up to my room. It was cold and cheerless. I crawled into bed, but I didn't sleep any that night. I was homesick. All my ideas of

He Was Anxious to Close the Deal—Did I Have the Two Hundred and Fifty Dollars?

becoming a great editor had vanished. I wished I was back on the local staff. I could see the boys reading proof and hear them roasting everybody on the sheet. I could smell the scorched matrices from the stereotyping room; see the foreman cutting the copy into short takes to hurry up the last local and telegraph; could hear the city editor fighting for space and see the foreman grimly shoving galleys of type into the leftover rack. I smelt the hot, inky odor from the pressroom and could hear the whirring of the presses. I was the most homesick young man in the United States!

Next morning, before I had breakfast, the man who was selling the paper came around to the hotel. He was a tall, cadaverous man, with a sweeping black mustache and a furtive eye. He was very cordial. He sat with me at breakfast and told me how great the opportunity was. The only thing that led him to sell was his love for Tad, whom he wanted to see started in life, and the fact that his profession—the law—was calling for him. He was anxious to close the deal and—did I have the two hundred and fifty dollars with me? I cheered up a lot under his talk and gave him the money, signing some kind of a paper he had prepared. Apparently it made no difference to him that I was a minor and that my signature was of no consequence legally, and I never thought of that phase of the transaction. What he wanted was the two-fifty.

I Take Possession of the Plant

HE TOLD me how to get to the office, and excused himself. Later, I learned that he took the first train out of town, leaving me to introduce myself to the employees as one of the new "sole editors and proprietors." He said John, the city editor, would explain it all to me. I was not suspicious. It seemed all right. So, after paying over the money, I bade him goodby and went to the office.

The place wasn't half a block from the hotel. The former owner said I couldn't miss it. I did, though; and I asked a man where the office of the Evening Eagle was.

"Right there," he said, pointing to a one-story wooden building that sat with a gable end to the street and was unpainted, dilapidated and not much larger than our woodshed at home. I stood and stared at it. I had expected to find the paper housed in a brick building of some kind, at least. Still, I remembered Tad had said the plant wasn't much and that one of the first things to do, after the money began to come in under our powerful editorial and business stimulus, was to buy some new presses and type and fix up a business office. I went into the building. It was divided into three parts by partitions. In one room there were an old, flat-topped desk and a tall desk such as bookkeepers use. In the other room there were another desk and a big pile of advertising electrotypes and a lot of similar junk in heaps on the floor. The composing room was in the rear. It had three or four sets of type cases, a proof press, some galley racks and some other furniture. One man was setting type. He was a small, unshaven man, who chewed tobacco and wore a very dirty collar.

"Hello!" he said.

"Hello!" I replied.

"Want something?"

"I am one of the new proprietors," I informed him with as much dignity as I could command. In reality, instead of feeling dignified, I felt like crying. It was all so different from what I had pictured it.

He laughed—one of those laughs that make you want to kill the man who laughs!

I itched to slaughter him—but I didn't. He was the only person, apparently, from whom I could get any information.

He looked at me pityingly.

"You don't say!" he said. "Well, I'm damned glad to see you, for if we're going to get this rag out today we've got to have some copy pretty quick."

"Are you the only person who works here?" I asked him. "Where is the city editor and where are the reporters?"

He laughed again. "He'll be in pretty quick," he replied. "He's gone down to the depot to see if he can't get some of his back wages from the old boss."

I walked out in the other room, sat down in a rickety chair and looked round. It was sickening! Still, I was in for it; and I took some paper, sharpened a pencil and wrote a long editorial article which I headed "Salutatory!" I told the printer to use triple leads, so it would look more important and also take up more space. In this editorial article I informed the citizens of the city of the change of ownership; told of the great capabilities of the new owners; put them squarely on the platform of being for a bigger, better and busier town; promised to fight all municipal and political graft; to bring about much-needed improvements; to hew to the line and let the chips fall where they might; to support all worthy local enterprises; to be unflinchingly independent in politics, choosing for support none but the best candidates—and a lot of similar flubdub. I remarked in capital letters that we had come to stay, had invested our capital here because we believed in the glorious future of the town, and solicited support for our great enterprise from all citizens, stating we would play no favorites but would give the citizens a bright, newsy paper; in fact, I said we intended—and had the capital to carry out the intention—to make this one of the leading papers of the state and a lasting credit to the city.

As I was writing, a man came in. He was a rather shabby man, with a heavy black mustache, and carried an old, faded umbrella, which he gripped tightly in his hand.

He stood uneasily and looked at me.

"What is it?" I asked, rather peremptorily.

"Nothing," he said—"nothing much. Only I'm the editorial staff."

"John!" shouted the printer—"John—dodgast you!—where's your local?"

"Great Scott!" I thought. "That printer seems to be boss round here. I'll soon change that."

"All right, Chet," John replied. "All right. I'll get right at it. Only this man is using my desk."

"I'm the new editor," I said, again drawing heavily on my reserve stock of dignity.

John looked at me the same way the printer had. Then he faltered:

"Am I discharged?"

Fancy a man asking me if he was discharged! Fancy my having the power to discharge any one!

"My dear sir," I said in my most important manner, "that will be changed. We intend to give the people of this city an up-to-date afternoon newspaper. We shall have a noon edition, a home edition and a street edition, and issue extras whenever the news is worth one."

"Well," said John, "that's all right; but you can't start today."

"Why not?"

"There ain't enough paper on hand for the edition, for one thing, and the telegraph won't be here in time for no noon edition."

"Telegraph won't be here in time!" I parroted blankly. "Why not? Isn't the telegraph coming in all the time?"

"It comes in by express at two o'clock," said John simply.

"By express!" I was dumfounded. We had the full press report back in the old shop and two specials—to say nothing of cords of stuff from special correspondents.

"Yes," explained John. "Our telegraph is six columns of plate matter sent in from Chicago every morning by express. If the train is late we have to hold the paper until it comes. Once there was a wreck and we couldn't get it out that day at all!"

"Let me see yesterday's paper," I demanded.

John got one. It was a six-column sheet of four pages. On the first page there were two columns of plate matter; then, in the middle, two columns of display advertising; and, to finish up the page, two more columns of plate telegraph matter. There was a column of washywashy editorial matter on the second page and two or three columns of plate matter, including the two columns of telegraph left off the first page, and some display advertising. The third page had two columns of local news, set in big type, and advertising; and the last page was mostly advertising of the type called "foreign"—that is, it was patent-medicine advertising and that sort of stuff, and not local advertising. From a casual inspection, judging from the amount of advertising carried, the paper was prosperous if any money at all was being taken in for it.

"I don't like that," I said to John, pointing to the two columns of advertising on the first page. "I shall put that stuff back in the inside of the paper."

"I wouldn't if I were you," John advised. "That's the only cash advertising we have and we have to give them that position to get the money."

"The only cash advertising!" I exclaimed. "What, in Heaven's name, is the rest of this stuff?"

"Keep Enough to Get Home With," She Whispered. "Goodby and Good Luck!"

"No, my man," I said patronizingly; "you are not discharged. I shall keep you on until I see what you can do. Of course, if you prove your worth I shall be glad to retain you. At present any arrangement I may make with you is but temporary. I must try you out."

I have thought for many years since that moment that John should have batted me over the head with his umbrella. I deserved it, for I soon found John and that printer were the only real friends I had in that state. John's salary, I may say, was eight dollars a week under the old régime.

"John," squeaked the printer, "did you get any dough out of the old man?"

John hurried into the composing room and whispered to the printer.

"All right," I heard the printer say; "we'll tap him."

John came back to the desk where I was sitting.

"If you don't mind," he said meekly, "I'll write up what local I've got. We go to press at four o'clock."

"Four o'clock!" I shouted. "Do you mean to say you print only one edition in the afternoon?"

"We've always found one enough!" And John grinned a little.

The Dead Ads

"I'VE got to get up my local," said John, and sat down at the desk.

I studied the paper. It was a poor thing. The telegraph news was reasonably fresh, but it humiliated me to think it was cast in plate, shipped from Chicago by express instead of coming in over our own wire. Still, I reflected, it would cost a heap to get wire service and entail the employment of a lot of printers to set the stuff. So I resolved not to cut it off until Tad came, at any rate, and we could talk over wire arrangements and buy a suitable service from the press association. The local news was unspeakable. It was mostly personal items about people who took the trains in the morning, a little sloppy society, a rank story about a meeting of the common council and some stuff about a church fair. "We'll liven that up," I said grimly.

John turned in his local. Meantime another frowsy printer had come in and taken a case. I found out that the pressman was not due until three o'clock, that we had an arrangement whereby we bought our power from a near-by factory and that our edition the afternoon before was four hundred copies, from which the revenue was considerably less than two dollars. Both Tad and I had forgotten to ask what the circulation was. Still, that made no difference, for we would make the paper so much better than it had been the people would just have to buy it.

It took some tall hustling to get even that small grist of matter put into type. John's copy made me writhe and I edited it as much as I dared. Chet, the printer, told me if I cut out much of it we wouldn't have anything to fill with unless we shoved in some more dead ads.

"Dead ads?" I asked. "What are dead ads?"

Chet took a copy of the paper of the previous afternoon and swept his hand comprehensively over the entire back

(Continued on Page 73)

Reforms in Legal Procedure

By Melville Davisson Post

DECORATION BY HANSON BOOTH

IT IS evident the people are not satisfied with the law courts. That portion of the recent speech of a leading presidential candidate which related to the recall of judges received the greatest applause in a popular assembly. The public prints are crowded with scathing and denunciatory articles; and one finds prominent judges, leading attorneys and conservative law journals pointing out the defects and inadequacies of our judicial system.

Criminal cases are discussed wherein thousands of veniremen are examined before a jury can be had, weeks and months of the time of the court taken up with preliminary proceedings and enormous sums expended before the actual trial begins--and after that a prolonged appeal and often a reversal on technicalities. Civil cases are brought sharply to public attention, like that of Williams vs. The Delaware, Lackawanna & Western Railroad Company, which was tried seven times and was in court twenty-two years, and the Hillman case, which was reversed twenty-three years after the first trial. And one finds the Congressional Judiciary Committee formulating an indictment like this:

"Frequently cases are tried a great many times and are dragged through nearly a quarter of a century before a trial is had so free from all technicalities as to meet the approval of the appellate courts, though such technicalities did not, in the least, affect the substantial rights of the parties, the real merits of the case having been properly adjudicated upon the first trial. This means a substantial denial of justice to the litigant of small means."

Though it should not be assumed that all the lurid attacks on our judicial system are justified in fact, there is evidently enough here to indicate the dissatisfaction of the citizen and to foreshadow the assembling of a great public sentiment. It will not avail to dismiss this subject with the explanation that this sentiment is political capital, or the imaginings of "muckrakers," or the clamor of the socialist. It is true that by assembling the errors and inadequacies of any institution or profession one may formulate an indictment. For instance, universal suffrage could be desperately arraigned *ex parte;* and, in the professions this is equally true; surgery, which has advanced from searing with an iron the wound of a screaming patient to dressing it during unconsciousness, so that it does not even become sore—if one were to collect its errors, its inadequacies, and the like, he might very well demand that every surgeon who operated on a patient should be hanged.

Wheels of Justice Clogged by Too Much Law

THERE is another thing to be borne in mind in the presence of this public clamor—namely, any man can destroy that which only the greatest industry and ability can build up. There need be no genius lying in the hand that fires the Temple of Diana!

To be of any value, then, those who attack our judicial system must be able to point out how the things of which they complain may be corrected. It is the intention of this paper to suggest precisely how the reforms demanded in our legal procedure may be effected. It is not urged that all these suggestions are the best that will occur to those who have this subject in serious contemplation; but they are along the lines of a proper reform—and they may, perhaps, indicate the best.

In the beginning it ought to be said that the expense, the delay, the technicalities and inadequacies of the law, of which the people complain, can be removed without drastic legislation or the jeopardy of new and hazardous methods. How is this to be done? Let us look the situation in the face. Suppose the system of banking in a state were considered inefficient, antiquated, incumbered with useless forms, expensive and attended with unnecessary delay in the transaction of business—what would happen? Simply this: all the men engaged in that enterprise within the state would meet together and endeavor to formulate a plan by which those evils could be corrected and the system of banking put on a practical and efficient basis.

Now this is precisely the method to follow in bringing our legal procedure up to a practical, swift, economic and efficient system. All the judges of courts of record in each state ought to get together and formulate plans for a more efficient administration of justice. This would mean, perhaps, that the judge would have to abandon a certain antiquated oriental idea of exclusive and esoteric dignity and accept the modern, practical spirit of coöperation and the view of the average man—that the administration of justice is merely a part of public business, like any other requirement of organized society. As the system now stands there is no more coöperation among the judges in a state than there is among the pellets of shot in a bag. Every inferior judge works in his own little circle, without any regard for the whole system of justice in the state and merely with an eye to making his decisions conform to the opinion of the court of appeals. He therefore permits all the latitude he can in the trial of causes in order that he may not be reversed. Consequently the very first thing to do is to bring the whole judicial body of the state together as a coöperative unity, organized and working together for the common good.

Now what could this judicial body do to correct the evils complained of if it were assembled in such a spirit? In the first place, it could simplify all the forms used in legal procedure so they could be definitely known, and so that controversies could come up in an orderly fashion, without quibbles over the language of the forms. As an example, the involved, absurd form of murder indictment under the common law has in some states been simplified by statute to a form of not more than a dozen lines; and this could be done with all forms of crime. It could be done also with declarations and all forms of pleadings at law and in equity. So that at one stroke—and perhaps without the enactment of a single statute—a vast deal of the delay, the expense and the endless quibbling over the sufficiency of pleadings could be removed.

One can hardly appreciate how much time of the courts has been uselessly consumed in states like Virginia and West Virginia in this quibbling over forms. Cases have been tried, reversed and sent back for retrial because the statement of the case began with the word "Whereas"; and the court, hampered by decisions upon common-law forms, held that the allegations consequently were by way of recital instead of being directly charged. Expensive criminal trials have been reversed because of words omitted from the indictment, as, for instance, indictments for burglary must contain the word "burglarious," and there must be no abbreviation of words. Cases in various jurisdictions have been reversed because a single letter in a name was incorrectly included, and because of similar technical refinements.

The conduct of all criminal trials could be simplified and shortened by the adoption of a single rule -namely, that no appeal should be allowed unless the record showed that substantial justice had been denied the prisoner. As the matter now stands, the inferior trial judge is afraid to curtail the examination of witnesses and to abbreviate and shorten criminal trials, lest he violate some one of the innumerable delicate technical safeguards which the antiquities of the law have preserved to the criminal. It is not that the judge is pleased with these elaborate trials. It is that he fears to proceed otherwise. If he felt that the Supreme Court was at his back, firm in its resolution to refuse an appeal unless substantial justice were actually denied the prisoner, the trial of criminal causes in this country would shortly become the swift, brief, efficient proceeding that it is in England. He would shorten the examination of witnesses, confining it precisely to the points in issue; there would be no more preliminary quibbles over the validity of forms and there would be no difficulty in securing a jury.

How to Make Jury Duty More Popular

IF THE trial judge had the right to force every venireman who was not related to the parties, and who had no direct knowledge of the matter, summarily to take his place in the jury box, and if the trial judge was firmly supported by the determination of the court of appeals to refuse an appeal upon that question unless the discretion of the trial judge, in selecting a jury, had been so abused as to indicate bias or prejudice on his part, then he could get a jury in a day; and he could ruthlessly break up the habit of men drawn on a jury panel to disqualify themselves for service. Moreover, if these criminal trials were thus shortened, men would not object to their civic duty as jurors. It is the long, tedious trial from which the juror endeavors to escape. A hardship, which in substance is no less than an indeterminate sentence to penal servitude—a thing which the citizen simply will not put up with.

Now as to technicalities in civil suits such as those pointed out by the Congressional Judiciary Committee and upon which cases are reversed and sent back for retrial, resulting in great expense, delay and sometimes an actual denial of justice—these results could be almost entirely removed if the judges of the superior courts in the states, coöperating with the inferior judges, should lay down the rule that they would decide on the merits of

every case which came before them in sufficient form to insure to the litigants due process of law. This would be an elastic rule, permitting the appellate courts to correct injustices and to follow the law where the trial court had failed. A certain form of procedure must be adhered to, that cases may come up in an orderly fashion, that there be no confusion, and that the business of the courts may be discharged with expedition. However, if one has been permitted to state his claim, bring his witnesses and make his argument in his behalf, that is enough for the plaintiff; and if one has been permitted to state his defense, bring his witnesses and make his argument, that is enough for the defendant. Then, unless substantial justice has been denied him, the court of appeals ought to close the door in his face. Why should a damage case that required weeks to try and involved the expenditure of large sums of money be nullified and returned for retrial because a form filed in it should conclude "And this he is ready to verify," instead of "And for this he puts himself upon the country"?

Congress has been asked to enact that no case shall be reversed in a Federal court on a technicality unless the error complained of has injuriously affected the substantial rights of the parties. This is along the lines suggested here. The benefit to be derived from it, however, depends upon the spirit in which it is enforced. It does not essentially matter in what exact language one formulates this resolution to get rid of the technicality in the law courts. The essential thing is that there shall be a spirit of coöperation moving all the judges and, behind that, a determination on the part of the appellate judges to see that substantial justice is done in every case, irrespective of the form of procedure. If the trial judge felt that the cause which went up from him would be reviewed in that spirit he would have the courage ruthlessly to remove every technical impediment. The remedy for the abuse of the right of appeal is already in the hands of the judges. Instead of permitting an appeal in all cases as a matter of right, as in many jurisdictions, it should only be permitted for cause. Instead of standing open to every litigant, the door to the appellate court ought to be guarded.

No appeal should be allowed unless a certain number of the members of the court of last resort were of the opinion that substantial justice has been denied the litigant. In some jurisdictions the certificate of one judge that, in his opinion, there is probable cause for reversal has been found to rid the court of a great number of unnecessary appeals. The Federal courts—that is to say, the courts of the United States—and the courts of the states ought to adopt such a rule, refusing appeals unless there has been a manifest miscarriage of justice.

The motion to dismiss appeals, which is usually entertained by most appellate courts, could be a most effective instrument for the purpose of weeding out unnecessary appeals. This motion is usually confined to irregularities of procedure merely, as the practice now stands; but it could easily be made to go to the merits of the case. However, the matter ought to begin earlier than that. One of the heaviest items of expense in appeals is the printing of the record.

Now if the record, as made up by the clerk before it is printed, could be taken to a judge of the appellate court, or to the full court, or to a certain number of the judges, for examination—under such a rule as the one indicated—the litigant would know before he went to the expense of printing his record whether or not his appeal would be permitted. Such a plan, with certain modifications, is in use in some jurisdictions and helps to hold back vexatious appeals.

Our appellate judges are criticised because they do not decide cases promptly when they are heard upon argument, as the English appellate courts do. This criticism is not fair for several reasons. One of them is that, under our present procedure, the records in cases are too voluminous for the judges to familiarize themselves with the testimony.

If the above rules of procedure were adopted these records would be greatly abbreviated, the cost of appeals would be lessened, the judges would be enabled to handle cases more swiftly and the decisions of all causes would be hastened. Any man who examines a record sent up to an appellate court will at once see that the substantial matter in it could be easily condensed into a tenth of its volume. The same testimony is repeated over and over and the same objections are made over and over again. It was estimated in the Hyde case, recently tried in Kansas City, that the objection "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial" was repeated five thousand times, and that it was used fourteen times in twenty minutes.

All this useless surplusage which cumbers a record would be removed by the trial court if this court were supported by the determination of the superior court to refuse every appeal, except where substantial justice had been denied the litigant.

There is another difficulty with which our courts of last resort must contend that does not embarrass the English courts. With us the trial judges, usually elective, are continually changing, and new and untried men are constantly coming to the bench. Our appellate courts must be on their guard constantly, therefore, to see that the administration of the law is orderly and uniform. They do not dare to decide cases without making a careful examination of the whole record. If our appellate judges had below them a body of trained, experienced trial judges, such as are to be found on the English circuits, then they could presently act with the same expedition; but the policy of this country, as a rule, is against life tenures in office, and this is one of the disadvantages inherent in that policy.

While our attention is being directed particularly to the English courts and the excellence of their procedure in contrast with our own, it ought to be pointed out that there are many things about the English courts which the American people would perhaps not be pleased to accept. One of them is that the costs in English courts are estimated to be much greater than in our own, the English idea being to penalize the unsuccessful litigant for coming to court. Other things are the extreme formality of the English courts and the absence of any relation between the barrister who tries the case and the litigant. The litigant, in England, must first employ a solicitor, and if the matter goes into court the solicitor must employ a barrister. The barrister tries the case and under no circumstances does he have any relations with the litigant. This means that the litigation is entirely removed from the touch of the parties themselves and turned over to a quasi-judicial officer who tries it, independent of the parties. Now all this is adverse to our system. The American idea is for the people to retain the administration of justice in their own hands and to keep in touch with it. And the extreme formalities of the English courts would be apt to result, in this country, more in ridicule than in anything else.

It does not cause an Englishman to smile when he sees the legal machinery of his Government sitting in wigs and furbelows, gravely considering the right of coheiresses to carry the Great Golden Spur at the ceremony of a coronation and solemnly citing the case of Maude, Joan, Isabel, Sybil and Eve, daughters of Walter, the son of William, Earl of Pembroke, decided in 1219; or to see the judge of their criminal courts sitting in the gorgeous costume of a Prisoner of Zenda romance, with a little bunch of posies in his hand. These things show an adherence to custom, precedent and form that does not appeal to the average American.

The swiftness and efficiency of the English courts, however, we should do well to seek. The remedy is in our own hands. The judges of courts of record in each state have only to take up the matter and work it out along the lines indicated. It would, perhaps, not require the enactment of any new laws by the legislature; but if it did there will be

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The Policeman and His Work

What He is Expected to Know—By James H. Collins

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

SOME months ago, in the downtown section of a certain city, a policeman was taking a prisoner to the station house, followed by the usual crowd. The prisoner was a slightly-built young fellow, well dressed and intelligent. His clothes were pulled about as though he had been roughly handled. Blood trickled from his right fingers and he walked along dazed and helpless. The officer was a much larger and more powerful man. He pushed the prisoner ahead of him briskly, with a business-like unconcern that roused the indignation of the crowd.

"That officer is a brute!" declared an indignant woman. "He choked this young man shamefully. I am going to report him!"

"Madam, I will go with you," said a business man, "for I saw it myself."

"A good thing their clubs were taken away," echoed the crowd. "The police are a lot of thugs!"

The affair got into the newspapers. Complaints were made against the policeman. The prisoner became a martyr. After maintaining silence several days under a fire of newspaper criticism, the chief of police was forced to hold a hearing. When the policeman was backed by his officers, shown to have a good record and cleared of blame, the newspapers said that simply proved once more that the police would always hang together in defiance of public opinion. Many quiet people in that city, going on newspaper accounts, were troubled by the thought that the police force was corrupt.

Now the zealous persons who testified that they saw the officer roughly take the prisoner by the throat and hold him until he was choked into docility were quite right—except in one important point. The most careful examination at the station house would have failed to show any signs of choking. What the officer really did was to get

control of his man by a skillful police hold, involving only moderate pressure of the thumbs on two neck muscles—a device effective and harmless. The bleeding of the prisoner's hand was due to a slight cut on the right forefinger, made in taking away a revolver, drawn when he was taken. Disarming was also done with a professional police hold. A little resentment and extra force on the part of the officer would have led to something more than a cut on the trigger-finger—that finger could have been broken against the trigger-guard. In their anxiety about the apparent cruelty shown in making this arrest, the complaining citizens quite lost sight of the fact that the prisoner had been taken into custody for violently robbing a woman of her purse. Police records established his identity as a dangerous criminal; and two weeks after the investigation he was convicted of felony and sent to prison.

This is a fairly typical incident in police work. Given a police force of any size, and the same little chain of happenings unwinds itself in various ways, leaving public distrust of the police. From time to time the community is glad to see a police "shake up," regardless of the real merits of the case. At longer intervals distrust becomes national, and then the magazines publish articles about police corruption, police leagues with the world of criminals, the subtle ramifications of police power—and so on.

Much of this mistrust is based on misunderstanding of the policeman and his work. He is a figure both familiar and interesting to the public; yet at the same time the public knows little about his everyday duties, the ways he goes about them, and the methods he uses in getting his work done. Everybody understands the heroic side of police duty, of course, and there is always admiration for the officer who stops a runaway, carries people out of a burning building, goes into the water after a would-be suicide, and the like. The public also follows adventurous details of police work as embodied in feats of detection. This interest is perpetually kept alive by detective stories, which are jolly good fiction, on one hand, with practically no bearing on real police methods, on the other.

The plain, routine, bread-and-butter side of police work, however, comes in for little public attention. Nine-tenths of a policeman's duties are as matter-of-fact as the work of a carpenter and are performed by methods that make police work a regular trade. In addition, the policeman usually puts in a number of hours daily that would draw protests from the carpenter; and the responsibilities he shoulders are exceedingly heavy.

The policeman is a man with a trade. He is diligent in his calling. He is steadily growing more and more capable. New methods are being developed to facilitate his work and new standards govern him.

Recruits That are Not Caught Napping

BY WAY of giving an insight into police work, some details have been drawn from the practice of two great departments—those of London and New York. These are representative, for they show police methods and tendencies in the two greatest cities in the world, where the utmost liberty is accorded citizens by law; London and New York together develop police practice for a very large proportion of the globe.

If an American tourist walked down into that crooked part of London known as Westminster some fine Monday morning, he might come across a line of several dozen young men, drawn up at a big barracks. They are husky fellows and their cheeks have fresh English roses, because they have just been brought up from the country. Most of them have been farm laborers or country mechanics. Some have never set foot in London and the majority know little of the town. Their grasp of the three R's is often very slender indeed. They stand awkwardly, craning their necks at every movement, trying to find some place to stow their strong red hands, and wondering what is to be done to them next—and who is going to do it.

This is the weekly batch of recruits for the metropolitan police force. In four weeks they will be constables in uniform, posted somewhere in London, ready to direct people to any part of the town, with a more practical knowledge of law than many attorneys, and wise in the rights and wrongs of city life.

Not so long ago the London police were recruited chiefly from the army. Training being military, discharged soldiers were preferred, and the ideal policeman was a showy six-footer, in whose very appearance was embodied the majesty of the law. Today, however, the search is for men of average height, with the agility, stamina and balance of the athlete. The majesty of the law is upheld by teaching them the law. Country lads are preferred because they are not familiar with the artful dodges of the city youth and have none of his false sophistication. They come with minds open to instruction.

The chief inspector in charge of this school still thinks resentfully of his own training as a recruit years ago, under a bygone system. For three weeks a burly drill-sergeant put the squad of recruits through military drill, with the one purpose of teaching every man to act upon orders without thinking. The future inspector happened to be a recruit with more than average intelligence and individuality; so the drill-sergeant took particular pains to bully that out of him. When he was turned out on post as a constable he knew nothing at all of real police duty.

Today the idea is to encourage the recruit to think at all times; and kindness and sympathy mark his instruction. Drill is confined to foot movements that teach the men to handle themselves and to physical training that enables them to handle others in emergency. Nine-tenths of the instruction is mental; and probably in no other educational institution in the world is so great a mass of detail and downright technicality covered as in the police schools of London and New York.

Put a man in the London "bobby's" uniform and set him down anywhere in Greater London, and immediately a multitude of diverse occurrences will be brought to his attention, calling for decisions.

An old lady asks for an obscure street. The officer tells the location offhand, names the bus or tram to take, and is sympathetic as she explains that when she's "worrited" she always feels "uncommon queer in the 'ead." Many of London's streets are but a block or two long. Duplication of names is endless; but the training school makes the recruit a walking street directory.

Suddenly an automobile turns the corner and takes a wheel off a hansom. The chauffeur scoots for it—not so fast, however, but that the officer gets his number; for, at the school, auto numbers are exposed to the class for a second or two to be correctly written down. Then he makes a report on the wrecked hansom. Names, witnesses, time, locality, damage, injuries, owners, contributing causes must all go down. There will be at least thirty points of fact to cover in even a minor occurrence. The school teaches him to report—report—report. It recognizes no such thing as a minor occurrence. The rule is: "Report everything except a change in the weather."

Next day, in court, the offending chauffeur may be on trial, with the constable appearing against him. The policeman states what happened; and the chauffeur's attorney sarcastically undertakes to prove, by cross-examination, that the bobby is mistaken, prejudiced, illiterate and incompetent.

Here comes in some further training he got at the school. Far more than half a policeman's duty anywhere is the collecting and presenting of evidence. The public and the newspapers are often scornful because a policeman was in no hurry to arrest the thief; but he knows that evidence comes first and that, with that in hand, he can arrest the thief afterward as a detail. Evidence must be fact and unshakable. If the bobby cannot prove his charges in this cab case he may be humiliated and see a real offender go unpunished. If he is wrong on a point of law in making an arrest or an accusation he may be punished himself. The magistrate and attorney are men of education, earning comfortable incomes. The London bobby's education is probably limited and he gets something like a dollar a day. If the magistrate has forgotten a point of law he can step aside and look it up in a book, and then, with considerable dignity, lecture the bobby for not knowing so simple a thing.

"We hope to show," says the attorney, "that this hansom was on the wrong side of the street, and that it was damaged by the driver's own neglect to allow room for vehicles to pass him. How far do you say the hansom was from the east curb when struck, officer?"

"Better than fifteen feet, sir," is the reply.

"Fifteen feet!" echoes the lawyer caustically. "Do you know fifteen feet when you see it? Come, just let us have your idea of fifteen feet on the floor there."

Now, at the training school the officer spent considerable time on measurements—the number of feet in a yard, the number of yards in a mile. He hands up a diagram of the affair, showing distances and positions in feet and inches made with a tapeline. The attorney becomes silent and the chauffeur is fined and made liable for civil damages.

Frequently, as he walks his post, the officer notices hard-looking citizens. So he jots down a description of them, following methods learned at the school. Identification plays an important part in his training. The class of recruits is lined up for this kind of teaching and a stranger, carefully dressed by the instructor, comes before them for a couple of minutes. After that each student writes a description. The inspector dresses his dummies most ingeniously. Today one will wear a number of confusing colors, and the written descriptions must give such details as will make recognition possible. Tomorrow the clothes will be plain, but the dummy wears false teeth and has a couple of tiny bloodspots on his boots.

Half an hour later the constable on tour comes across a case that calls upon his knowledge of law. A cab drives up and a passenger steps out and hands the driver half a crown—about sixty cents. The cabby pockets the coin and says, "Thank you very much, sir."

"Here, let me see what I gave you," says the passenger; and, when the coin is returned to him, he hands back a two-shilling piece—which is only fifty cents.

"There; that'll be enough for you."

"Ho, I s'y! 'Ere! 'Ere!" protests the cabman. "Wot do you think of that?" He appeals to the policeman; and if the latter decides rightly that passenger must be taken into custody for larceny—for as soon as the money went into the cabman's possession it was his and taking back any part of it was a theft.

The "Coppers" of Little Old New York

ANOTHER quick law decision comes to the policeman late at night. He has caught a thief carrying a bundle of stolen goods and is taking him to the station—for London has no patrol wagons or police telephones. They are going along together when suddenly there is a woman's scream in a house they are passing:

"Help! Murder! For God's sake, help!"

That cry, in the dead of night, is unnerving even to the veteran. An untrained policeman would be in a quandary; for if he responds his thief will get away. Such emergencies, however, are foreseen in the course of instruction and dealt with by legal analysis. The act which established the metropolitan police, in 1829, says that their duties shall be to protect life and property, prevent crime, preserve the peace—and so on; and these duties are performed in the order given by the law. First of all comes the saving of life. Therefore the policeman is justified in deserting his prisoner to enter the building. He may tell the prisoner that if he waits in custody the circumstance will be told the judge and count in the prisoner's favor. He may ask the prisoner to accompany him into the building; but by the terms of the law it is clear that the policeman's first duty is to protect life, to respond to that cry. By that simple way of going back to fundamentals, many knotty points are readily solved by constables.

A London policeman deals with many other situations. He must be able to care for sick or injured persons until medical aid comes. He must understand what to do about a crippled horse, a stray dog, a broken wire or main, an open door in the night, a plundered letter-box. At almost any corner he may meet a thief with a bundle, a royal personage, a deserter from the army or navy, a foreign ambassador, a cab tout, a destitute person or a well-known criminal. There is a procedure for each and it does not do to get them mixed. One situation the policeman will tackle courageously and come out with his prisoner and commendation. In another he may be just as zealous, but may merely entangle himself in an act of Parliament unless he knows precisely what to do.

The New York police deal with quite as many complications, and their work is made difficult by an enormous, variegated foreign-born population, and by a less kindly public sentiment. The London bobby today enjoys a high degree of good will as a going concern. Part of it he has earned by his civility and patience, and the rest is due to English respect for law. The New York "copper" is every bit as good a fellow at bottom, just as conscientious in his work and just as progressive in methods; but he is living down a past when political influence often set free his prisoner, on the one hand, and made the policeman the scapegoat for the prevalence of crime, on the other. Within the past five years, however, the whole character of the New York force has changed. A new type of policeman is now

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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

IX

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

AFTER Mrs. Wilmerding left, Clare sat for a long time, her hands in her lap, staring straight at the blank wall. She did not believe what had been told her about Lanier. The problem with which her mind wrestled was what had led Mrs. Wilmerding to believe such a thing, for Clare was sure that Mrs. Wilmerding must believe it to have said it. Clare reviewed mentally all of the matrons of the colony in an effort to pick out the possible object of such a slander. In order of their general attractiveness Ada Stackpole came first, instantly to be dismissed. Ada, with her calm, unruffled nature, serene eyes and utter indifference to men—Clare almost smiled at the idea. One by one she took them up, only to lay them aside as invulnerable.

Who, then? Clare wrinkled her broad forehead and pondered until her mind grew confused. Mrs. Wilmerding had been so sure. Clare thought of the expression of Mrs. Wilmerding's face as she had given her the information. It had been pale, more than usually intense, with a sort of fierce ruthlessness as if filled with a determination to accomplish her object at any cost—and suddenly Clare's eyes opened wide and she sat up quickly and with a gasp.

Could it be possible that Mrs. Wilmerding was herself in love with Calvert? The idea was amazing, preposterous, absurd—and yet—Clare's heart beat as though to suffocate her.

There were several significant things. Mrs. Wilmerding had fought so bitterly against Lanier's admittance to membership, then after his call upon her had completely changed her attitude. Ravenel had told Clare the night before that Mrs. Wilmerding had asked for his voice in favor of Lanier. Clare knew her friend for a full-natured woman tremendously attractive to men. She thought of Mr. Wilmerding, and again she almost smiled. Mrs. Wilmerding herself was both literary and musical and knew many people in literary and musical circles. It seemed extremely probable that Mrs. Wilmerding must have met Lanier and might have been strongly attracted to him. Clare recalled the peculiar demeanor of Mrs. Wilmerding when The Broken Word had dropped anchor off the reading room. She had looked positively ill. But then, Clare knew that Loretta was addicted to spells of faintness. Full-blooded women frequently are.

Nevertheless there were other significant things. Clare knew that Ravenel had appointed himself Loretta's cavalier, and she began to wonder if his violent treatment of Lanier's sketch might not have been less brotherly resentment than a cubbish jealousy. Did Ravenel know or suspect anything? Clare wondered.

She left the studio and went into the house. Her father had not yet returned, and she found Ravenel reading the papers, a glass of whisky and soda on the table at his elbow. He looked up as Clare entered, studying her face in a swift glance as if trying to assay her state of mind.

"Ravel," said Clare abruptly, "why has Loretta turned so bitter against Calvert Lanier? The other day she was all for having him made a member of the colony."

"Is she bitter?" asked Ravenel evasively.

"You must know how she feels about it."

"Humph," grunted Ravenel, wondering what Mrs. Wilmerding could have said to Clare. "Maybe she's jealous."

Ravenel had meant to imply that possibly Mrs. Wilmerding might be jealous of Lanier and Clare's attraction to him, but Clare was not in a frame of mind to grasp this point of view.

"Then, underneath it all, Loretta really likes him?" said she.

Ravenel grinned. He rather liked to tease Clare and was quick to grasp the opportunity thus offered.

"She wasn't acting as if she altogether hated him when I butted in the other day," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked Clare.

Ravenel did not miss the quick hardening of Clare's features.

"He was slobberin' over her hands and she was beaming at him as if he was a brand-new pup just presented by her best beau. 'His Continental manners,' she called it when I kicked. Continental rot! Don't know what might have happened if I hadn't broken it up. First time I ever saw Loretta really fussed. You'd better put a muzzle on your Calvy, Sis. He's apt to bite the wrong person."

Clare turned rather white. Ravenel noticed it and his heart smote him. He was really fond of his sister, though no outsider would have guessed it.

"There, Sis, I'm only joshing you," said he. "There was nothing in it. Loretta has actually about as much use for him as I have for a performing poodle. But don't you bank too much on Calvy; he's a mighty uncertain quantity. I happen to know."

"What do you know?"

"Never mind. I know." And Ravenel returned to his Scotch and his paper, nor could Clare get another word out of him.

She did not try very hard. She was wondering vaguely if her brother could possibly be cad enough to have given Mrs. Wilmerding some slander about Lanier, through

Staring Straight at the Blank Wall

jealousy, and if it was this which Mrs. Wilmerding had implied to Clare. Whatever it might be, Clare could not believe any wrong of Lanier. Her whole instinct was opposed to it. She had fallen in love with the playwright and she believed in him, and would continue to believe in him until she had some positive proof that he was unworthy of it. At any rate he was to leave the next day and he had promised to come to her again and, as the day wore on, the black cloud passed over and Clare found herself dreaming of what might be by-and-by.

After dinner Major O'Sullivan and Ravenel went off to play bridge and Clare found herself alone. For a while she watched the riding light of the old hulk and the faint speck from one of the portholes. Higher and higher climbed the moon, and as the big mellow globe went up Clare's spirits went down. She wanted Lanier and she wanted him very much, and suddenly it occurred to her that it would be very easy to get into her dory, slip down to where the old hulk was lying, and maybe catch sight of him on deck and call a last word of farewell. She knew that he would not ask her to go aboard, but it would be something to catch a glimpse of him and to hear his voice.

So down she went to the landing and hoisted her little sail and started off, noticing as she did so that the tide was running strongly into the harbor. The hulk was less than a mile away and it was not long before Clare was gliding alongside. She was opposite the open porthole when suddenly she heard the sound of Lanier's voice. Clare's heart gave a sudden leap. He was down below, and why could she not slip up and call to him?

Quickly dropping her little sail, Clare got out an oar and sculled noiselessly alongside. The open porthole came opposite her face, for the instant blinding her with its stream of light. She was just about to call when she heard Lanier's voice say in a tender, caressing tone:

"After all, there's no great harm done."

Clare's vision cleared. There directly in front of her but with her back turned sat Mrs. Wilmerding. Clare recognized in an instant the luxuriant chestnut hair, and her heart seemed to freeze as she saw that Lanier was on his knees beside the chair, his arm round the woman's neck and her head resting against his shoulder so that the heavy hair brushed his cheek. Almost as this tableau was photographed upon Clare's vision she heard Lanier say in that same soothing voice:

"I wouldn't really hurt you——"

Clare gasped and dropped down on to a thwart. The dory drifted clear. Clare dropped her face in her hands and rocked her body slowly back and forth.

"Liars! Liars! Liars!" she moaned. "There are no honest people in the world. Ugh!—the beasts!"

Her boat, caught in some sort of an eddy as the big, light hulk swung slowly on her cable, scraped forward alongside. Clare did not notice it until something cold and rough and wet rubbed against her cheek. She looked up, startled, and saw that the slack cable was directly across her dory. Although the girl did not realize it the tide had stopped flowing and it was slack water.

In her nervous condition the shock of the wet cable against her face threw Clare into a perfect fury of rage. Quick as a flash she whipped up a heavy fishknife from under her thwart.

"I'll cut the beastly thing and let them drift in with the tide and ground on the mud flats beyond the reading room," she said to herself, half aloud and between her teeth, and started to saw away at the hawser. The knife was keen and it did not take long. With dull eyes Clare watched the slack ends drop into the water. In her state of mind it did not strike her as peculiar that there should have been no strain on the cable.

She shoved her boat clear, hoisted the little sail and was wafted away, not once looking back. It was not until she had climbed up the path to the house that she began to realize the thing that she had done. But she was still too wretched to be repentant, and the shock to her faith in all she held most dear had a numbing effect on her mind. Dry-eyed and feverish, she went into the house and flung herself on a divan, where she lay with her face in her hands, her breath coming almost in sobs. The shame of it! The infamy of it! Mrs. Wilmerding, her dearest friend, her mentor, whom she regarded as a woman quite apart from all others! And Lanier, whose sweet, strong nature and wonderful talents had made him seem to her a sort of demigod!

Presently the tears came and Clare sobbed as if her heart would break. This relieved the tension and after a little she sat up, pushing the hair back from her face, and began to think of what she had done. A flush of shame swept over her, and at this moment she suddenly discovered that the wind was blowing hard. Clare, assuming that it was still off the sea as it had been when she came into the house, felt relieved. It occurred to her that when she had cut the hawser of the hulk it had been almost slack, and this would mean that it was nearing the full of the flood tide. Even then, she thought, there would still be current enough for an hour to float the old vessel on to the wide stretch of mud flats. The channel into the river was narrow and tortuous, and Clare could not see how any actual harm could result from her act.

A window blew open at the end of the house and a cold draft of air swept in. Clare got up to go and close it and suddenly realized that it was one of the long French windows that opened from the dining room on to the veranda at the north end of the house. A sudden wave of fear swept through her. Could the wind have sprung up suddenly out of the north? She rushed to the door and went out. A chill blast smote her and sent her loosened hair flying about her face. There was no doubt of it; the wind was shrieking down from the head of the harbor in strong, squally gusts.

Clare's knees swayed beneath her. A squall from the north—and the hulk lying almost opposite the harbor-mouth! She felt suddenly sick and faint.

The gravel of the path crunched under a rapid step, and the next instant Ravenel came into the zone of light from the open door.

"Ravel," cried Clare, "how long has it been blowing like this?"

"Oh, about half or three-quarters of an hour. What's the matter? Leave the dory on the wrong side of the jetty?"

"Oh, Ravel, I've done the most terrible thing!"

"What?" Ravenel ran up the steps. "You look like a Fury, Sis. What have you done that's so terrible?"

"I cut Lanier's hulk adrift. She must have been driven out to sea!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Ravenel. "Why in the name——"

"I thought that she would drift in and ground on the flats. The tide was coming in—or I thought it was—and the breeze was on shore. I never thought of a burst out of the north."

"But, Lord o' Love! why did you want to cut him adrift?"

"Oh, Ravel—he—he told me that he was going away tomorrow—and after dinner I thought I'd sail past and—and call goodby to him ——"

"Little idiot—yes?"

"I went alongside and there was a porthole there, and I looked in and—and there was a woman with him!"

Ravenel laughed harshly. "So you got jealous and cut him adrift? My word, but you're a savage!"

"Ravel!"

"What?"

"The woman was Loretta!"

"Loretta!"

"Yes. That was too much. I went mad, I think. She had told me this morning that I must see no more of Lanier, because—because he was having a love affair with a married woman here in the Chimney Corner."

"And so you thought it was Loretta?" Ravenel's voice raised in pitch. "Why, you little silly!"

"But you told me yourself that you found him kissing her hands."

Ravenel groaned. "Oh, was there ever such a mess! Listen, Clare, it's not Loretta, it's Ada Stackpole. And there isn't any love affair. Ada told me all about it this morning. She was engaged to Lanier and jilted him to marry Howard Stackpole. Loretta and I saw Ada and Lanier on the beach together the other day and misunderstood. Loretta does not know the truth, and there's not the slightest doubt but that she went out aboard the hulk to try to persuade Lanier to leave you alone."

Clare was silent. She could not tell her brother what she had seen and heard. Indeed there was no chance, for Ravenel went on swiftly:

"Loretta must not be found on the hulk with Lanier. Her reputation would be ruined. How long ago did you do this crazy thing?"

"About two hours."

"There's only one thing to do—I must chase them with the Gull and take Loretta off."

"Oh, Ravel, could you?"

"I think so. The hulk will drift smack off before the wind. Say she makes three knots an hour: in two hours and a half she'll be about seven and a half knots offshore. I can do ten knots before this gale, so I ought to be able to overhaul her easily in an hour and a half. It's dark and clear and I could see her ridin' light four or five miles off. Let's see, who will I take with me?"

"Take me!" cried Clare.

"Not much! It's too rough a job! Feel that wind?"

"It's not going to last! Ravel, if you won't take me I'll go crazy! We've been out in worse than this."

Ravenel looked down at the bay, then to windward. A lighter zone of sky had appeared in the north, and the heavy black clouds were almost overhead. The night was not absolutely dark and it looked as though the squall might soon blow over.

"All right," he growled, "come on, then. We've no time to lose."

Clare grabbed up her sweater and struggled into it, then roughly tied up her loosened hair. They hurried down to the landing and tumbled into the yawl's dingey, an able little tub built for heavy water, like all the boats of that part of the coast. The Gull's moorings were not far off the landing, nevertheless it took all of Ravenel's elastic strength to keep them from being swept away to leeward, which might indeed have happened had it not been for the partial protection of the cliffs. Once safely alongside, they swarmed aboard the stanch little craft, hoisting in the dingey after them and lashing it down securely on deck.

The Gull was an able little boat, about thirty-five feet on the waterline, of good beam, with a high freeboard, medium draft, a self-bailing cockpit and flush decks. She had been built for cruising, but was a smart sailer and very comfortable, having a long cabin house and being very roomy below. Her rig was something between a ketch and a yawl, the mizzensail being larger in proportion to the mainsail than is common on the latter rig. Ravenel had owned her for two years and was thoroughly acquainted with her. He was an excellent boat-handler, and had that primitive instinct for location that is often worth more to the mariner than are his instruments of navigation.

Clare went below and slipped into an oilskin overcoat, then came up to lend her brother a hand.

"We'll run out under jib and jigger," said Ravenel. "Light up, Sis. Let's see where the wind is—just." He clambered aft and held a wind-match before the binnacle. "Nor'west b' north, so we must steer southeast b' south. We can't miss 'em. The tide sets pretty straight out for a few miles, and that old tub is too light to feel it much anyway."

"How about getting the boat over and alongside?" Clare asked. The girl was no bad boat-handler herself.

"Easy enough. The hulk will probably be drifting several points off the wind and makin' a good lee. Besides, there's not much sea so close under the land. I'll get as close as I can and let you go alongside. If it should be too rough we'll hang on until it moderates a bit. This won't last long."

He hoisted the mizzensail, then went forward and cleared the jib halyards. "Let her go off on the port tack, Sis," he called, then throwing the mooring line off the bitts he ran up the jib. The stanch little Gull heeled slightly as the sails were sheeted home, then started to forge ahead. Ravenel clambered aft and took the tiller.

"Southeast b' south," said he. "Go down and fry some coffee, Sis."

*

LANIER went on deck in the gray dawn, to find that the wind had backed round and was blowing hard from the west. The sky was overcast, the clouds low and heavy and the sea short and angry.

The masts had been taken out of the hulk, so Lanier unshipped the awning ridgepole, tacked an ensign reversed to one end and with some difficulty managed to get the pole erected and lashed to one of the awning stanchions. He was just finishing this bit of work when he heard his name called and looked back over his shoulder to see Mrs. Wilmerding standing at the head of the companionway.

"Good morning," said Lanier with a smile. "Did you manage to get some sleep?"

"A little. I see you've been busy." She glanced at the distress signal with a little shiver. "That looks rather terrifying, does it not?"

"It's very necessary, as otherwise a passing vessel might think that some little tug had anchored her tow and gone in after help to haul her in against this breeze. Look, there's the land."

The light was getting stronger, and away to the northeast loomed a thin, blue, broken line.

"That must be Grand Manan," said Lanier, and threw an anxious look to windward, then over the side. The hulk was drifting fast, and it occurred to Lanier that if the wind kept on backing round it would not be long before they found the rockbound island uncomfortably under their lee. With their present drift they should clear it easily, but there was no telling how long this might hold.

"There seems to be no vessel in sight," said Lanier. "We might as well go down and get breakfast."

They went below, and Lanier set about to build a fire in the stove of the little kitchen while Mrs. Wilmerding prepared the coffee and sliced the bacon. Once she looked at Lanier and laughed.

"The situation has its ridiculous as well as its serious side," said she. "If we get out of this scrape unscathed there will be a vacancy for the position of chaperon to the Chimney Corner."

Lanier smiled and his eyes kindled as they rested on his companion.

"You are an awfully good sport, if you don't mind my saying so," said he. "As a matter of fact, we are in no danger. There's lots of traffic through here and we're bound to be sighted before noon. What bothers me the most is who cut that hawser. I have a disagreeable suspicion that it may have been my man. I had to get after him pretty sharply the other day, and yesterday he got his wages. I wonder if he could have been hound enough to have done the trick."

Mrs. Wilmerding nodded. "Very possibly," said she. "You spoke last night of Ravenel. He would never have done such a thing. He is hot tempered, but has nothing of that sort in his nature. If Ravenel had felt that he had a quarrel with you he would have come aboard and had it out."

"That is what I think. I was too angry to be reasonable when I mentioned him." He glanced into the stove. "You can start the coffee now. I'll get some bacon and eggs."

Between them they prepared an appetizing breakfast to which both did justice, after which they went on deck. As Lanier had feared, the wind was still edging round the wrong way and the weather seemed to be thickening. Several times they sighted sails, and several steamer smokes were to be seen far in the distance. As the morning wore on the wind worked gradually into the southwest, and suddenly Lanier, who had been leaning on the rail, pipe in mouth, chatting with his guest, straightened up with a gasp of dismay.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Wilmerding.

"Fog," he answered quietly. "I've been afraid of that."

Seaward the horizon had contracted, and as they watched they could tell from the irregular horizon that a big fog bank was moving in upon them. Sky and water presently merged in a dull gray monotone, and presently a fine drizzle began to drive in with the hard, southwesterly wind. Soon the colorless wreaths of vapor were swirling about the hulk, blotting out the bows, which reappeared to be again obscured as the long wisps and wreaths of fog were whipped about by the driving wind like smoke, lashed through with the cold, fine rain.

"There's no good in this," said Lanier, knocking the ashes out of his pipe.

Mrs. Wilmerding glanced at him inquiringly. Her face was rather pale, but her eyes were bright and fearless. The stray tendrils of hair that had escaped from under her little woolen cap were curling under the dampness.

"It lessens our chances of being picked up, of course," said Lanier, "but something ought to pass us before long." He glanced at his watch. "Half-past twelve. Suppose you go down and get some lunch together, then have a bite to eat and come up afterward to relieve me at the bell. Wait a minute."

He went below, presently to reappear with a shotgun and a canvas sack filled with cartridges.

"I'll fire the gun at intervals," said he. "We may raise somebody out of the fog."

Mrs. Wilmerding nodded and went below. As she was ransacking the pantry she could hear at intervals the dong, dong, dong, dong of the ship's bell with now and then the faint report of the fowling-piece. She made a hasty meal, then went on deck to find Lanier standing by the bell, swathed in oilers, his dark eyes glowing like jewels from his fog-rimmed face.

"All right," said he cheerfully. "Just keep the bell going every minute or so. I won't be long."

Mrs. Wilmerding took the lanyard and was about to strike the bell when Lanier held up his hand.

"Listen!" said he.

From somewhere in the fog came a faint, sad, wailing note, lifeless, echoless, evasive. It died into nothingness. Lanier picked up the shotgun and fired both barrels in quick succession. They listened intently. Again came the sighing sound. Lanier seized the lanyard and threw all of his strength into the clamor of the bell. There was no response.

The hulk was drifting almost broadside to the wind, her stern to the weather angle. Under the lee thus offered was an area where the sea was comparatively still. Suddenly from somewhere in the fog beyond this sheltered zone came the muffled blast of a foghorn. Lanier struck the bell. Then from the leeward came a hoarse, muffled voice, amphoric through a megaphone.

"Ship aho-o-oy! What ship is that?"

Lanier raised his cupped hands to his mouth.

"Barge—struck—adrift—and—in—need—of—assistance!" he called with all the force of his lungs. Hardly had the sound died away when there came the muffled answer:

"That you, Lanier?"

"Yes; who are you?"

"O'Sullivan," followed by the swift command: "Hard down, Clare, we're right on to her!"

There was a splashing, which rose above the hiss of the waves, and the two aboard the barge caught sight of a gray, ghostly shape that glided past and was swallowed up. Next came the sound of flapping canvas and the sudden clatter of the sheet blocks on the travelers. Then silence.

"Thank God!" said Lanier, and looked at Mrs. Wilmerding with a white, pinched face.

"Were we in such danger?" she asked, startled at his expression.

"Yes. Four hours more would have taken us on to the rocks of Grand Manan!"

"And you never told me."

"What was the use? Listen, here they come back."

A voice from the fog: "Hello—Lanier."

"Hello."

"Is your ladder down on the lee side?"

"Yes."

"Then stand by for a boat. Keep your bell going."

"All right."

Lanier turned to Mrs. Wilmerding. "Go to the ladder," said he. "Watch your chance to get into the boat. Be careful; it's going to be a ticklish job."

"And you?"

"I'll follow."

Mrs. Wilmerding obeyed. Lanier, standing by the bell, kept his eyes glued on the vague outline of the fog to leeward. Minutes passed; then suddenly a skiff swam out of the swirling mist, a figure in a red sweater at the oars.

"Clare!" cried Lanier, his heart in his mouth, for he could hear the thrashing of the staging at the foot of the accommodation ladder as the hulk wallowed sluggishly in the beam sea. Leaving the bell he ran to the rail, took a boathook from its slings and hurried to the ladder.

"Go down," said he to Mrs. Wilmerding. "Watch your chance to jump aboard. I'll fend off."

Under the lee of the hulk the boat came on stubbornly. It swashed alongside abaft the staging. Clare, shipping her oars, scrambled to her feet and caught at the gunwales. Lanier, at the foot of the ladder, got a grip with his hook, then drew the boat as near the staging as he dared. "Watch your chance and jump for it," said he to Mrs. Wilmerding. "Go aft, Clare."

Profiting by a moment's lull he drew the boat ahead and abreast the ladder.

"Now," he said, and Mrs. Wilmerding half leaped, half tumbled into the stanch little craft. Scarcely was she aboard when Clare scrambled past her and flung herself face downward on the staging, where the next sluggish roll of the hulk sent the water swashing about her.

"What are you doing?" cried Lanier.

"Get in the boat," answered Clare. "Get in and steer. I'll row."

"I'm not going. Get back in the boat. I've got to stop here!"

"Calvert, you must come! Ravel says you're drifting on Grand Manan."

"Can't help it. I've got to stop here and ring the bell. What if a passenger steamer hit this thing? It would drown the whole crowd!"

Clare turned swiftly. "Take the oars, Loretta!" she cried.

"But, Clare ——"

"Take the oars!" screamed Clare. Out of the murk to leeward came the muffled voice of Ravenel:

"Ring that bell!"

Lanier rushed up the ladder, fled forward and hammered on the bell. It was answered from the fog by such a clatter as might come from beating a tin bucket with a marline-spike. An impatient voice clove its way through the wind and fog and rain.

"Hurry up! Can't hang on here forever!"

Lanier, staring into the void, gave a cry of dismay. Spinning away to leeward went the boat with Mrs. Wilmerding at the oars. Lanier turned, aghast, and saw Clare running toward him.

"I cast her off," Clare half sobbed.

"But why—Good Lord, why?"

"Because—I—I cut you adrift!"

"You what?"

But Clare had turned and was staring after the boat. There came the rattle of canvas and they saw the dim shape of the yawl forging into the range of vision. The next instant boat and yawl had collided. Mrs. Wilmerding had grabbed for the shrouds. A shriek came through the fog and Clare and Lanier saw Ravenel rush forward, grab the woman's arms and swing her bodily on to the yawl's deck. The small boat, half filled, was borne away on the crest of a wave and disappeared. Then a puff of air striking the yawl's foretopsail, her bows swung off and the fog swallowed her.

Clare looked up at Lanier, who was staring at her with a bewildered, pallid face. "I can't go now," said she with a bitter smile.

Lanier smote the bell, but no answer came. He struck it several times rapidly, then paused to listen. There were only the hiss of the waves and the swish of the rain across the deck.

"Ravel's got his hands full with the boat," said Clare. "Besides, Loretta has probably told him what's happened. The chances are he's borne away for Seal Cove to get help—a tug or something."

Lanier did not appear to have heard. He was staring at Clare.

"What did you mean by saying that you had cut me adrift, and how did you find us?" he asked.

Clare's face hardened. Lanier, studying it intently, noticed that there was a haggard look about the eyes and that the lids were red and swollen.

"I went out to say goodby to you," said Clare in her characteristic, direct way. "I ran alongside and looked in, and saw you making love to Loretta."

"What are you talking about, Clare? I making love to Mrs. Wilmerding?"

"Yes. You had your arm round her neck and her head was on your shoulder. It made me wild and—I cut your hawser." She looked down at the deck. "I—I thought that of course the hulk would drift in and ground on the mud flats beyond the reading room." She looked up from under the brim of her dripping sou'wester. "I had no idea the wind would shift and blow you out to sea."

Lanier was staring at her with a curious intentness.

"And after that?" he asked gently.

Clare's heavy eyes turned to him defiantly.

"When I saw what had happened I told Ravel. He called me a few names and said that we must get Loretta before it was known where she was, so we went out aboard the Gull and followed you. I don't see how we missed the hulk, as it was only about two hours later, but it was blowing hard and the spray was flying and it was hard to see anything. After running four hours, Ravel said we must have missed you, so we put about and stood back. Not finding you then, we kept beating back and forth. Then the fog came in, and we heard your gun."

"You've been at it all night with no sleep?" cried Lanier.

"Of course."

Lanier stepped forward and took her gently by the arm. Clare flung herself away.

"Don't touch me!" said she in her deep, throaty voice. Lanier loosed his hold of her.

"Come with me, Clare," he said firmly. "You are wet to the skin and all tired out. Come below."

"I'll stay here," said Clare.

Lanier's dark eyebrows drew a straight line across his forehead.

"Come," said he, "you've made trouble enough already. Now do as I tell you. Come below and get dry and rested and some food. It will be dark when we strike, and we may need all of our strength to save our lives!"

His voice was stern, harsh, authoritative. Clare stared at him wide-eyed. She had never thought of his being able to speak like that. Her eyes were still defiant.

A New Vibration Seemed to Strike Through the Ancient Timbers of the Hulk

"Come with me," said Lanier, and moved toward the companionway. Clare hesitated for an instant, then followed. They had almost reached the hatchway when both stopped to listen. A peculiar sound was coming up from the sea. It was such a noise as water makes when tormented by a variety of obstructions to its course; a short, angry splashing and murmuring as of countless voices talking confusedly together. The force of the wind seemed suddenly to increase.

Lanier threw a startled look over the side. All about, the waves were leaping up and down almost vertically and the face of the sea was churned into suds and spume. Harder and harder blew the wind. Clare turned to Lanier.

"It's the last of the Fundy ebb," she said in a dull voice. "We must be over a shoal. The tide will have turned in another hour and then we'll go on fast. Look, it's driving off the fog!"

Something was certainly driving back the fog, for as they looked they could see that it was thinning on all sides, blown along the water in smoky streaks, whirled away in wisps and eddies. It was a curious effect: the spouting waves which mounted higher and higher but never advanced, their crests breaking both ways, bubbling, leaping, while here and there green, sudsy masses boiled up from beneath, spreading in smooth patches that formed little whirlpools as they dissolved. One might have thought the sea a great, seething caldron of water and the dissipating fog the steam given off.

Then down came the rain in torrents, blotting out all that lay beyond the distance of half a mile. Lanier looked at Clare.

"The fog will clear with the turn of the tide," said he; "there's no danger of collision now. Come, there's nothing for us to do up here in this deluge."

He led the way below, Clare following in silence. The girl was too tired to look more than apathetically at the curious spectacle of the model stage, where the little actors and actresses were bowing and swaying with a marvelously lifelike effect to the slight staggering motion of the hulk. Lanier led her aft and threw back the portières in the door of a large and comfortable room that had about it little to suggest a ship's apartment.

"Come in," said he curtly, and Clare entered. Lanier hauled open a series of drawers.

"Rig yourself out in dry underclothes and put on one of these white flannel suits," said he. "There's no use in standing on ceremony now. Chuck your wet skirt out the door and I'll dry it before the stove. I'm going to get you something to eat and drink. Wait a minute; you'd better have a little stimulant."

Clare sank on a locker, too exhausted to answer. She heard a cork pop from somewhere, and a moment later Lanier appeared with a bottle of champagne and a glass.

"Take a little of this," said he in the same dry tone, and set the bottle on the dressing table. Then he went out, flinging together the portières after him.

XI

LANIER was at the piano, playing softly, when the portières rustled slightly. He glanced back over his shoulder and saw Clare standing against the heavy crimson hangings. Her face was flushed and her eyes downcast. A heavy white sweater enveloped the upper part of her body and was pulled down snugly over her hips. She wore a pair of tweed golf trousers and heavy woolen stockings.

"The flannels were too loose," said she, "so I put on these."

"They are better," said Lanier, and turned to his music again. "Easier to get about in," he added in a casual tone. "There are some eggs and bacon and some hot soup and sandwiches and things on the table. You'd better eat something and then rest up a bit. The weather has cleared, but it's raining cats and dogs." And he went on playing a weird, splashing improvisation that had just been suggested by the sound of the sea.

Clare hesitated and her color deepened. She glanced uncertainly at Lanier, then seated herself at the table, for she was very hungry. There had been nothing but hardtack and some tinned corned beef aboard the Gull.

Suddenly she looked up from her meal.

"Are you insured?" she asked.

(Continued on Page 70)

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 13, 1912

Your New Address

If you intend changing your place of residence on or about May 1 kindly write immediately. Please give BOTH your present address and your new one and state on what date you will move. By doing this now you will avoid the loss of any copies of the weekly. Address the Circulation Department.

Will Mr. Bourne Come Back?

THE term of Jonathan Bourne, Jr., senior senator from Oregon, will expire March 3, 1913. Notwithstanding this fact he is on the job in Washington, has been on the job for the last sixteen months, with the exception of one week's holiday, and will remain on the job, attending to his official duties, undisturbed by the impending election. He is, however, a candidate for another term in the Senate, and his method of making no campaign for reëlection is unique and without precedent in the popular-government movement. To the people of Oregon, Senator Bourne puts the novel issue frankly.

"It is up to you," he says to the citizens of his state, "to demonstrate whether you have the intelligence to recognize and appreciate good public service by retaining public servants who make good, or whether you prefer to return to the old campaign system—use of money, character assassination, personal contracts, sophistry, misleading statements and skillful straddling of leading questions."

That this "may sound egotistical" the senator acknowledges, but he insists that his desire is to see how the people will avail themselves "of this opportunity of self-expression." He believes that it is a common-sense business proposition which the voters must determine for themselves. When his term expires the Government will have expended fifty thousand dollars in his training for the office of United States senator. Has this money been well expended?—that is the question as Senator Bourne views it; or, in his own words: "In business, demonstrated efficiency is the sole measure of retention or promotion of the employee. Thus it should be in government. I am giving you the opportunity of demonstrating that in Oregon such is the case."

Under the Oregon law the candidate may designate twelve words to be printed after his name on the official ballot. Senator Bourne has selected this as the principal plank in his platform: "Advocates substitution of general welfare for selfish interest in all government operations."

Jonathan Bourne has been a useful senator, representative of his state, which he has widely advertised throughout the country. His greatest service to the "general welfare" has been his initiative of the presidential primary. He originated the idea, secured its adoption by the legislature of Oregon in 1910, and has advocated the extension of this primary to other states by speech, pamphlet and letter. The result of this unceasing labor for popular government has been the enactment of presidential primary laws in Nebraska, Wisconsin, North Dakota, New Jersey, California, and more recently in Michigan and Massachusetts. He will never let up until this shall become the sole method of selecting candidates for the presidency.

He has exposed the misuse of Federal patronage. His speech in the Senate on this subject broke all records for the "best sellers"—over a million copies were requested in ninety days. As chairman of the Committee on Post-Offices and Post Roads he has pulled a strong oar in Congress for the parcels post. His present campaign—of making no campaign for reelection—is decidedly the interesting event of the year. And the result, if favorable to his candidacy, must necessarily have an important influence in other states and upon officials high and low. Sticking to the job may become necessary, if not popular, with public servants from the titular head down to the gentleman from Arizona.

Our Title to Panama

TO JUSTIFY ourselves for grabbing the Panama Canal Zone we must appeal to an unwritten law of eminent domain. We took the zone much as a railroad takes right-of-way across a farm against the owner's wish—because, by digging a canal across it, we could make the strip of land infinitely more useful to the world than Colombia ever could. Under some pressure from Washington, the Colombian administration had agreed to accept ten millions in cash and a royalty of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for the zone; but the Colombian senate refused to ratify the treaty, alleging that it had no constitutional power to alienate territory—though the real reason, no doubt, was that it hoped to exact a larger sum from the United States. Then came the transparent little byplay of a revolution, backed by our encouragement, our war vessels and our marines. The important difference between our case and that of the railroad is that the road must go into court and pay the farmer whatever damages the jury awards, while we ourselves fixed the damages for the zone.

It is always well to acknowledge facts frankly when everybody knows them anyway; but the proposal to arbitrate Colombia's claim for damages is excessively awkward. It comes at a time when European nations are rather annoyed by our proposal to charge their ships heavier toll for using the canal than our own ships pay. Unless the toll question is settled to their satisfaction, a jury composed of England, Germany and France might hand down a judgment in favor of Colombia for a sum that would make us wince. It seems to be the part of true statesmanship in this dilemma to talk loudly about the benefits we confer upon the world's commerce by digging the canal and to regard our acquisition of the zone as a closed incident.

Cuba's Difficulties

ONLY ten per cent of the land in Cuba is under cultivation. About forty per cent of the people live in towns and cities, and the productive power of a large part of this urban population is very low; but, with nine-tenths of the soil lying idle and no inconsiderable portion of the population in a state not far above idleness, Cuba has a foreign trade of two hundred and fifty million dollars a year, which suggests how liberally Nature has treated the island. Nature's most bountiful gifts in the way of soil and climate, however, often have a string tied to them. Generally speaking, man works best, both industrially and politically, when half frozen and in imminent danger of starvation. To get the chief necessaries of life—food and shelter—with very little effort is not, as a rule, conducive to thrift or to stable views of government.

A surprisingly large part of Cuba's wealth is possessed by a small class. The land is mainly owned in great tracts. Statements made by responsible persons as to the prevalence of indigence among the natives stagger credulity. There is universal suffrage; and the proportion of electors whose chief assets are one shirt and one vote is undoubtedly very large. However unevenly or unjustly wealth may be divided in the United States, a great part of the wealth and a great part of the voting power are in the same hand. That this condition is favorable for the successful working of free government will scarcely be denied. It is not found in Cuba. Much wealth, in which the bulk of the electorate has no share, constitutes one of the basic difficulties of Cuban politics. Another difficulty is that a large part of the business, property-owning class—whether Spanish, American or Cuban—would shed no tears if the United States intervened.

A Worth-While Leadership

THE day is not very far distant when America can lead the world in medical science as undeniably as she now leads it in astronomy and electrical science. To be sure, we still send our young men to Paris and Vienna for clinical experience at their great hospitals. This is not, as it might appear, an unqualified acknowledgment of the superiority of foreign physicians and their methods, but rather a recognition of the fact that the conditions of Continental life yield a vast number of cases in which diseases can be studied in more advanced and aggravated forms than can commonly be observed at home.

Already the American doctor who visits Continental medical schools and glances at the names on the backs of the textbooks in daily use experiences a glow of satisfaction as he notes how many of them have been copied from the physicians' doorplates in Philadelphia. Every year American medical men command a greater measure of esteem and respect from their Old World confrères.

Philadelphia has the honor of being the oldest and most productive medical center on this side of the Atlantic. From the days of Rush to those of Leidy and Keen and Mitchell, she has been famous both for the numbers of her eminent medical men and for their contributions toward the advancement of medical and surgical science. The Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania and Jefferson Medical College continue to uphold the high traditions they have inherited.

With the foundation of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, in Baltimore, within the memory of the present generation, a new era in American medicine began. Bedside study and laboratory work go hand in hand. The brilliant results the whole world knows. This is the essence of the teaching policy that must become universal if we, as a nation, are to lead the world in medicine. Another policy we can profitably import from European universities: We must pay our professors as high salaries as men of like ability in other fields command in commercial life. It has ever been a penny-wise, pound-foolish policy to muzzle the ox that treads out the corn.

Is it not worth while, then, to press our advantage along the lines of modern progress and make our larger American cities the recognized medical centers of the world?

Herding in Street Cars

"IT IS curious," observes the Scientific American, "how few electric roads in this country have seriously investigated the problem of providing sufficient seats at the rush hour." In making this statement, however, our highly valued contemporary scarcely lives up to its name, for everybody knows that the tighter the car is packed the greater the company's profit; and the merest novice in science can see at a glance that the way to get the most people into a car is to put them in perpendicularly, with straps to hang by.

The curious thing is how few city governments have been compelled by an outraged public to investigate seriously the question of sufficient seats at rush hours. We will all turn in cheerfully for a law prohibiting excessive labor by factory women, or to compel a storekeeper to provide seats for saleswomen; but the factory woman and saleswoman spend probably one hour a day riding to and from work under conditions of nervous and physical strain much worse than any they encounter in factory or shop—and we docilely accept the street-car company's explanation that it is really quite unavoidable! The Scientific American points out that in Chicago street cars forty-four per cent of the floor space is occupied by seated passengers; in Liverpool, sixty-five per cent.

If constructed on the Berlin plan, Chicago's cars would seat eighty-six persons instead of forty, as at present; and Chicago has decidedly better street-car service than some other American cities. The typical city street car at the rush hour is a monument to the inexhaustible patience of the American public.

Female Anti-Suffragettes

MANY women, from whom the public hears little, are deeply concerned over this female-suffrage question. A letter that lies before us states their tragic situation substantially as follows: The United States and England are being cajoled and heckled into granting votes to females. Able and energetic women are constantly pressing this proposal upon the masculine public as the cause of womankind; and when did woman ever fail to carry a point with man if only she stuck to it? Look at Eve and Adam! Female suffrage, our correspondent urges, however, is not the cause of womankind; countless women are earnestly opposed to it, feeling that woman's true sphere is the home, and that for her to enter the political arena would be a loss rather than a gain. Female suffrage, however, has been made a political question. So how can a woman oppose it without going into politics? Unless women do oppose it, the case, in time, will undoubtedly go by default. Can the female opponents of suffrage agitate in order to prove that agitation is unbecoming in women? Can they parade and massmeet and petition and lobby for the purpose of demonstrating that woman's true sphere is the home? Can they seek the public ear in rivalry with the suffragettes who are imperiling woman's whole position in society by seeking the public ear?

The situation is tragic; but very likely our correspondent takes too dark a view of it. English suffragettes have been doing more this winter to delay female suffrage than any women opponents of suffrage could possibly do.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

An Answer for Pope

COLONEL ALEXANDER POPE has waited a long time—the better part of two centuries—for an answer to his celebrated conundrum: "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" And he will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that we are now prepared to enlighten him on this important subject. To be sure, the Colonel ceased to have an earthly interest in the matter along about 1744; but there can be no question he has maintained a pale, ghostly concern in the reply to his inquiry since that time.

Hence we say to Alexander that the person who decides when doctors disagree is a portly and peripatetic party by the name of William Howard Taft, who occasionally drops into Washington, District of Columbia, to note how things are going—visits that beautiful city between trains, now and then, so to speak. Nor is it without significance that Mr. Taft, having reached a decision in this regard, has set all our military heroes agog and gogged not a few others simultaneously—this being one of the few decisions at which he has arrived during his tenure of office; from which it may be inferred that Mr. Taft is not a very decisive person. However ——

Naturally when Mr. Pope penned this immortal line he had some particular doctors in mind—and I am free to say that Mr. Pope has nothing on the gifted author of these remarks; for when said g. a. penned this immortal answer he likewise had particular doctors in mind—that is, the doctors weren't so all-fired particular, but they were particularly in mind, if you may call it such—the mind. One doctor held in cerebric suspension is Leonard Wood, M. D., and also Major-General U. S. A.; and the other is F. C. Ainsworth, M. D., and—not to be outdone—himself entitled to write Major-General U. S. A. after his name, provided he puts there, too, that simple little word "retired"—which, when all's said and done, is exactly the milk in this particular cocoanut.

A large number of flaccid people, who have desired to formulate a stinging rebuke to war as an occupation or amusement or diversion, have preserved their vocal sanctity by alleging that war is what General Sherman said it is—and the General was right. Still, he would have amended his description had he been spared to observe a doctor at the head of the general staff and a doctor at the head of the adjutant-general's office; and would have exclaimed that it isn't war that is hell, but the War Department! Still, that's all over now. The martial doctors no longer disagree officially, because one of them has been retired. Doctor Wood has been declared victor and Doctor Ainsworth is at liberty to resume the practice of his profession, should he so desire.

And, strangely enough, Doctor Wood was merely the consultant in the case. The operation was performed by Doctor Taft and suggested by Doctor Stimson; but—and this is the place to stick a pin—Doctor Wood prescribed the treatment. And that is a peculiarly Leonard Woodsy attribute. There never has been a minute when the good Doctor has not known definitely the treatment needed to secure him such results as he personally desired—and never a moment when he has not had his prescription ready. It may be he never did have the inestimable privilege of going to West Point and it may be he was a volunteer; but at this precise moment he is at the head of the general staff, where, no doubt, he decided to be some years ago. And the moral of it all is that if one has military ambitions and is in a position to gratify them he should first become a doctor; and, second, restrict his practice to those who have the appointing power.

Two Who Got Something Besides Typhoid

It is an odd fact that two of the most powerful officers in the army began their military careers as surgeons in that army; but there is nothing odd in the further fact that when these doctors had attained these positions, one as chief of the general staff and the other as adjutant-general, they differed radically. There was nothing odd and everything human in the professional jealousy that ensued. One doctor or the other inevitably had to take down his sign. There were too many doctors on Military Row by one. So the struggle began early and it ended with Wood's retaining the practice—just as any other similar struggle in which Wood was entered would have ended; for Doctor Wood has a way of getting what he starts after, as has been observed often.

A hundred years from now, when a bulging-browed historian is digging into the records to find just what were

One Result of the Spanish War

the results of the Spanish-American War, he will, if he desires to set forth the truth, write down that the results of the Spanish-American War were Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood. If anybody else got anything out of that memorable combat—besides typhoid fever—that person or those persons have escaped the notice of all reasonably diligent students of current events. To be sure, T. R. cashed in rather a larger stack; but Leonard is still on the payroll—which has its compensations.

They went to war together—these two—the Doctor as colonel and the author as lieutenant-colonel of the Rough Riders. The author finally emerged as governor of the state of New York and proceeded, by uneasy stages, to be president of the United States, as is well known. Wood remained in the army. He had no knowledge of politics beyond the rudimentary conception of the advantages that may accrue to an able and industrious physician who has a warm and personal friend in the White House. Nor was his confidence misplaced; for you will observe he is at the head of the general staff, having been exceptionally favored by the fact that he has had three friends in the White House—to wit: Messrs. McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft, with the accent on the Roosevelt combination.

However, lest there should be gathered from this classification of the Doctor the impression that his rise from physic to power has been due to this fortunate acquaintance, I hasten to say that he has developed with his advancement, and that at the start he had the material in him for development. It is quite possible he would not now be at the head of the general staff had he and Theodore Roosevelt not gone soldiering together; but it is quite impossible that he would not have been an important man in the army, for he has ability of a marked order and along many lines.

What Wood needed was opportunity. If there had been no Spanish War a good many things that have happened wouldn't have happened—including Wood. Still, there was a Spanish War, and coincidentally there was a Wood. The combination started this captain and assistant surgeon on his career. Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Wood was stationed in Washington. They were out-of-doors men and friends. Somebody—it may have been Wood or another—had the idea of forming a regiment of cavalry made up of men who knew how to ride and how to shoot—plainsmen and cowboys was the original plan. Wood was made colonel. Roosevelt was made lieutenant-colonel. Then Wood was detached for other duty and finally went to Cuba as governor-general. He began to show executive ability there and was promoted. They put him into the regular establishment as a brigadier-general in 1901, and two years later President Roosevelt made him a major-general.

Wood was a doctor, not a trained soldier; and he chose to go to the Philippines to learn soldiering. He was successful there, remained several years and was brought back and made commander of the Department of the East. Then, in 1909, he was made chief of the general staff. Wood is a determined, forceful, aggressive man—but politic when necessary. For example, when Doctor Ainsworth was burning up paper with the heat of his official communications in the months that preceded the showdown, Wood was always suave and polite and cool and collected. He is a good soldier and has ambitious plans for the army, based on an exact knowledge of conditions and an appreciation of needs tempered by a conception of possibilities. He wants a lot—but he gets what he can. He is not a West Pointer, of course; but there are a good many West Pointers who will admit he is making a strong, capable, efficient and intelligent chief of the general staff. Unless you thoroughly appreciate the viewpoint of the West Pointer as applied to the army officer who is not a West Pointer, you will have difficulty in understanding just the flattering praise of these admissions. In case you do not grasp that viewpoint, allow me to assure you that praise for a volunteer or a civilian from a West Pointer is one of the scarcest articles to be found within the confines of our military establishment.

Old School Democracy

"WE SOUTHERNERS," said Colonel John Irby, who at present is secretary to Mayor Speer, of Denver, and a good deal of a power in Democratic politics out there—"We Southerners are held to be aristocratic in our tendencies; but I assure you it is not the fact. We are very democratic. Now a few nights ago we held a dance—a democratic dance—in this city and among those who attended was my friend, James R. James, a Southerner born and bred and a splendid man. He saw a mighty fine-looking girl who was not dancing and politely asked her for the pleasure. She very graciously permitted him to dance with her.

"Mr. James, who is a gentleman of the old school, suh, paid her several well-deserved compliments, at which the young lady blushed prettily and delightedly. Finally he said:

"'It seems to me that on some previous occasion I have had the exceeding pleasure of looking on your beautiful face. Have I been so honored?'

"'Oh, indeed, yes!' exclaimed the girl. 'You have seen me before. I have been cooking for your family for the last year!'"

Old Friends are Best

WILLIAM LADD, of the famous banking family of Portland, Oregon, is fussy about his hats. He likes them easy and comfortable on his head. One day he wanted a new derby and went to buy it.

The clerk showed him a lot of hats. Ladd tried them all on, but none suited him. Finally he picked up a hat and put it on. It was very comfortable.

"I'll take this," said Ladd.

"All right, Mr. Ladd," said the clerk. "Five dollars, please."

Ladd paid the money and went along. When he got home he discovered the clerk had sold him the old hat he had worn into the store.

Boast or Boost

A SEATTLE orator was telling the assembled multitude how essential it is for all Washingtonians to get together and proclaim the virtues of that city to the outside world.

"Now, my friends," he shouted, "what we want to do is all to get together and boost Seattle! We got to tell the world about our wonderful city. We got to work in harmony. We all got to boost. Everybody get busy and bōost—boost—b-o-a-s-t—boost!" he spelled at the top of his voice.

THE RECORDING ANGEL

Both Blacksmith Shops Were Crowded With Wagon Wheels to be Mended and Mules to be Shod

XXI

By CORRA HARRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER H. EVERETT

IT MAY be easy enough to portray some imaginary conception, but nothing is more difficult than to dramatize life itself. In the imaginary situation the author creates, owns and controls his characters. He may say to his hero "Come!" and he cometh—with a drawn dagger if necessary—to bring in the desired climax; or to the heroine "Go!" and she goeth, in a manner sufficiently sensational to attract and hold the reader's attention. But in real life God creates, and mysterious forces within themselves control men and women. The author has to do the best he can to fit the tale to their perversities and adversities, and it is like fitting a garment to a fidgety child. He is obliged to pause in the wrong place, from the standpoint of literary art, and explain a dozen circumstances to the reader that would never have occurred in an arbitrary conception. Just as everything is going smoothly and he sees the logical sequence of events rising to a proper climax, the hero packs his bag, puts on his hat and takes the train, without giving the slightest intimation to the author as to where he is going, or whether what he is about to do will make a proper chapter in the narrative. It comes from the fact that life—designed by the Great Dramatist—is so much larger and more complex in the simplest human being than the widest imagination in the creative fancy of man.

For this reason the reader is earnestly requested to show that rare intelligence of patience from now on. My purpose is to set down as much as possible of what occurred in Ruckersville during the month of December, but it cannot be done in the proper order and form of a story. I can only tabulate with a frantic hop-skip-and-jump from one circumstance to another, seeing that not a single man or woman who figures here knew or cared whether or not he or she did the right thing to help along the tale. Each one was engaged in living according to his own notions, being serenely unconscious that his rôle was made for him before the foundations of the world. That is the marvel of God and the secret of the reality of life. His creatures are never conscious of the real stage, or of the rise and fall of the real curtain. Therefore the least of them acts naturally, which is a rare accomplishment in any actor. Every generation is an "all-star company," and every author, even the best, is only a poor critic of the performance, incapable by the very laws of mind of comprehending or setting down the true significance of the play.

I have said that Jim Bone had gone to New York. He remained there the first two weeks of December. Bimber met every train in person, day and night, during this period. The truth is, having seen his master board the train, he remained at the station until his return, only withdrawing hurriedly once or twice a day to take some light refreshment from a garbage can in the back yard of Daddisman's Hotel. Otherwise, to all appearances the life of the town went on as if Bone were a natural force to be depended upon industrially, but not to be bothered about personally in his absence—any more than you would infer that the sun is sick on a cloudy day. I say to all appearances this was so. As a matter of fact, Sylvia Story was passing through one of those periods of feminine fermentation produced in woman only by jealousy. This is a curious thing, and may be as characteristic of one sex as of the other, but it is worth noting that, though nearly all women are capable of loving their offspring, not nearly all of them are capable of loving men; whereas, absolutely every one of them born into the world is capable of the most desperate jealousy. Indeed, I have no question myself that it is a matter of record among those scientific angels whose business it is to keep up with such matters for the modifying and improvement of mortals, that the women least capable of loving are the most passionately jealous. This is reasonable, for they have less means of holding love, no barter in kind to exchange for it. They are mere financiers of beauty, or of any illusion that they can cast over men.

So Sylvia was consumed with jealousy, because she did not know what Jim Bone was doing in New York or why he went there. She said to herself that if she loved any one as he claimed to love her, nothing could keep her away from that person for two long, inexplicable weeks. She could have remained away from him indefinitely, seeing that she did not love him, provided she were sure that he was in a state of safe preservation for her. But this hideous, outrageous absence of Mr. Bone was absolutely inexcusable.

Sylvia was furious and miserable. Still, she went to the store of Magnis & Luster and purchased material for a handkerchief case, upon which she set to work frantically. She had not meant to give him a Christmas present; she had thought rather scornfully of the idea. It was a gentle concession of interest, you understand, that she did not need to make so long as he was so devoted without encouragement. But now she perceived that it might be best—if only, Heaven help her, it was not already too late! She lifted her eyes from the envelope of blue silk she was embroidering with "J. B." and stared out of the window, across the brown hill that had been so sweetly green that day when she first met him and felt the delicious strength of the man as he so lightly swung her clear of the ground. New York, she had heard, was a terrible place for women. They were cheap there, and with no notion among them of increasing in value, only glad enough to be bought and sold—some to dukes, some to magnates, some for a home, and the remainder grimly packed in the cold storage of the suffrage or some other "movement" invented by the outraged hearts of unloved women, or by the ennui of idle ones, or by the morbidness of those who crave excitement but cannot produce it for themselves.

"Who the Deuce Has Been Meddling With My Business Anyhow?"

Besides this business of making the handkerchief case and these reflections, Sylvia also made of herself a walking goddess of loveliness every afternoon, went into the town, and made it convenient to pass the railroad station about the time the southbound train was due from New York. Sometimes she went in and inquired carefully if there were any express for her—not that she was expecting anything, but the question gave her the opportunity of being on the platform when the train stopped and dropped its passengers. On these occasions Bimber would come forward, wag his tail, lick her glove, sit down beside her standing, knock his tail on the floor by way of continuing the conversation as he glanced up and down the long shining line of steel rails, indicating plainly in various ways that he was in the same objective case singular with her; that, though he did not anticipate any trouble, still it was time Mr. Bone returned to them and resumed the proper relations between master and dog, man and maid.

However, the dog had the advantage. He had no reputation to consider and could remain on the platform for the midnight train as well as for the one that passed in the afternoon. This is how it happened that he alone was present to greet Mr. Bone when he descended from the Pullman on the night of the fourteenth of December. They went to the hotel together, both in good spirits, Bimber detecting no change in the silent good-fellowship of his master, only a slight stale metropolitan odor still clinging to his handbag and trouser legs. The odor of New York is unmistakable and indescribable, as if a little, innocent, old-fashioned moral had decayed in it long ago and left a faint, sad smell behind.

During the week that followed, Mr. Bone was extremely busy tying all his threads and spreading the web of his purpose carefully over the entire town; that is to say, he called upon everybody, including the ladies. He congratulated Colonel Lark upon his engagement to Mary Yancey. He showed almost a paternal interest in the happiness of Mildred Percey and Tony Adams, overlooking with delightful obtuseness a slight coolness in Mildred's manner to him. He held what may be called a consultation with both Mrs. Fanning-Rucker and Mrs. Martin, the nature of which was so agreeable that each of these estimable women accompanied him to the door upon his departure, expressing appreciation for his interest and helpfulness.

"Mr. Bone," said Mrs. Fanning-Rucker, giving him a graceful complimentary pat on the arm as she bade him good afternoon, "you are the first citizen in this town to show a proper interest in the work we women are trying to do. And you may count upon the support of the U. D. C.'s and the D. A. R.'s and the Woman's Club. The last one of us will be present!"

"Jim," said Mrs. Martin, looking at him with kindly eyes as she received a thick package of little cards from him, "I am not the one to judge you. I can't say that your ways are my ways, but I'm bound to tell you that I feel that your plan is just a plain Providence, so far as The Cheerful Givers are concerned. We had almost despaired of raising our collection this year. But now it will be easy. I think I can dispose of every one of these tickets to the members of our society."

"Jimmy," said Amy White, "I am so glad you have thought of it. This town needs some pleasure, more even than the women need help with their little funds for this, that and the other. It's been years since we've had anything in our lives to correspond with the joyfulness of sunlight. We don't have enough shining in our lives. The nearest we come to diversion is during revival season, when we just get rid of our sins for the time being with

the agonizing relaxation of repentance. I've often wished somebody would give a party and ask everybody, and let 'em have a good time just being natural. It wouldn't be so dangerous as some of us think if we all brought our natures along to offset one another's extravagances. The young ones could even dance a little if the old ones sat back against the wall and marked time for 'em properly. It's a real spiritual inspiration and a philanthropy that you have built that hall where everybody can go and get a little change from being just good or just bad, by being just natural. I have sometimes feared I am not as orthodox as I ought to be, but, being blind, you get to see some things more clearly than those who think with their eyes only. And it seems to me we might trust the nature the good Lord gave us more than we do. I've never known a bad man who was true to nature, nor one good enough to despise nature that was not a bit narrow and vicious."

Amy sat wrapped in her many-colored great shawl, hibernating before a brightly blazing fire, smiling dimly and fingering the card he had given her.

"It seems a pity I can't go," she went on regretfully; "but I'd never dare risk my neuralgia in the night air this time of year. I'll give my ticket to Elbert. He'll be glad to get it. He's a little pinched for money this fall on account of some investment, he says. And I doubt if he'd have felt he could afford to go if he'd had to buy his ticket."

In spite of his expressions of keen disappointment, if the old Angel could have seen the face of Mr. Bone she could not have failed to understand that he had counted upon her refusal and upon the ticket's reaching the destination she mentioned.

On Wednesday The Ruckersville Star appeared, with a column on the editorial page devoted to the entertainment to be given at Bone Hall the following Saturday evening "for the benefit of the various benevolent societies conducted by the ladies of Ruckersville." Upon this announcement in the opening sentences followed a long paragraph, highly complimentary to "our fellow townsman, Mr. James Bone," in which was given a list of his enterprises, "not the least of which is Bone Hall, on the square. There has been much speculation as to the purpose for which this building was erected," the editor went on, "and we are glad to be the first to announce that this admirable and artistically appointed hall is practically a gift from Mr. Bone to his native city, to be used entirely for such amusements and social pleasures as the community may support and desire. A series of entertainments have already been secured by Mr. Bone during his recent absence in the metropolis, to which there are none superior in the larger towns and cities of our Southland."

The concluding paragraph was in the nature of an exhortation. Everybody was urged to be present and thus give his support to a worthy enterprise, undertaken by Mr. Bone solely in the interest of benevolence and with the laudable desire of affording innocent diversion to the community. Tickets were to be had in advance, from various worthy ladies interested in the success of the adventure, for the merely nominal sum of twenty-five cents for adults and fifteen cents for children. It was not known until afterward that nearly a hundred complimentary tickets were personally distributed by Mr. Bone himself, including no less than five to the pastor's family.

The word "theater" never passed Mr. Bone's lips during his interview for the Star; and when the editor—who was a kind of foreigner, having lived in Atlanta—inquired with a wink whether the entertainments to be given were in the nature of plays, he spurned the idea with so much indignation that nobody recalled till afterward that he did not really deny the implication. You may give an entertainment in a community where the narrowest prejudices exist against theaters, and if the dialogue between the lovers is bad enough, if the acting is sufficiently wooden, nobody's conscience is offended. The strictest deacon will sit in the bald-headed row and enjoy the dreadful imitation of warmer reality.

Never, except perhaps in circus days, had there been such a crowd in Ruckersville as poured into it upon this eventful Saturday. The weather was fair and warm beneath the leafless trees. From early morning until night, wagons, buggies and carriages filled with country folk rolled in. The firm of Magnis & Luster was obliged to employ an extra clerk to wait upon a continual stream of customers. The proprietor of the drug store sold thirty-two bottles of a certain fiery liniment alone, to say nothing of arnica and gum camphor. Both blacksmith shops were crowded with wagon wheels to be mended and mules to be shod. At noon the dining room of Daddisman's Hotel could scarcely accommodate the guests, an unprecedented circumstance. The square teemed with cotton buyers, horse traders and farmers, all busy, all in a brisk good humor, all excited with anticipation of what was to come in the evening. And the whole scene was enlivened with an occasional wrestling match or a dog fight. On all other days of the week Bimber was of an exceptionally mild disposition, going about his business of greeting Mr. Bone's friends with a polite wag of the tail and a complimentary licking out of his tongue, but on Saturdays he was subject to a sort of atmospheric intoxication. He wore his hair differently, roached to a standing crest of bristles along his neck and back, he kept his ears cocked "sick 'em" fashion, and it annoyed him to see a strange dog from the country nosing round the corners of the pedestal upon which the statue of the Confederate hero stood. And he never failed to resent and to challenge any other canine who was inclined to approach them, or who showed that offensive nosing curiosity often characteristic of one of your busybody hounds from the backwoods. Early every Saturday morning he made his excuses to Mr. Bone, withdrew at a brisk trot, took up his position immediately in front of the statue, and remained there till the last dog disappeared from the square in the late afternoon between the slowly revolving wheels of the last wagon. Whether he had a few bones buried under these corners, or whether he conducted a sort of private post-office there for his own pleasure, only the other dogs knew.

The moment of greatest interest and excitement arrived when the southbound train rolled into the station an hour behind time, as usual, and stood angrily panting and snorting off steam while a certain queer group of men and women descended from the Pullman, crowded into the bus, and were driven at a furious pace to the hotel. Nobody knew who they were or whence they came, nor had they ever seen any other people like them. They had the air of not wishing to be seen and of not seeing any of the hundred persons who stared at them.

As the shades of night descended upon the short winter day the square floated away in darkness. Then suddenly and for the first time the Bone building blazed with light, and Tony Adams appeared at the ticket window in one tower, while the door of the other was flung open and disclosed a tiny cloak room with an ancient negress in it, whose business it was to receive the ladies' wraps and hats. Nothing so stylish as this had ever been done in Ruckersville before. And if Mrs. Fanning-Rucker had not been the first to arrive and set the example by giving her cloak and bonnet to the white-turbaned old waitress, nobody would have known what she was there for.

By half-past seven o'clock a steady stream of people was pouring into the brilliant hall, and Tony had much ado to make change fast enough. And long before the fashionable hour of eight every seat in the house was filled, and Mr. Adams took the liberty of selling standing room at ten cents a victim.

Mr. Bone had not committed the indelicacy of having reserved seats in a community where the best people were the poorest, and the extra expense, therefore, would have entailed upon that very portion of the audience which he desired should sit nearest the footlights. He knew very well that Nature manages a crowd in this particular where no artificial barrier of dollars and cents interferes. Your aristocrat will always go the entire length and take a front seat, even if he is an atheist, in the very house of God. It is his ever-present instinct for heading the column, for leading the charge, for being in at the death.

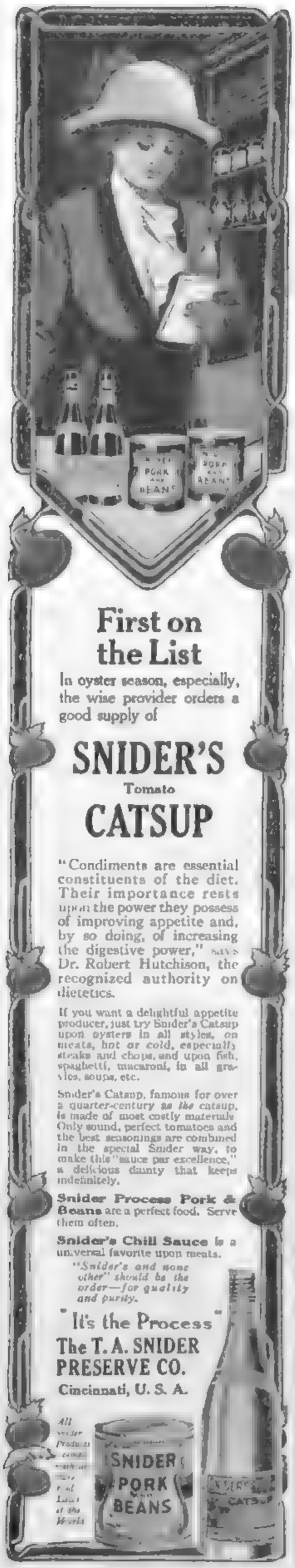
Your other kind, who are not aristocrats and who are not rendered gross in consciousness by a sense of prosperity, will always drop down in the first seat they come to, even if they be saints in a strange church. It is a delicacy such a person has, a natural modesty for sitting in the "lower room," until somebody finds that he has a dead and forgotten honorable cavalier ancestor and is also entitled to join the company higher up. So, then, the audience could not have been better seated for Mr. Bone's purpose and amusement if Puck himself had been the usher. I have neglected to say that Jim himself had a seat in the wings at the extreme right of the stage, and commanded a view of the whole house from a slit in the folds of the curtain.

This curtain was a deep red and was decorated in the center with a wreath of flying Cupids with drawn bows, each aiming, with that expression of idiotic glee often observed upon the insipid features of Cupids, at a young woman in the middle of the wreath who appeared to be nearly distracted in her efforts to escape, and who was not so entirely clad as she should have been.

"Husband," said Mrs. Martin, nudging the captain and turning her face sideways with an abashed look at the Cupids, "I wish Jim had taken some good woman's advice before he selected the furnishings for his hall. Them figures up there in that curtain smack terribly to me of the world and its ways."

"They ain't a bit worse to look at than that picture in our big Bible at home of King Solomon and the Queen

Sylvia Made of Herself a Walking Goddess of Loveliness Every Afternoon



First on the List

In oyster season, especially, the wise provider orders a good supply of

SNIDER'S
Tomato
CATSUP

"Condiments are essential constituents of the diet. Their importance rests upon the power they possess of improving appetite and, by so doing, of increasing the digestive power," says Dr. Robert Hutchison, the recognized authority on dietetics.

If you want a delightful appetite producer, just try Snider's Catsup upon oysters in all styles, on meats, hot or cold, especially steaks and chops, and upon fish, spaghetti, macaroni, in all gravies, soups, etc.

Snider's Catsup, famous for over a quarter-century as *the* catsup, is made of most costly materials. Only sound, perfect tomatoes and the best seasonings are combined in the special Snider way, to make this "sauce par excellence," a delicious dainty that keeps indefinitely.

Snider Process Pork & Beans are a perfect food. Serve them often.

Snider's Chili Sauce is a universal favorite upon meats.

"Snider's and none other" should be the order—for quality and purity.

"It's the Process"

The T. A. SNIDER PRESERVE CO.

Cincinnati, U. S. A.

of Sheba courting on the front steps of his harem!" retorted the captain with a logic that was as sound as it was misleading.

Mrs. Martin was relieved mentally, but spiritually she was uneasy. She had the feeling that she was about to have too good a time, that there was something wrong about a woman of her age, and a Christian with an example to set, sitting down point-blank in front of a lot of naked Cupids tormenting a girl who was evidently ashamed of not being better dressed herself. However, she took comfort as she looked up and down the long rows of faces in front and behind and to the side of her, among whom she recognized every church-member in the town, even to the pastor and his wife and her sister, and his two children. If you are a saint you feel much better about doing wrong if all the other saints do it with you. Mrs. Martin could not have believed such a thing of herself, but morally she was in the same plight as those school-children who, all together and never singly, play truant on the first day of April. Doubtless the good God has seen many such an April-fool trick played by His saints, and doubtless He knows how to bear with such innocent transgressions, as any good teacher would know—not too severely, you understand, not with the quick rod of His displeasure, but gently, like a shower at the stolen April picnic. Or maybe He will "keep in" His elder children some day with an extra lesson to learn, a little Scripture of mercy to commit to practice. We need not worry. We do not escape the great vigilance of Him. He has a system of education for us that not only allows for our April-fool days off, but that turns these very days to account. Mrs. Martin had a conceit for righteousness that needed singeing. After this night she was destined never again to be able to deal so severely with the "carnal mind" in others. It had been coming for some time, this chastening; now she was to get it in full measure. "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." This is why some obtuse persons often mistake them for mortal blunders.

XXII

AT THIS moment there was a flutter in the audience; literally a flutter, occasioned by two little lads who moved up and down the aisles distributing programs. This was followed by a singular, concentrated silence as each person read and studied the folder. Elbert White, who had experienced some difficulty in adjusting his spectacles, was the last to discover, imbedded between advertisements of the Ruckersville Granite Quarry and the Broad River Power Company, these words in fearfully tall type:

THE RECORDING ANGEL

ACT I

TABLEAU—The Angel
SCENE I. Bilfire's Saloon
SCENE II. Office of Daddisman's Hotel

ACT II

SCENE I. Meeting of Woman's Club
SCENE II. Before the Post-Office

ACT III

SCENE I. The Workmen and the Angel
SCENE II. Cupid and the Angel

ACT IV

SCENE I. The Town Square
SCENE II. Merry Maidens

Before any one could recover from the shock of reading this emblematic prospectus of the evening's entertainment, the music began—strains as sedate as a church hymn and as slowly woven into melody. There was not a man or woman present who did not recall The Town Testament, and who did not feel that creepy sensation one may have when about to see his own ghost instead of some other less nearly related apparition.

Trance mediums are doing a great work along this line, adding a new and vapory cubit to the superstitions of man. We have long had powers of illusion sufficiently developed to see the other fellow's ghost; but when we become so diseased physically as to see our own shade wandering accusingly in our bedtime darkness, we shall have received a moral impetus to better deeds—and more of them, in all probability.

Ruckersville had been secretly alarmed and tormented for some months by the revelations of its accurately impersonated virtues and vices. And it was with a sigh of genuine relief that many of its citizens discovered that the last copy of The Monthly Mercury contained no installment of The Town Testament. Now it appeared that this only meant that these revelations were to be dramatized in their very midst.

The program trembled like a crackling leaf in Elbert's hands. The type danced before his distracted eyes. The thin aigrette of white hair above his forehead stood erect with horror.

"Who the deuce has been meddling with my business anyhow?" He lifted his eyes and glared round. But Mr. Bone was nowhere to be seen.

"Husband," said Mrs. Martin weakly, "I feel that this is no place for a Christian woman. Let's go home!"

"Be quiet!" hissed the captain through his clenched teeth, his goatee working convulsively and his eyes snapping. "I'll see this thing through; and if there is the slightest reflection upon you in it, I'll kill somebody!"

"Reflection on me!" exclaimed his wife; "that is impossible. I've never been in Bilfire's saloon! And serves them right that have, even if they are exposed here tonight!" she concluded indignantly, settling herself with the air of a person who is ready and willing to see justice done, let the chips fall where they may.

At this moment some one turned the wicks of the chandelier lamps low. The music died away and the curtain rolled up.

In the background, limned against an extremely clear starlit sky, was the figure of an immense angel, clad with six splendid wings after the manner of the seraphs described in Isaiah's vision. The head and lower part of the face were hooded in some misty whiteness. A very strong blue light concentrated upon him and supplied the pallor with which we are accustomed to think of these strange beings. But the thrilling circumstance connected with the apparition was the fact that he was not writing in any absent-minded way in the enormous book that lay open and mysteriously supported before him; but with eyes of magnetic intensity his gaze traveled from one face to another in the audience and remained fixed for a hurriedly disconcerting moment each time before he made his note.

Nothing could have been more gross or more crassly devised. But in this lay the success of Mr. Bone's idea. Ruckersville was not artistic. The people there had never heard the expression of *deus ex machina*. But they had the exquisitely morbid self-consciousness of those who have heard many sermons on judgment and damnation. The sweat was standing out upon more than one brow as the curtain slowly descended.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail the scenes that followed. The play was evidently The Town Testament, dramatized and rendered even more veracious in action. The first two acts were entirely historical and intimately biographical. And it is certain that if Elbert had taken liberties with Amy's scripture, Mr. Bone's playwright had interpolated even more. The scene in Bilfire's saloon, for example, was far beyond Amy's power to imagine. But the audience recognized every idle man in the town in the twinkling of an eye after the curtain lifted, not merely by their singular resemblance but by their manner of action and speech. The first roar of laughter swept over the audience when a thin old man in the group round a table in the saloon arose, balanced himself with one hand upon the table, and began to explain how he came to be shot in the back where no gentleman should receive his wound.

It was fortunate that the lamps in the chandeliers had been turned low; but there was much craning of necks; and the darkness was illumined in part by the smiling faces about the captain and his wife.

The scene lasted a long time and, first and last, the audience heard repeated every incident of importance connected with the history of Ruckersville. But it was not until the curtain arose the second time, and the same static state of reminiscent existence was again enacted by the same company of loafers, that an uneasy sensation went through the house and settled into the conviction that this entertainment was a satire upon the languor and shiftlessness of a people who lived too much to brag of a noble ancestry and too little in imitation of the said ancestors. This scene in the office of Daddisman's Hotel represented a meeting of the town council; and certain circumstances, extremely private, concerning the appropriation of fees and

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We guarantee that Simonds Hack Saws will do ten per cent. more cutting than any others, under the same conditions. That guarantee is solid and unrestricted. We are all the time making tests, and we have never found another brand that would do 90 per cent. of the work a Simonds will—many of them do only 50 to 75 per cent.

Simonds
(Pronounced Si-monds)
Hack Saw Blades

If you use blades in a power machine, we make you a **Free Trial Offer**

We will send you some blades. Test them against any others either by timing cuts with a watch or counting the strokes needed to cut through the same bar. Then see how many cuts each blade will make before it is worn out.

The reason for this superiority is our Simonds Special Crucible Steel, which we make ourselves for this particular work. It is a wonderful metal for cutting tools.

Simonds Files were awarded the Gold Medal at the Alaska Yukon Exposition. Simonds Crescent Circular Cross Cut Saws have more than double the sales of other makes. We make all kinds of saws and wood-working machine knives.

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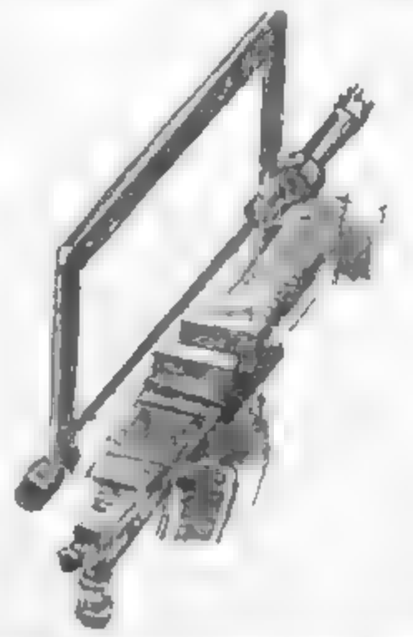

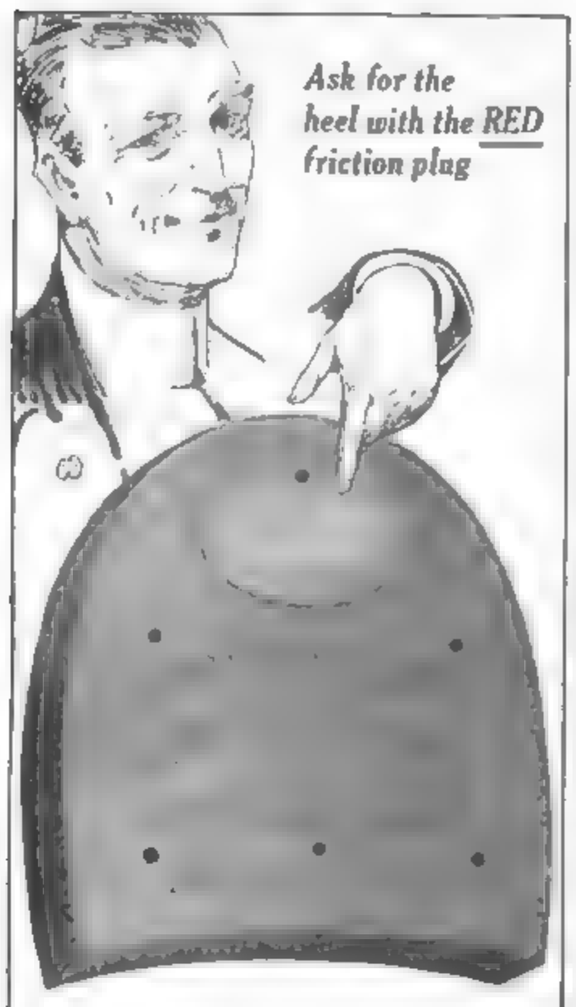

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That would KEEP its lift and spring right down to the last day of wear—

That COULDN'T SLIP *under any conditions.*

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SPRING-STEP Rubber Heels

Pure rubber—treated by our special process.

You can't wear the LIFE out of them.

They out-last leather heels.

And they've got the patented RED friction plug—the one sure prevention of slipping.

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the distribution of municipal taxes were humorously but ruthlessly exposed, as was the demijohn beneath the counter upon which the guests' register rested. Colonel Lark, who sat by Mary Yancey, was furious, but managed to control himself when Mary sought his hand and held it throughout the painful and offensive scene.

An audience with more spirit in expressing its composite emotions might have created some disturbance, but the comedians took no liberties with facts. Every speech was a literal quotation from one or another distinguished citizen. And there were too many witnesses to this for the victim to confess himself in resentment. Moreover, the women had entered into the spirit of the performance, and showed their sympathy and appreciation by a sort of perpetual cackle of feminine laughter. Therefore, no man dared challenge their wit directly to himself by getting up and going out.

"Serves 'em right, the lazy things!" snickered Mrs. Magnis, nudging Mrs. Luster and wagging her head at Captain Martin, who sat severely erect as if he had been frozen stiff by his double upon the stage.

Elbert had slowly disappeared, only the top of his head shining in the dim light, his face haggard and his eyes protruding with horror. He was thinking of how he could keep the nature of this devilish entertainment from Amy, and of what the consequences would be if she should learn the truth. Clark Story sat beside Sylvia, artlessly interested, and recognizing his neighbors with delighted ejaculations at his own perspicuity, but never tracing the slightest resemblance between himself and a certain feeble old visionary who sustained a sort of antiphonal relation to the other greater persons in the scene. Sylvia herself was engaged with one idea only, that of finding Jim Bone. Meanwhile, Mr. Bone, seated upon a tall stool, observed her constantly through the slit in the curtain. He wondered at her lack of interest. He would make up his mind later whether the fault was in Sylvia or in the play itself. Now he was too intent upon his purpose of giving the citizens of Ruckersville the opportunity of seeing themselves as others saw them, and of calculating the effect of his adventure in the varying expressions dimly discerned upon the faces of those nearest the stage.

But if the women had enjoyed themselves at the expense of the men in the first act, the tables were turned in the second; and the house rocked with roars of masculine mirth when the first scene of this act disclosed a meeting of the Woman's Club with such *diableries* of detail that nothing of all their affairs remained secret, from the caucusing with which they elected and excluded each other to the plans they discussed for improving the men—but never the children. This taking of the bull by the horns, instead of holding the calf by the tail, was as shrewdly intimated as if Dickens had drawn a sketch of long-distance maternity for the comedians.

Mrs. Fanning-Rucker sat with her old face flattened into a mechanical smile and opera glasses raised, by way of indicating her unconsciousness of the cause of the amusement about her. Mildred Percey blushed furiously when she discovered that the scene before the post-office began with the coming in of the various lady authors of Ruckersville with voluminous manuscripts to mail, and progressed as a dramatized criticism upon the absurdity and unreality of these same manuscripts. The thing was very woodenly done—much exaggerated, the women thought—but, for the purpose in hand, it was effectively demonstrated that Ruckersville was an exceedingly funny sort of dead crater of literary inspiration.

Mr. Bone had not concerned himself with any consideration for the harmony of dramatic art in having The Town Testament dramatized. Therefore, if the first two acts were historical, the last two were allegorical. The Angel reappeared and now remained constantly in the background. Apparently the spirit of life had changed in the town. There was a new order of things, which the audience was made to understand by the much more agreeable expression of the Angel. There was a moving scene of workmen, the climax of which appeared to be the breaking of ground for the Bone building. And a crowded scene full of animation on the square under conditions of prosperity brought on, the audience was left to infer,

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ITS delightful flavor "carries you back" to the land of warm hearts and hospitable homes.

Even the cleverest of Southern Cooks might envy the perfection of

Campbell's CHICKEN-GUMBO (OKRA) SOUP

The rich broth is combined with whole-tomato purée and contains tender chicken-meat, fine Virginia ham and thin slices of the juicy Okra—all spiced in characteristic Southern fashion.

Try this tempting soup for dinner *today*. See what a pleasing variety it gives to the regular menu.

Don't limit your choice to one or two of the delicious Campbell "kinds". Order them by the dozen—assorted. And enjoy the whole inviting list.

"For what I crave I'll do and dare . . None but the brave Deserve the fare".

21 kinds
10c a can

Asparagus	Julienne
Beef	Mock Turtle
Bouillon	Mulligatawny
Celery	Mutton Broth
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Clam Chowder	Printanier
Consommé	Tomato
Vegetable	Tomato-Okra
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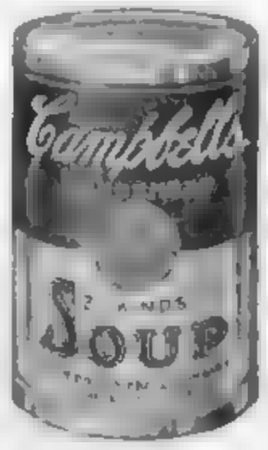

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Women's "ONYX" Black, White and Tan Gauze Lisle with "DUB-L" TOP and High Spliced Heel; a Very Superior Quality. Our regular 50c. value, which will be offered at the Anniversary Sale Price of . **35c. per pair, 3 for $1.00**

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Look for your dealer's announcement in the daily papers on this date, April 17, for full particulars, and if you cannot get service at the dealer's from whom you always buy "ONYX" Hosiery, write us, and we will direct you to some dealer who can supply you.

An exquisite Coles Phillips drawing in original colors—suitable for framing—will be sent on receipt of 4 cents postage.

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by numerous recent enterprises and industries, and more particularly by a more cheerful anticipation of the mere joys of life. Never did a man describe so complete a circle in rude dramatic art to get at a compliment to himself and at the vindication of his own point of view.

The romantic passion, in particular, received astonishing emphasis in every scene now. Lovers appeared at every angle and in all the spare places in the drama. Courtship from the first incipient glance was portrayed with enthusiasm in every stage. And the climax—if there could be said to be a climax to such a performance—was in next to the last scene, when some of the easily recognized older people appeared to withdraw into a sort of blessing attitude in the background, while the front of the stage was given over to a series of innocent but ardent courtships.

And for the sake of my own views upon the subject of ballet and ballet dancers—holding, as I do, that this form of amusement is only suitable for young children to look at and enjoy—I wish that I might say that the play of The Recording Angel ended here. Certainly Mr. Bone had given the community a number of salutary shocks in the course of the evening and could have well afforded to leave out the closing feature, which was a scandal and an outrage of which you may hear to this day in Ruckersville. In setting it down here you will understand that I am far from defending or approving Jim Bone's conduct.

Just as everybody in the audience was wondering what would happen next, the orchestra began a lively, flirting, kicking tune, and twenty figures, clad only in pink tights and a series of very full pink ruffles that reached not nearly to their knees, and bodices cut very low, whirled upon the stage, described the motions of a flight of butterflies that had suddenly been reduced to leg flights instead of wing flutterings. There was a moment of breathless silence during which those unspeakably pretty little pink beings showed what they could do to improve the audience's opinion of the suppleness of the human body, by presenting first one phase of it, then another, for their consideration. Then there was a rousing yell of delight from the back part of the house where there were no less than a hundred young farmers and hillbillies, who had bought standing room and were now making the best of it by pounding upon the floor with two hundred feet. The pretty pink beings responded by shaking all the curls in their heads at them. This brought on more yells and a louder beating upon the boards. Never on election nights, or at any other time, had there been such an unparalleled demonstration.

Suddenly in the midst of the uproar some one screamed. The lights were instantly turned up and it was seen that Mrs. Alexander Rucker-Martin had fainted. In an agonized moment the blessed relief of unconsciousness had overtaken her. It was not only that she refused to receive the impressions of pink legs upon the retinas of her eyeballs; it was that she could not fail to observe that the captain was more than willing to receive them. And even as the curtain went down upon the disgraceful exhibition, and the captain, assisted by Elbert White, bore his senseless spouse down the aisle, it was observed by all that the captain still smiled fatuously and happily.

I say, I make no excuse for this feature of an otherwise instructive occasion. I deplore it. Still, there is this extenuating circumstance: if we remained as the Creator designed us and left us, we should all be in costumes of even less material than those worn by any ballet dancer.

Naturally, Mr. Bone never again got a full house. The lines were drawn, and those particular saints who have everywhere left the theater to be debauched in their absence refused to attend any more plays in Bone Hall. If they could have consented to go back they might have by the force of their demands been instrumental in eliminating the ballet. As it was, this dance and these dancers became a feature of the place. And all the young people, besides many older ones, were in constant attendance there during the winter that followed. It was not that they were vicious; but, desiring amusement and having no better standard, to them the ballet typified what they had so far missed in life—a whimsical, joyful expression in motion of youth, beauty and happiness.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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You will notice a marked improvement in your complexion the *first day* you use this efficient skin beautifier. A wonderful aid to the splendid effects of Palmolive Soap.

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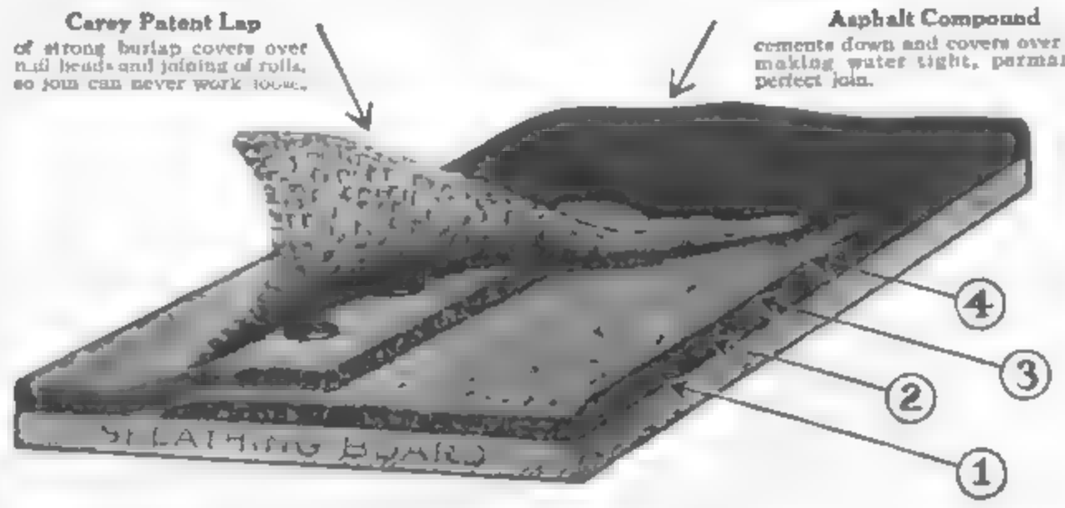
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3. Outer Cover of Heavy Burlap
Imbedded over cement body, protects it and gives great tensile strength to the Carey Roof
4. Asphalt Compound Imbedded into Burlap

Carey's Flexible Cement Roofing

is the highest type of modern roof construction—the result of years of labor and experiments. It consists of a heavy, flexible cement body placed between a substantial woolen felt foundation and an outer covering of strong Calcutta Burlap, in which, in turn, is imbedded a heavy asphalt compound.

The flexible cement body is the *heart* of Carey's roofing. It is the most durable, water-proof and weather-resisting cement composition ever constructed for a roofing purpose. It is tempered to resist the greatest extremes of heat and cold.

The *life* and *flexibility* of this cement body are *permanently preserved* by the woolen felt foundation and the outer covering of Burlap. This strong burlap gives great *tensile strength* to the Carey Roof and is itself preserved by the asphalt compound imbedded in its meshes.

The Carey Patent Lap (illustrated above) makes the joins of the roofing perfectly water-tight. This patent lap consists of an extension of the burlap which covers over the nails, and when cemented down, makes the Carey Roof a *solid sheet* over the entire top of the building.

Thus the Carey Roof is absolutely *time-proof*. It cannot *dry-out, crack, or deteriorate*, because its "heart" of flexible asphalt cement is *hermetically sealed* from the action of the elements, *all the wear coming upon the outer surface of asphalt compound.*

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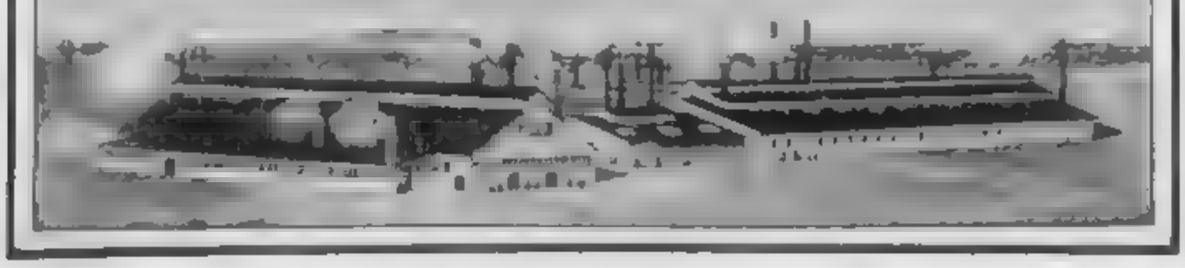

The Senator's Secretary

ONE of the prevalent literary—if we may call it such—diversions of the period is the writing of the story of the beginning, progress and culmination of the break between those erstwhile bosom friends, "Dear Theodore" and "Dear Will," known in public life as former President Roosevelt and present President Taft.

Being somewhat literary—after a manner of speaking—it is my intention to take a hack at that story myself, and I claim nothing for the narrative that shall follow except that it is absolutely and irrefragably true. It is the real story—that is, the real story of the beginning of the break, of the first dissension, of the primary incentive that led, through many and devious routes, to the avowed candidacy for the nomination this year by Mr. Roosevelt in opposition to the man whom he personally made president of the United States, whom he selected from all the candidates for the place, whom he nominated by the power of the presidency and its officeholders, and whom he elected by the virtue of his overwhelming popularity. It is not to be the story of the subsequent clashes, and misunderstandings, and jealousies, and condemnations, and alleged ingratitude, and alleged intolerance and all other causes for the great rupture. It is only the story of the beginning, of the first rift in the lute, of the initial divergence.

Mr. Taft was elected president on November 3, 1908. There was a day or so of jubilation in the White House, and then the course of the Government's business proceeded as smoothly as any business could proceed with the dynamic Roosevelt in direction. It had been apparent for weeks that Mr. Taft would defeat Mr. Bryan. That event was as certain as it was certain that election day would dawn. Consequently, there had been tentative discussions among Republicans as to the division of the spoils by Mr. Taft and to tentative allotments of office, even before Taft's election was finally accomplished. The large concern at the moment was the personnel of the Taft Cabinet.

Taft's First Kick Over the Traces

Candidates for Cabinet places appeared right after election. Of course, strictly speaking, no man can be a candidate for a Cabinet place, for the Cabinet must be, or should be, of the personal selection of the president. But, nevertheless, various ways are found to push claims of various men for Cabinet places, and so politics, and not the personal desires of the president, cuts a large figure in the final selections. Men are "mentioned," you understand, usually at the suggestion of themselves or their friends, and the "attention of the president is called" to their qualifications, political strength and to the other impelling reasons for their selection.

The question of the attorney-generalship in the Taft Cabinet was important. Nobody had an idea that Mr. Taft would continue Charles J. Bonaparte, Mr. Roosevelt's attorney-general at the close of the Administration, in the office, and the friends of various men qualified for the place began to press the claims of various eminent lawyers. One man whose name was urged was Frank B. Kellogg, of St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr. Kellogg was then acting for the Government in the prosecution of the Standard Oil case. He had made a great reputation for himself. He was fitted in every way. Moreover, Colonel Roosevelt had the highest regard for his abilities and his character and his work, and Colonel Roosevelt was for him for attorney-general.

When Colonel Roosevelt is for anybody he is for that person hard. He was enthusiastic for Kellogg, and he told Mr. Taft that Kellogg was the one man in all the country fitted to be attorney-general and to carry out the Roosevelt corporation policies. Colonel Roosevelt had various talks with Mr. Taft on the subject, and became convinced that Mr. Taft would appoint Kellogg. Consequently, Roosevelt told Kellogg and the friends of Kellogg that the matter was as good as settled. This all occurred in the time between election day, November 3, 1908, and the opening day of Congress, December 7, 1908. Mr. Roosevelt told others, also, and the word passed in the inner circle that Kellogg was likely to be the next attorney-general. Kellogg's friends thought so, and they were elated.

The Gridiron Club gave its first dinner for that season at the New Willard Hotel on the night of December 12, 1908—Saturday night. At that dinner there was a friend of Kellogg who had known him from boyhood, who had been active in pushing the claims of Kellogg, who was one of the closest and most intimate friends of Colonel Roosevelt, a man of much importance in the business and financial world. Also at that dinner were many members of the Roosevelt Administration, many senators, representatives, and scores of the biggest men of the country from all states and leaders in every walk of life. President Roosevelt sat at the right hand of the presiding officer at the dinner and President-elect Taft sat next to President Roosevelt. Vice-President Fairbanks sat at the left of the presiding officer, and Vice-President-elect Sherman next to Fairbanks. The others were scattered about the room.

Mr. Taft had come up from Augusta, Georgia, to attend the dinner. He intended to take the train at midnight that night, go to New York for a few days and then go back to Georgia. It was his plan to leave New York on Thursday, December seventeenth, and go back to the South without stopping in Washington.

What Frank B. Kellogg Missed

The Gridiron Club had fun with its distinguished guests, and the distinguished guests had fun with the Gridiron Club. The outgoing and the incoming presidents were lampooned and came back sturdily. It was a big night. The dinner was over at midnight. As the guests were going out a United States senator, whose name it is not necessary to mention, stopped to speak with the friend of Kellogg mentioned above.

The senator knew that the other man was a friend of Kellogg, but he also knew that the business connections of the other man were such that he might naturally, from business reasons, be averse to seeing a trustbuster like Kellogg in the Cabinet. So the senator, rather jubilantly, said to Kellogg's friend: "Well, we've got it fixed so Kellogg won't be in Taft's Cabinet."

"Is that so?" asked the other man rather lamely, for he had been told by President Roosevelt that the matter was as good as settled.

"It certainly is," chuckled the senator. "We fixed it today. Frank Kellogg won't get the place. That's decided upon—fixed," and he moved off, still chuckling.

The other man found Kellogg, who was at the dinner—or, at any rate, in the hotel.

"Frank," he said, "you won't be appointed attorney-general."

"What do you mean?" gasped Kellogg.

"I mean just what I said. You won't be appointed attorney-general by Mr. Taft."

"How do you know?" asked Kellogg.

"I can't tell you how I know, but I know. I have no doubt that my information is correct. You won't get the place."

"But," insisted Kellogg, "I have been assured by President Roosevelt that I am to have the place."

"That may be," said the friend. "Mr. Roosevelt has told me he thinks Mr. Taft will appoint you, but I know differently."

Next morning the friend called up the White House and made an appointment to see the President. Meantime Mr. Taft had gone to New York. The appointment was for Monday morning, December fourteenth, at eleven o'clock.

The friend of Kellogg went to the White House. "Theodore," he said to President Roosevelt, "Mr. Taft doesn't intend to appoint Frank Kellogg attorney-general."

"You're crazy!" exclaimed the President. "Why, I have every assurance that he will appoint Kellogg."

"Has Mr. Taft ever said so in so many words?"

"No," Mr. Roosevelt replied, "but I have urged him strongly to appoint Kellogg, telling him how necessary I think it is to have Kellogg in that place to continue my policies, and it is my opinion that he intends to appoint him."

"Well, he doesn't intend to appoint him. Some other man will get the place."

"By Godfrey!" shouted President Roosevelt, "we'll see about that!"

He called in Secretary Loeb, and instructed Loeb to get in communication with Mr. Taft by long-distance telephone and to ask Mr. Taft to stop in Washington

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on his way back to Georgia. They got Taft to the telephone and it was arranged that Taft should stop over for a night in Washington instead of going straight back to Georgia.

It may be remembered that there was some newspaper speculation because Mr. Taft, on Thursday, December 17, 1908, stopped overnight at the White House with President Roosevelt instead of carrying out his announced plan of going back to Georgia without stopping at Washington. Mr. Taft did stay overnight at the White House on that date, and the reason he stayed overnight was because President Roosevelt asked him to. And the reason President Roosevelt asked him to was because President Roosevelt wanted to find out about the appointment of Kellogg as attorney-general.

President Roosevelt demanded the appointment of Kellogg. He went so far as to say he understood Mr. Taft had virtually promised the place to him for Kellogg. Mr. Taft called the attention of Mr. Roosevelt to the fact that he had not promised the place to Kellogg, that he had listened to the indorsements of Kellogg by Mr. Roosevelt and others and had taken the matter under advisement. He said bluntly to Mr. Roosevelt that he had made no definite promise, and that if Mr. Roosevelt had that impression from his conversations about Kellogg it was an erroneous impression.

Moreover, Mr. Taft said he did not intend to appoint Kellogg. He said he had the highest admiration for Kellogg's abilities as a lawyer and for the work he had done and was doing in the Standard Oil case, but he did not think it wise to have as attorney-general in his Cabinet a man identified with a prosecution then in progress. He intended to continue Mr. Kellogg in the Standard Oil case, of course, and was confident of his success; but he desired to keep him where he was and not take him into the Cabinet. Besides, he wanted as attorney-general a lawyer who was not identified with any of the cases then pending, in order that he might be free to carry out the plans he, Taft, had in mind as to other legal policies of the Government.

Colonel Roosevelt urged Mr. Taft to reconsider and name Kellogg, but Mr. Taft refused. There was no anger in the conference. Both men were pleasant and polite and both firm, but Colonel Roosevelt was disappointed and, to tell the truth, shocked.

Before The Colonel Sailed Away

President Roosevelt had other candidates for office. He wanted George von Lengerke Meyer, who was his postmaster-general, retained by Mr. Taft in some Cabinet position. He wanted a place for William Loeb, Junior, his efficient secretary. Contrary to a current report, he did not ask that Jimmie Garfield should be retained as the head of the Department of the Interior or elsewhere. Mr. Taft made Mr. Meyer his secretary of the navy. That was not so hard of accomplishment, for it committed Taft politically in no way, and everybody in Massachusetts got in behind Meyer, both Senators Lodge and Crane being for him. The actuating motive for Lodge was to keep Meyer in public life in Washington and keep him out of Massachusetts, for he knew if Meyer went back to Massachusetts Meyer would run for senator against him, and might win. At any rate, everybody was for Meyer, including President Roosevelt, and Meyer got the place. Also Mr. Loeb was made collector of the Port of New York.

Still the rejection of Kellogg miffed President Roosevelt. Also it led to other evidences of cross purposes—not friction, perhaps, but irritation on the part of Mr. Roosevelt at least. It was the beginning of the break.

On March 3, 1909, the day before Mr. Roosevelt left the White House, a friend called on him—an intimate personal friend. They discussed Mr. Taft.

"He isn't acting right," said Mr. Roosevelt.

"Pshaw, Theodore!" said the friend, "he hasn't done anything that should offend you. Give him a chance. You can't expect to be ex-president and president too. He's going to be president after noon tomorrow, not you. Give him a chance."

"He isn't acting right," repeated Roosevelt doggedly.

And the next day he left Washington for New York, and in a month or so sailed for Africa.

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"Snugtex" Fabric Belts are specially woven in one piece of pure wool fabric, reinforced inside with a flexible waterproof lining. They are made for wear as well as style. Every belt guaranteed for a year.

And they are more comfortable than any leather belt can possibly be, because of this exclusive comfort feature—

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How's Business and Why

THE organization of banks ought to be a pretty fair index to business conditions in a country where checks are employed to discharge obligations to the extent they are employed in the United States. Assuming this to be a correct criterion, it is interesting to observe that during February the applications to organize national banks numbered twenty-four. At the same time seventeen out of eighteen applications pending were approved and one rejected, while fourteen, with a capitalization of $2,100,000, were authorized to begin business. The average capital of the fourteen beginning business was $150,000, which is more than the average capital—about $141,250—of the 7353 national banks doing business at the close of February, 1912. The number of banks organized since the bank act went into effect has been 10,149, of which 2796 have discontinued business, leaving the number of active institutions as above stated—which number had $744,272,273 note circulation outstanding at the close of the month mentioned. The assumption is reasonable that the application for a new charter nearly every day during February proves that there is a purpose to serve a growing business want.

There is, therefore, encouragement in the latest monthly statistics of the national Comptroller's Department. Information at hand does not reveal the location of the proposed new banks—nor is it important for this writing that the location be known, since it is the business of the country as a whole that is being considered; and the statistics already quoted indicate that nearly three-quarters of the new banks are destined to serve a permanent business want. The percentage of all the banks organized that were still active at the end of February is rising seventy-two—a very creditable figure. These statistics deal with national banks only. Besides, there are always in process of formation state banks; and state banks are probably increasing in some parts of the country quite as fast as national banks. On the whole, therefore, credit facilities to meet the legitimate commercial and financial needs of the future are not likely to be lacking, so long as nothing shall occur to upset confidence. Whether confidence is making growth at present is rather a nice matter to decide. Fundamental conditions are gradually working into a shape where they will serve as a basis upon which to rear a sound and vast business structure. Obstacles to the reestablishing of sound conditions are considerable and progress is slow, for the present age differs from all others that have gone before in that it has brought forward new problems of great moment to be solved.

Less Work and More Pay

How to feed the world's people has become a serious question. How to furnish employment is an equally important question. In the Far East the cable tells of dire distress from hunger; of the slaughter of children because there is nothing for them to eat. There are hosts of unemployed in certain parts of this country—some of them shiftless and the product of the age and world conditions, and some of them willing to work, but unable to find employment for lack of fitness or because of years or other infirmity, or because there is nothing to be done where they chance to be. Whether there is an excess of people in the world is a question that might sincerely be asked; and there are very many other queries that might be raised. While some people are unable to earn enough to supply themselves with food and clothing, others are receiving and are able to enforce a return in wages that were never before paid for like work; and these very people are doing things that still add to the cost of living.

In early March there is what is known in New England as Town Meeting Day, a day when the legal voters meet to elect town officers, to make appropriations and determine the civic policy for the ensuing year. The observing student might have seen on that day in the current year frequent attempts to secure an advance in wages for town labor by hand and team. In some towns votes were adopted that hereafter eight hours should constitute a day's work in all town employment. Formerly ten hours was a day's work, though latterly it has been nine hours. From ten hours to eight registers a decrease in service of twenty per cent; and the wages are more for eight hours than they formerly were for ten hours—fifteen to thirty-three per cent greater. Nor does this arrangement affect towns only. The price of municipal labor determines to a greater or less extent the price that must be paid for similar work by the individual in the neighborhood. Even farming has to be done on a new basis. From "sun to sun" in the farmer's work has now become from seven-thirty A. M. to four-thirty P. M., with an hour for dinner, wherever the eight-hour rule is in operation; and the situation is the same in the mills and factories. Everybody wants more pay for less work; and the grocer-and-provision man wants more money for what he sells and tries to buy for as little as possible.

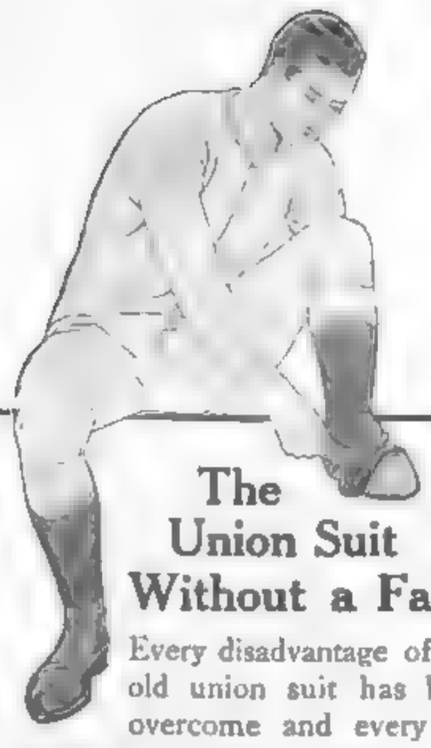
The strike of a million operatives in the coal mines of Great Britain has been in the eye of the public from the first of March. The operatives demanded a minimum wage among other advantages, which the operators were unwilling to grant; and the English government interfered in other respects also by saying that if the operators did not grant it the principle would be established in other ways—meaning, it is understood, by legislation. This establishes a precedent of government regulation of wages, which other countries may likely be called on to imitate.

John Bull's Labor Problems

Once again England furnishes a spectacle to cite in the troubles of the shipbuilding industry on the Thames. The government wanted a couple of cruisers built there, but the local company was not in a financial condition to undertake the job; and it was said that if either of the Northern concerns were to be asked to take over the Thames yard and construct the ships they would be unable to comply with the demands imposed by labor. And, were the Northern firms to undertake the construction of the vessels, it is considered certain that the labor unions would forbid their members to work upon them; and the dispute would not unlikely lead to a general shipyard strike. These things are mentioned here to illustrate the point before made that this age is peculiar in the problems that it has brought forward for consideration and solution; and these illustrations are merely a few of many that might be cited, and in only one or two of several directions in which they might be found.

These things are among the handicaps under which business is operating; and because of these handicaps it is difficult to judge when or how business enterprise will recover its former state of activity and profitableness. The situation is complicated by the radical attitude of politicians, whose leaders are beginning to be as ambitious to deprive business interests of whatever advantages they may have as they formerly were to provide those advantages. The notion that business is everything and must not be interfered with has become almost obsolete. And now it is proposed that certain kinds of business—whatever the general Government can exercise jurisdiction over—shall be regulated. When prices of commodities, transportation, and so on, shall be regulated by Federal authority it will be only a step to regulating wages, and many forms of individual initiative will perish from the land. Whether these things will come to pass is to be known hereafter rather than now; but, until they do come to pass or it is determined that they shall not, the business interests of the country will have to grope in the dark to a greater or less extent. The wonder is not that business is not better, but that it is as good as it seems to be.

It is worth while to take a closer look at business for what it may reveal. Though cotton is a cent higher in North Carolina than a month ago and eight cents higher at New York, there has been more than a corresponding advance in goods; and it is declared that for once the manufacturer is in the saddle and the buyer takes dictation. It is further declared that most of the Southern mills are so well sold ahead that they are not anxious to take orders for immediate delivery, and buyers are finding difficulty in supplying prompt delivery without bidding up prices. Yarn manufacturers are reported declining orders that



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(Patented)

Union Suit

With the seat opening running down into one leg.

It is the ideal Union Suit, for the crotch is closed like a pair of drawers. No open edges running through the crotch to draw or cut, because the seat opening runs down into one leg. No buttons in the crotch to pull and chafe. Opening down front does not connect with opening in the seat. Observe how flap across seat is fastened. Impossible to gape open or roll into uncomfortable folds.

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White Cat Union Suits

With the Patented Klosed-Krotch

For the man seeking solid comfort this is the underwear to buy. Made of the finest yarn with the special white twist, it wears like iron yet is soft and elastic, snug fitting and smooth. Comes in all weights, wool and cotton, in all sizes, proportioned to fit everybody. Look for this White Cat in the label. It is your guarantee of everlasting underwear satisfaction. If not at your dealer's, write to the originators and patentees.

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Goodknit Klosed-Krotch Athletic Union Suits,
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Goodenow-Brookfield Knitting Co., Kansas City, Mo.

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Men's Klosed-Krotch Spring Needle Knit Union Suits

Van Dyke Knitting Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Ladies' and Children's Klosed-Krotch Union Suits

Klosed-Krotch

(Patented)

COOPER UNDERWEAR CO.
Kenosha, Wisconsin

do not show satisfactory profit. The reorganization of the Southern Yarnspinners' Association is expected to prove of advantage to the trade in the matter of maintaining prices.

The South is first in the development of new crop news, for planting began there in February, though under somewhat adverse circumstances as to weather. An excess of rain delayed fieldwork, and plowing was backward in most districts. Though farmers in Texas and Oklahoma, and perhaps Louisiana, expect to plant as much cotton as last year—and it may be more—farmers in the Atlantic States are signing agreements to curtail the cotton acreage. A recent statement was that twenty thousand South Carolina farmers will reduce acreage on an average of ten acres each, or two hundred thousand acres. To what extent the farmers of other states will do the same thing will appear hereafter. The small bookings of fertilizers suggest the existence of a disinclination to farm as much or as well as last year; and the cotton acreage is not an insignificant factor in the business community when it comes to handling and disposing of the crop in the autumn. The presence of rain in the South is about the best consideration of the early season. Could certain districts of the country have had like conditions last year, agricultural crops would not have shown the deficiency they did in certain instances.

The Western farmers have been fortunate in disposing of the bulk of their products at good prices; May, July and September corn never—or at least not in over twenty years—sold so high as seventy-two cents at Chicago in March—and March settlements gave few of them any trouble. The banks encouraged them to reduce their land commitments, and interior banks generally pursued a policy of caution. These are among the causes of the increased bank deposits recently disclosed in the West. Transportation companies were greatly inconvenienced by storms the last of the winter months and traffic failed to yield the desired net return. The jobbing trade has suffered not a little from slow deliveries. Orders for merchandise have certainly been no better than, if as good as, last season. Retail trade has been better than wholesale trade. Neither manufacturers, distributers nor retailers are believed to have any large supply of goods, and in this respect the situation is looked on as favorable.

Pig-Iron Products

As a corollary to this, the West has an immense store of ready money or its credit equivalent. Chicago banks lately showed almost a billion dollars in deposits, an increase of some hundred and sixty million dollars in twelve months. The steel mills about Chicago suffered a material slump in orders at the close of winter, but were kept fairly busy on orders previously booked. A prominent banker, for some time optimistic over the business situation, is said to have modified his views and now declares that good business is mainly in necessities. The volume handled in 1911 was as large as in 1910, he observes, but net results were less satisfactory on account of the disappointing margin of profit. St. Paul lately had its largest bank clearings for a single day, but as this was the result of special tax payments, not much is made of the fact.

The Northwest thinks it sees in the heavy snows of the winter season promise of good agricultural crops this year. The first of March used to be annual settlement day in the Southwest; so much property changed hands that day that money was likely to be close and trouble was experienced in making payments. Latterly "settlement day" has been spread over two or three months, to the great relief of the situation. Settlements through Kansas City the first of March, this year, were not a quarter so large as a year before. Not the least sign of a land craze was visible. Business conditions vary about the country; and, though there is general complaint as to profits and in most cases as to dullness, there are localities, as in Southern California and portions of Texas, where development is such as to afford much satisfaction.

The additions to the unfilled orders of the United States Steel Corporation in February were less than had been looked for, being only 74,479 tons; but the total unfilled orders at the close of the month amounted to no less than 5,454,200 tons—the largest amount since the close of December, 1909. The pig-iron production

CLOTHES AS THE CAMERA SEES THEM

HERE you see *real* men wearing *real* clothes. The truthful photograph proves that the clothes fit well and look well.

We, the manufacturers, know that Michaels-Stern Clothes will fit and become *you* equally well. We ask you to prove it by trying on a suit or overcoat at the Michaels-Stern dealer's in your town. *He* will be glad to show you a splendid assortment of Spring and Summer models in a wide range of fabrics, while *we* guarantee the style, the quality and the service in every Michaels-Stern garment.

Write us to send you our book of photogravure illustrations

Michaels, Stern & Company

Largest Manufacturers of Rochester-Made Clothing

Rochester, N. Y.

"Minutes mean money.

"See how this pencil saves time. No whittling; no soiled fingers; no points broken in sharpening. Just nick the paper and pull. You have a new point in five seconds. And you can use a Blaisdell pencil *clear to the end*.

"We *must* have

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

This is what thousands of employers are saying today.

We can name a dozen concerns who have cut down their pencil-bills twenty to fifty per cent by using Blaisdell pencils.

Just figure if you can how many minutes a day your employees waste sharpening pencils and then washing their hands. Figure the broken leads; and the useless stubs thrown away.

You can't figure the lost patience of customers and others; nor the good ideas lost by waiting when the ordinary pencil breaks. *But it all counts up.*

Blaisdell pencils are made for every use.

Regular black lead-pencils in all degrees of hardness; *copying pencils;* and *colored crayon-pencils.*

They are the highest-quality pencils made. The prices range from 1 cent to 10 cents. The 5 cent pencils are the most popular.

If you don't find exactly the Blaisdell pencil you want write us and we'll see that you are supplied.

"Efficiency" is the watchword of modern business. If you employ a dozen clerks or more it will pay you to write us.

Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., Philadelphia

of the country in February was 2,100,815 tons, an increase of 6078 tons a day compared with January and the best record since June, 1910. The statement of the American Copper Producers' Association for February showed a much smaller decrease in visible copper than had been expected, owing to a surprising decrease in exports and domestic deliveries. Still, there was a decrease of 3,340,655 pounds in stocks, leaving 62,939,988 pounds, against 156,637,770 pounds a year ago. February failures were 1206 in number and were exceeded only in 1908 and 1896 in the last nineteen years, though the liabilities of $15,029,192 were exceeded in 1910, 1908, 1904, 1900 and 1897 in the same long period. February bank clearings of $12,771,819,536 were the largest for any modern February except 1910. The figures cover all the cities of the country, and the clearings of these for two months of 1912 amounted to $27,737,793, an increase of 4.9 per cent over the same period last year.

Building figures covering one hundred and three cities for February showed a contemplated expenditure of $43,693,979 compared with $37,295,968 in January of this year, and $35,745,842 for February, 1911. The statistics of idle freight cars in this country and Canada showed but 7842 cars out of use on February 28, against 13,958 a fortnight earlier, 135,938 at the beginning of January—the third day and 189,841 on March 1, 1911. No especial significance is attached to the idle-car statistics because of the embargo upon traffic caused by the weather and the inability to move freight as usual, by the active shipping of grain due to high prices, and by the demand for cars to move coal.

Railroad Earnings

The financial operations of the bulk of the railroad mileage of the country have been brought together and show, as might be expected, general decreases. On a mileage of 242,887, gross earnings were $2,805,084,723, or $30,024,816 less than for the previous year. This is not a large decrease—only 1.06 per cent; but the companies were unable to save a proportionate part in operating, and the net decrease of $24,288,388 amounted to 2.67 per cent. Neither is that record extremely unfavorable, though it does not look well when placed in contrast with the increase of nearly $9,000,000 net in 1910 and $151,000,000 in 1909; but it is favorable when set against the decrease of rising $53,000,000 in 1908. The year 1911 was the second year in the present century when the railroads failed to add to the gross receipts of the previous year. The other year was 1908, when the decrease was no less than $301,749,724. The gross earnings were nowhere so large in 1908 as they were in 1911; in truth, the 1911 gross was the largest ever except in 1910—and the net was the largest ever except in 1910 and 1909.

It is not unlikely that the first good crop and business year following 1911 will see gross earnings of the United States railroads exceeding $4,000,000,000; and $1,000,000,000 of net ought to be a reasonable achievement within comparatively few years. Company incorporations in the principal states for the first two months of the current year amounted to $318,820,000 compared with $528,619,000 for like months last year and $356,648,000 in the months of 1910. There is a marked shrinkage in the exploitation of new corporations, though not in the capital applications. Existing corporations—especially the railroads—have much need to borrow and are freely attempting to do so, with varying success.

The attempt to float $9,000,000 of Atchison four-and-a-half-per-cent bonds in London early in March was a practical failure, the underwriters having to take, it is said, eighty-three per cent. A simultaneous offer of the bonds in New York was more successful, though the rate of interest was too low to be inviting in either market. The coal strike in Great Britain was cited to explain the poor reception of this loan; but it is noted that the underwriters likewise had to take the bulk of Canadian Government and Vancouver City loans when there was no coal strike to interfere seriously. On the other hand, it is assuring to observe that there is an improved demand for bonds of small denominations. Application has been made to cut an additional amount of Southern Pacific thousand-dollar bonds into hundred-dollar bonds for

"I Want Some"

IF you're a genuine "candy kid" (or a "grown up," for that matter) and *love* good confectionery, try Necco Wafers. *These* are just about the *finest* confectionery in lozenge form that's going. How shall you know them? By the name—our trademark seal shown below—and their *general deliciousness.* Necco Wafers are one of more than 500 varieties of

Necco Sweets

favorably known everywhere for their great superiority to ordinary confectionery. You can't do better by your "sweet tooth" than to gratify it with Necco Wafers—but be sure they *are* Necco Wafers.

Necco Wafers are packed in large, well wrapped rolls. They are [illegible] eight flavors—chocolate, cinnamon, peppermint, wintergreen, [illegible] clove, sassafras, orange and [illegible]

Hub Wafers are the same delicious confection, but are wrapped in a transparent wrapper. Either will make you think you never tasted *good wafers* before.

NEW ENGLAND CONFECTIONERY CO.
Boston, Mass.

Swiss Embroideries
in latest Paris Style

delivered all charges prepaid from our stock in New York

Finest Swiss Embroidery on best wearing and most fashionable materials.

WAISTS up from $1.75

DRESSES up from $6.75

CHILD'S DRESSES up from $4.90

on batiste, marquisette, linen, cashmere, nets, voiles and all the latest silk materials.

Ask for actual samples and 1912 Paris fashion plates. *Sent free.*

SCHWEIZER & CO.
Dept. C, 105 Fifth Ave., New York

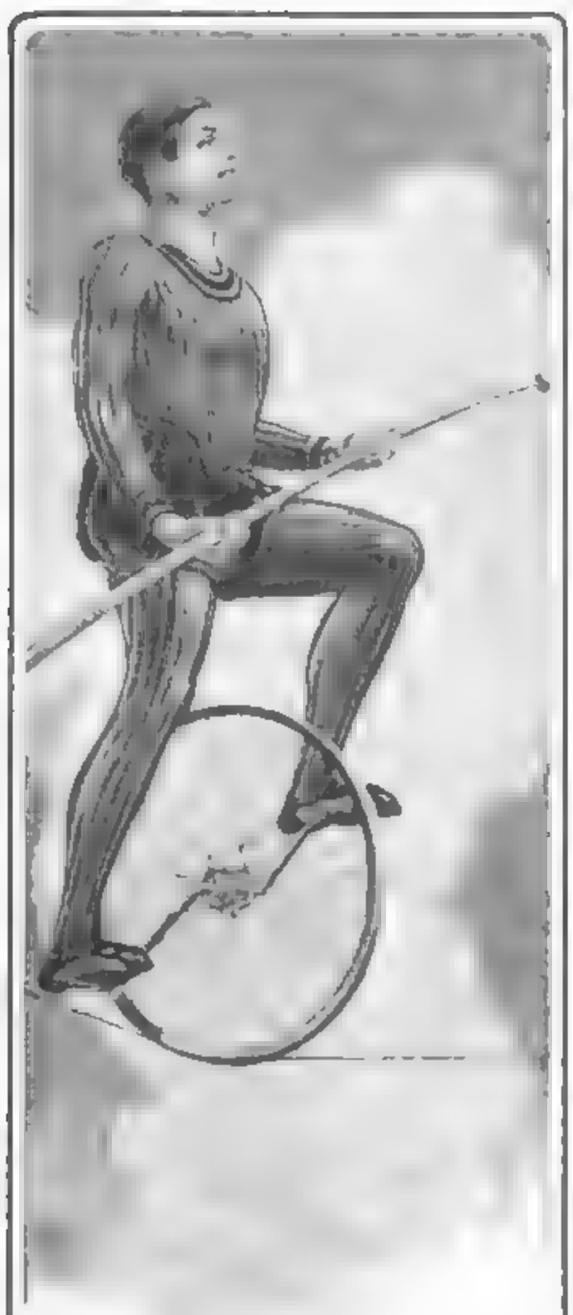
Ask your dealer for the

Engel-Cone E. C. Ventilated Shoe and be comfortable on the hottest days this summer

Sizes 6—12 for Men . . . $3.00
Sizes 2½—6 for Women and Boys 2.50
Sizes 9—2 for Boys and Girls 1.50

Address for catalog, giving your dealer's name if he cannot supply you

ENGEL-CONE SHOE CO.
34 New Street, East Boston, Mass.



Perfect
Balance
Of Nervous
System

is needed as much, or more, by the

Business Man and Busy Woman

as by any athlete, and many use

Grape-Nuts

FOOD

in training because they find it "does the business."

It is made of Wheat and Barley, and perfectly cooked at the factory.

It contains Phosphate of Potash (grown in the grain)—the element which unites in the body with albumin and water to form and rebuild the gray matter in Brain and Nerve centres.

That's why

"There's a Reason"

for

Grape-Nuts

A trial will tell.

Postum Cereal Company, Limited,
Battle Creek, Mich., U. S. A.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.
Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

English consumption, making $1,121,000 of bonds of that issue in small pieces for that use. Appetite for bonds of small denominations might, it would seem, be cultivated to advantage in the United States as it has not been heretofore. Corporations have been lately borrowing a good deal on short-time notes—a pretty certain indication of poor credit for long issues.

The monetary situation is more favorable than the credit situation, the dull state of trade making for ease where credit is good. In March a certain firmness of loan rates existed, due in part to preparation for quarterly payments at the beginning of April, though the exportation of gold had some effect. These influences were counterbalanced fully or in part by the quiet state of stock speculation; and, on the whole, money came near being a negative factor for the time being, and not calculated to deter commitments where the borrower could see a profitable use. To find a profitable but safe use for money is the greatest problem of the times. Furthermore, there is the powerful factor of politics to enter the business calculation, and this is bound to operate as a deterrent until a fairly clear line can be had on the personnel of the presidential candidates, the party platforms and the probable success of one ticket or the other. Prejudice and the desire of the individual sometimes leads to expression of opinion that this or that political outcome is probable; and if the prediction chances to strike the popular wish its acceptance becomes contagious and there is attempt to discount the declaration of the November balloting. Whether it will prove that way this year cannot now be said, though it is likely that the fear of preelection dullness will bring the usual hesitation among business men.

The baneful effect of labor difficulties at home and in the leading countries of Europe should not be forgotten in this connection; yet it is certain that this obstacle and all others will in time pass away and favorable trade conditions will assert themselves. The present position is most trying—in a sense benumbing to effort; and there will be seen that disposition to cautious procedure which will guarantee the best preparation to meet whatever the future may bring and to take advantage of whatever opening there may be for enlarged effort.

In the judgment of some people there is yet to be reaped in the form of financial reverses in the mercantile community the harvest of the protracted period of unprofitable business before the real turn toward better conditions will be witnessed. Realization of this possibility is calculated to strengthen the purpose to act cautiously in making financial commitments of every sort in the months to come.

A Lucky Move

GLEN T. BRADEN, of Pittsburgh and Oklahoma, runs several big natural-gas and oil companies in Oklahoma. He was in his office in Tulsa one day when a collector came in and told him this tale of woe.

It is the custom with the natural-gas companies in Tulsa, as elsewhere, to shut off the gas when the gasbills are not paid by the tenth of the month. This gives them a reasonably sure thing as to the collection of their bills, as gas is almost universally used as fuel.

The collector had a gasbill in the negro district. He went to the house and the negro woman he met disclaimed responsibility, saying she was merely a roomer. The collector insisted on payment.

The woman saw a moving-van on the street and shouted: "Say, you, come over hyar an' move me; dey done gwine shet off de gas."

Her belongings were stowed in a dilapidated trunk and she was soon on her way. The collector shut off the gas. As the collector continued on his way he came upon the same woman in a house in the next block where she had moved in.

He asked for payment and it was refused. He started to shut off the gas.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, you gwine to shet dis place off too?" wailed the woman. The collector was obdurate.

The moving-van was still in sight. The woman hailed it, threw her trunk in, moved two doors below, and as the collector was passing she yelled to him:

"Now, drat you, shet dis off—we's burnin' coal hyar!"

ACME QUALITY

Paints have great tenacity

You know that sand and water will hold together fairly well in extreme cold. You know, too, that a little warmth or rough usage will soon cause them to fall apart. Some "paints" are put together on the sand-and-water principle—are made to yield a good profit to all but the man who eventually buys them and tries to make good use of them. Naturally, paints of that kind are quick to blister, peel, crack and fade. Do away with all doubt by using

ACME QUALITY

Paints, Enamels, Stains and Varnishes

They withstand heat, cold and hard wear—hold their color, last longest, look the best—are easiest to apply. See that the Acme Quality label is on every can of paint you pay your good money for.

Acme Quality Enamel

There's a kind for every purpose—durable, glossy white for bath tubs, in tints or rich colors for walls, woodwork or furniture.

Acme Quality Linoleum Varnish

It renews the pattern of old and protects the pattern of new linoleum—makes it last twice as long.

The Acme Quality Painting Guide Book

Clearly explains the proper selection and use of paints and finishes for all surfaces about the home. Splendid color illustrations. Send for free copy to-day. You will value it. There's an Acme Quality Paint, Enamel, Stain and Varnish for every need. Tell your dealer what you require. If he can't supply you, write to

ACME WHITE LEAD AND COLOR WORKS

Dept. Q, Detroit, Michigan

They Won't Slip

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

50¢ Attached All Dealers

After All Is Said and Done, The Question Is—TO SLIP OR NOT TO SLIP.

Over 65% of Rubber Heels sold in 18 of the largest cities of the United States are Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

You will prefer them, too, because of the Friction Plug—a patented feature—which positively prevents slipping, and makes them wear longer. Hence, the most economical heel to buy.

To the Retail Trade

It pays to give the public what they want.

The majority want Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels.

Order from your jobber today.

Then again, the extra quality rubber affords greater resiliency—and there are no holes in the heels to track mud into the house.

Insist upon Cat's Paw Cushion Rubber Heels of your dealer. **The name is easy to remember,** and they cost no more than the ordinary kind.

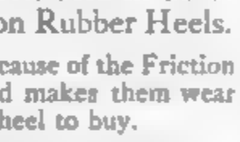
If you will send us the name of your shoe dealer we will mail you a Cat's Paw Bangle Bracelet free.

Foster Rubber Co. 105 Federal St. Boston, Mass.

Canadian Office, Eastern Township Bank Bldg., Montreal

IMPERIAL *Three Dollar* HATS

"Imperial Hats" are the choice of the Cosmopolite. Their metropolitan *air* gives distinction to his appearance. Imperial value is such that Three Dollars marks the price limit for a hat. More money cannot buy more value. All of which is crystallized in the Imperial guarantee—Satisfaction or a new hat free. Write for Portfolio of Imperial Styles done in colors. It is Free.



Samuel Mundheim Co., Makers, 220-5th Ave., New York

Brooklyn
Chicago
Canada

IMPERIAL
NEW YORK

Sonnets of a Suffragette

By Berton Braley

CONCLUDED—XI

OH, DEAR, I simply know 'twill break my heart!
And yet, of course, it surely must be done—
A vigorous campaign has just begun
Against the men who didn't take our part
Up in the legislature; and they say
That if the Speaker tries to make the run
We must go after Him with "sword and gun"
And "get His scalp" upon election day!

The Speaker—He's that lovely man I met
When I was selling candy long, long since!
It's hard to have to fight Him so; and yet
I guess we must, although it makes me wince.
Somehow He seems to me a Perfect Prince!
I sometimes wish I weren't a Suffragette.

XII

I didn't want to fight Him; but I heard
Something today that made me greatly vexed—
Amused, I mean. I wonder what is next!
Oh, men are truly foolish and absurd!
They say He is engaged to that rare bird
An Anti-Suffragette, and She can wind
Him right around her thumb if She's inclined;
And that—but, there, I don't believe a word!

Doubtless She's of the sort that coo and cling
And think of nothing else but men and clothes—
A little, simpering, fluffy, blue-eyed Thing—
The kind men like, but every woman loathes.
Well, let Him have Her if it is His nature;
But He *shan't* go back to the legislature!

XIII

I saw Him in an auto with the Girl.
She is a pretty thing, without a doubt,
But of the kind that sigh and sulk and pout
And try to keep a fellow in a whirl.
My! He was tender with Her as could be—
Swinging Her gently in and lightly out—
He must be strong as men you read about;
But what He sees in Her I cannot see!

I wish I'd known He liked the fluffy sort—
I *can* be fluffy as a fluffy kitty.
But—— I have got to hurry and report
A lot of urgent things to the committee.
I'm rather sad and dreary altogether.
Isn't it horrid, cloudy, somber weather?

XIV

Well, Mr. Speaker's back to private life.
Although we women didn't have the vote,
As Brother says, we surely "got His goat!"
But it was war—and war unto the knife.
We pushed our menfolks into all the strife;
Dodgers and sandwich men we set afloat;
And, oh, the campaign fictions that we wrote!
Well, She—I guess—won't be the Speaker's *wife*!

I s'pose I ought to cheer; and yet, somehow,
I'm not so happy as I wish I were;
In fact, I'm *feeling* rather tearful now
And everything I look at is a blur.
I wonder why my eyes are getting dim—
I never even cared a snap for Him!

XV

Time was that Love was lord of all my dreams;
But I have put him by, for now I know
His kingdom is a realm of empty show,
Of silly kisses and of foolish schemes.
The Cause of Woman calls me, and it teems
With promise and with glory all aglow!
My destiny is plain and I shall go
Forward to that far goal which gleams and gleams!

Marriage and home and such I must abjure.
My path is straight; I shall not look aside—
I wonder if He's absolutely sure
That She's the kind He wants to make His bride!
Rue shall be mine, not rosemary and clover—
Maybe He'll change His mind and throw Her over!

XVI

They've put me down to make a little speech
In celebration of our winning fight.
We hold a jubilation Thursday night,
When we will let the lady eagle screech;
For in the fortress we have made a breach,
Driven our foes completely out of sight—
And now are marching on in serried might—
That's from my talk; it really is a peach!

Mrs. Sarah Tyson Rorer says:

"All coffee may look alike—the *difference* is in the cup."

And the good housewife herself realizes that the first thing is to get the *best* quality—coffee that when it reaches your kitchen still retains all the original flavor and aroma. There is such a coffee put up in a *"Triple Sealed," Non-Aroma-Leak Package* and sold under the name of

Mrs. Rorer's OWN BLEND Coffee

Don't forget the name—you cannot buy *this* coffee from wagon peddlers, canvassers, premium or mail order houses—but you can get it from your local grocer—and if you do not find your first trial package to be better in every way than any other coffee you have ever used *at any price*, he is authorized to promptly refund your money. If your grocer does not sell Mrs. Rorer's Own Blend Coffee, send us his name, enclosing 42c, and we will send you a pound package all charges paid.

Let us send you Mrs. Rorer's new book, **"27 Coffee Recipes"** for making coffee and delicious desserts with coffee as a flavoring—this book will be sent you free—write today.

Harry B. Gates, *President*
Climax Coffee & Baking Powder Co.
52 Main Street, Indianapolis, Indiana

Have Your Own Steel Fireproof Garage

Any Man Can Set It Up — $72.50

Have your own Garage—make sure no one is using your car without your knowledge. Save $25 to $35 monthly garage charge. Save $50 to $100 cost of building by ordering

Edwards Fireproof Steel Garage

Shipped complete, F. O. B. Cincinnati, on receipt of $72.50. Any man can set it up, ready for use, in a few hours. Blue prints and simple directions come with shipment. Sizes come 10 feet wide, 4 to 18 or 20 feet long. 10 feet high. Are large enough for car and all accessories. Absolutely Fireproof, Weather Proof, Indestructible. Locks are set securely. Any owner can put up. Booklet, with full description and illustrations sent on request. (65)

EDWARDS MFG. CO., 640-680 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

The Interlock

WINTER UNDERWEARS

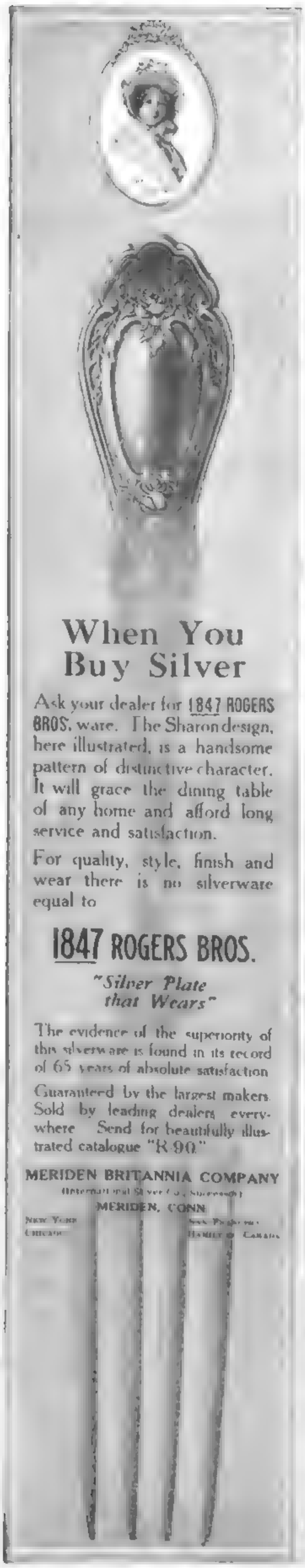
"Singularly soft and soothing."

The softest and smoothest underwear, and the lightest for warmth. Remember that, and get Interlock next winter.

For men and boys—50c and up.
For infants—25c to $1.50.

Ask your dealer for Interlock Underwear. ***Write us for booklet and sample.***

General Knit Fabric Company Utica N Y



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Ask your dealer for 1847 ROGERS BROS. ware. The Sharon design, here illustrated, is a handsome pattern of distinctive character. It will grace the dining table of any home and afford long service and satisfaction.

For quality, style, finish and wear there is no silverware equal to

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

The evidence of the superiority of this silverware is found in its record of 65 years of absolute satisfaction

Guaranteed by the largest makers. Sold by leading dealers everywhere. Send for beautifully illustrated catalogue "R-90"

MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMPANY

(International Silver Co., Successor)

MERIDEN, CONN.

New York Chicago San Francisco Hamilton, Canada

I wonder if He's likely to be there!
I'm going to wear the swellest thing I've got;
And I shall have a sunburst in my hair—
But what's the use? For—just as like as not—
He will be with that girl I've spoken of,
Sitting at home—and maybe making love!

XVII

He called today and brought that girl along—
Both He and She were wonderfully nice.
At first I treated them as cold as ice;
But very soon I felt that I was wrong.
For in that voice of His, so deep and strong,
He said: "It's strange you haven't met before.
This is my little sister Leonore—
As nice a girl as any in the throng."

My goodness gracious—if I'd only known!
She's just the sweetest girl you'd ever find
Of course the fault is really all my own;
But She's so nice! I love that fluffy kind!
And He is not engaged; has no romance—
That gives *some* girl a little better chance!

XVIII

He wants to know what Woman's Suffrage means:
And so He comes to me, he says, to learn.
I've tried to make it plain to Him, in turn,
How it would break political machines
And put an end to all disgraceful scenes
About the polls. He really seems to yearn
For knowledge, and His eyes with fervor burn—
And—my! He says He loves my pork and beans!

He says He sees He made a great mistake—
He never will oppose the Cause again!
And then He asks me for a piece of cake—
He says my cooking would make slaves of men!
He says we women really ought to vary
Our plan of fight—and make it culinary!

XIX

"And, now that I'm converted hard and fast
And tethered in your Woman's Suffrage yard,
What is to be my just and fair reward
For turning thus my back on all my past?"
He asked me that last night. I only cast
A glance at Him—well, that is where He starred!
He seized me in His arms and held me hard;
And so I'd won my victory at last!

Won't it be fine to be a great man's spouse—
One of the greatest on the continent—
Wife of the noted Speaker of the House—
Wife of the Senator—the President!
For Arthur's certain to be great in time—
And who can tell how loftily He'll climb?

XX

Isn't she pretty, Arthur? Cute and pink!
And—my!—so fat and active! Oh, she smiled!
I wonder if there ever was a child
One-half so nice as she is—do you think?
Well, what do you think of that! I saw her wink—
She understood! I tell you she is keen;
The brightest baby I have ever seen.
Just see her eyes—how knowingly they blink!

My dear, she wants that package! What is in it?
What makes you smile so? Wait and I'll see too!
Hush, baby; you shall have it in a minute.
Your Speaker's Gavel! Arthur dear—she *knew!*
Just think! She's only three months old, and yet
She knows her mind—and she's a Suffragette!

What She Needed

A VIRGINIA farmer was driving a refractory cow down the road one morning. The cow and the driver came to a crossroad. The man wanted the cow to go straight ahead, but the cow picked out the crossroad.

A negro was coming along the crossroad.

"Haid her off! Haid her off!" yelled the driver.

The negro jumped about the road and waved his arms. The cow proceeded calmly on her way.

"Haid her off! Haid her off, nigger!" yelled the driver.

"Ise a-tryin' ter!" replied the negro.

"Speak to her! Speak to her and she'll stop!"

"Good mawnin', cow—good mawnin'!" said the negro politely.

Prof. Anderson's Finality in Food

The Result of Seven Years' Work

These delightful foods—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice—hold a unique position.

Here alone are the millions of food granules literally blasted to pieces.

Whole grains are made wholly digestible. That has for decades been the ultimate aim of scientists in food.

The Costly Process

To accomplish this purpose the grains are sealed up in bronze-steel guns. Then the guns are revolved for sixty minutes *in a heat of 550 degrees.*

Every atom of moisture within the grain is changed to superheated steam. When the guns are unsealed that steam explodes. The granules of grain are blasted to pieces, so digestion can instantly act. It begins before the grains reach the stomach.

Your physician knows what this means.

Puffed Wheat, 10c
Puffed Rice, 15c
Except in Extreme West

The explosion does this in addition:

The grains are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread.

A myriad cells are created, each surrounded by toasted walls, so the crisp grains melt in the mouth.

The terrific heat has given the grains the flavor of toasted nuts. And the grains become the most delightful foods ever served on the morning table.

How Millions of Dishes Are Being Served

Folks who know Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice now consume 22,000,000 dishes monthly.

Some serve them with cream and sugar. Some mix them with fruit, to give a nut-like blend.

Some serve like crackers in a bowl of milk. That's the ideal bedtime dish.

Boys eat them dry, like peanuts. Girls use them in candy making. Cooks use them in frosting cake.

These countless people are all happier and healthier because these foods were invented.

Have you found them out?

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers—Chicago

ARROW COLLAR

fit each other, the man and the occasion, im

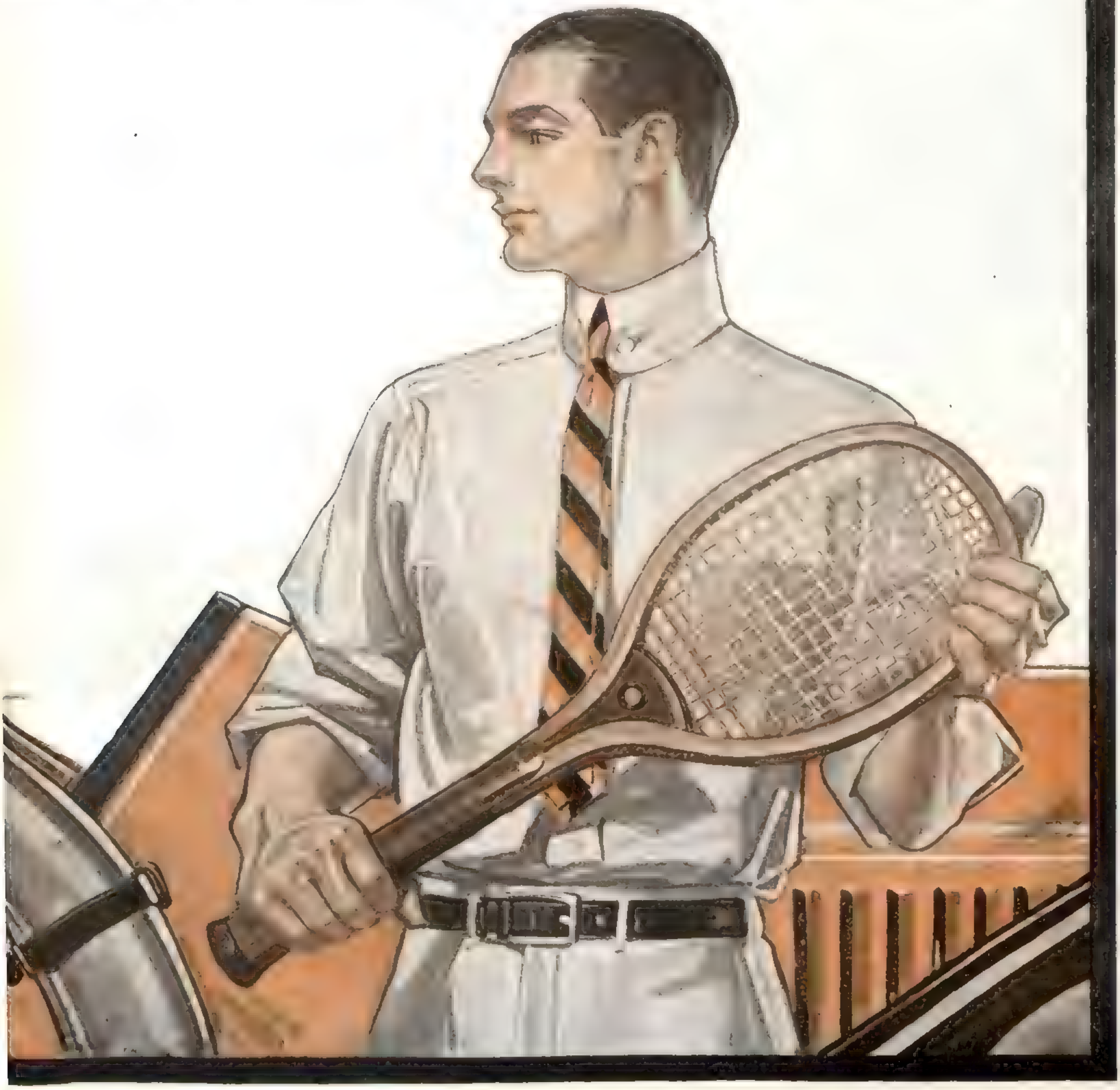
air of *distinction.*

ARROW COLLARS, 2 for 25 cents, $1.50 a dozen. ARROW SHIRTS, $1.5(

RS AND SHIRTS

parting to the dress an attractive and valuable

and $2.00. Send for style booklets. CLUETT, PEABODY & COMPANY, 457 River Street, Troy, New York, U. S. A.



MR. HENRY SONNEBORN, founder of Henry Sonneborn & Co., Baltimore, is the man to whom America is indebted for high-class clothing combining perfect style and fit, honest fabrics and honest workmanship at medium prices.

When he came to America a poor boy, in 1849, there was no such thing as durable or stylish clothing at economical prices.

In his mind's eye he saw thousands of men, millions of men, waiting for the opportunity to buy economical, durable clothing, well made, with the cut of fashion. With this in mind he commenced manufacturing in a small way—the first clothing factory in America.

From that time on he has been steadily bettering the essentials as well as the details of medium-priced clothing. He is the father of to-day's new standard for judging clothes values, the standard of

Style plus Service
Style plus Values
Style plus Fit
Style plus Workmanship
Style plus Quality

He has made it possible for a man to wear a suit of medium-priced clothes and hold his head up and his shoulders back and be pointed out as well dressed.

To-day he stands at the head of the largest clothing factory in the world. Now he has concentrated all of his experience and the energy of his thousands of skilled employees into one product and called it

Styleplus Clothes $17

The Same Price the World Over

You should find a Styleplus agent near you by looking for the Styleplus sign. If you have any difficulty, write to Henry Sonneborn & Co., and we will send you a style folder, factory booklet and samples and see that your needs are supplied by the nearest Styleplus distributor.

Look for the guarantee in the pocket. Look for the label in the coat.

Should any Styleplus garment fail to give reasonable wear, the Styleplus dealer from whom it is purchased is authorized by us to replace same with a new and satisfactory suit. HENRY SONNEBORN & CO., Baltimore, Md.

THE POLICEMAN AND HIS WORK

(Continued from Page 33)

patrolling the streets. The old-time "cop," bluff and self-taught—and in every respect as good as his generation—has been retired or assigned to other duty. The New York policeman of today is an intelligent young fellow, the product of improved public schools, with different standards and more than ready to respond to every betterment in official life. There is a new order in police work as definite as that in business.

New York police recruits pass a stiffer educational test than those of London. Selected by civil-service examination, they must be well grounded in the three R's, have a thorough familiarity with at least one borough of the town, and possess a rudimentary knowledge of government and law. Physical requirements are also very strict and character is investigated searchingly.

The New York school of police instruction covers pretty much the same general work as that in London. The course lasts a month. The New York recruit is on probation for five months after leaving school, however, and is required to go back on certain days and take a supplementary course while doing patrol duty.

In almost every section of Greater New York a policeman's post is likely to touch water. So he is taught to swim and dive, carry a man on his back in the water and rescue drowning persons. He is also taught to care for sick and injured persons. The achievements of the force every year in this line amply justify such training.

Physical training includes military foot tactics and a comprehensive course of gymnastics, both for development and self-defense. There are fully forty different ways of handling an unruly rowdy or the average good citizen who is celebrating some occasion in a needlessly boisterous way; and whenever either of these culprits falls into the hands of a trained policeman his knowledge of anatomy is likely to be enlarged in a surprising degree. Some of the holds are time-tried police devices, while others are based on Japanese jiu-jitsu.

More Skill Than Violence

The indignant citizen witnessing the arrest of a car ruffian would often be willing to go before the police commissioner and insist that he saw the officer try to gouge the prisoner's eyes out; but the prisoner's eyes will show absolutely no signs of hard treatment, and what the policeman really did was to put a little pressure on two nerves above the eyes, instantly subduing the prisoner. Upward pressure on the base of the nose is just as effective. It looks brutal. The sympathetic bystander will get the idea that the policeman intends to scrape the offender's nose off his face; but it is harmless, because a very little pressure of that sort in that place is sufficient. Other police holds give leverages on the fingers, arms and spine whereby a small man can bring a very large one along quite obediently and do him no harm. In dealing with demented persons, whose strength is sometimes enormously increased through delusions, there are simple, harmless ways of draining the muscular system of its energy, thus keeping such sufferers from harming others or themselves.

The London police carry no revolvers, because armed criminals are exceptional—it has, indeed, been a point of honor with the native British evildoer to rely on his fists for offense or defense. In New York, however, the carrying of arms by criminals has been almost universal until a recent law began to check it; and the policeman is therefore taught ways of disarming a prisoner. He is also taught to shoot. The law gives him the right to use arms under well-defined conditions; but his schooling includes exceptionally clear instruction on this point. From time to time a public protest goes up against the New York police for "beating up" prisoners with their clubs; but a good many of these protests are undoubtedly based on misunderstanding, and the loudest agitation is often made by good people who have taken their facts at second hand. Nowadays it is a matter of pride to bring in an unruly prisoner unharmed—a point of skill in the policeman's trade. And there is seldom any great public interest in the countless physical injuries policemen themselves suffer in the line of duty.

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Just send us your name and the make of your razor and **we will mail you, with our compliments, a genuine Gem Damaskeene Blade**—no finer piece of cutting steel was ever created

Gem Damaskeene Blades will shave, and shave, and then again. After a while you'll need other blades—the cost will surprise you (**7 for 35c**). Fit most standard safety razors.

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and Almanac for 1913 has 224 pages with many colored plates of birds true to life. It tells all about chickens, their pests and their care, diseases and remedies. All about **Incubators**, their prices and their operation. All about poultry houses and how to build them. It's an encyclopedia of information. You need it. **Only 15c.**
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Remove the Cause

and your Fountain Pen Won't Leak

THERE'S only one way to cure fountain pen leaking. That is to do what the Parker Pen does—call in "Doc" Physics to *remove the cause.*

Ink In The Feed Tube is the cause.

Ink doesn't all run out of the straight feed tube of an ordinary fountain pen, even when upright in your vest pocket.

So when your body heat—98 degrees—reaches the air in the pen, that air expands up through the inky feed tube, blowing out the ink all over the writing end of the pen. And when you remove cap to write, your fingers get smeared.

But in the Parker Pen the feed tube is *curved*, touching inside of barrel. This sets up Capillary Attraction, which sucks the ink down out of the feed tube the instant you set the Parker point up, and before the air in it expands. Thus the air blows up through *an empty feed tube.*

This curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve. Capillary Attraction is that force in physics that makes a sponge absorb water, etc.

So, the Parker Pen doesn't leak, because "Doc" Physics *removes the cause.*

Parker Pens write smooth, without hitch or skip as the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller and the 14k gold pens, tipped with polished Iridium, do this.

PARKER
LUCKY CURVE
FOUNTAIN PEN

Standard style Parker Lucky Curve Pens $1.50 to $250.00, according to size and ornamentation

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen

cannot leak in any position—even carried upside down. *Pen de luxe* size for ladies. Prices $2.50 up.

New Disappearing Clip

holds on to your pocket like a bull dog, and *disappears* into its keeper when you want to write.

Money refunded if any Parker Pen doesn't please. We protect dealer. If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you complete catalog and sell to you direct.

Get ink off your fingers by getting Parker Pen today.

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90 Mill St., Janesville, Wis.
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Training in law, as imparted to the New York police recruit, deals with many knotty points. There are misdemeanors and felonies, vastly different in character yet often difficult to distinguish. Under the New York law, for instance, selling pools on races is a felony punishable by imprisonment; selling lottery tickets is a misdemeanor punishable by fine. An arrest for a felony is made in one way and an arrest for a misdemeanor in another. If an arrest is to be made for misdemeanor under certain circumstances the policeman is required to make it indirectly, the complainant exercising a private citizen's right of arrest and the officer taking over his prisoner.

Arrests with and without warrant give various degrees of power. The use of necessary force is granted the officer by law in certain circumstances, but it requires excellent judgment to determine how far he may go in a given case. The policeman deals with the criminal law; but persons will appear on his post and make complaints tending to implicate him in civil matters, such as divorce suits. Merely to touch a document sometimes, when he is asked for advice, will make him a party to some unsavory civil suit, with the litigants arrayed together to use him to the utmost.

All these fine distinctions and many more technicalities are drilled into him by lessons, examinations and visits to the police courts during his period of instruction; and the amount of knowledge he must possess when he goes on post and the responsibility put upon him are very great indeed. The New York "copper" may occasionally help himself to a banana at Tony's stand, and there is nothing in the penal code forbidding him to wish a civil "Good morning" to Tillie, the housemaid; but any citizen who has sat in a class of police recruits one afternoon would soon see there is a good deal more than that to police duty.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by James H. Collins. The second will appear in an early issue.

REFORMS IN LEGAL PROCEDURE

(Concluded from Page 21)

no difficulty in securing the passage of any laws formulated by the judiciary which the people are convinced would make for a swifter and less complicated administration of justice. The whole reform could likely be effected by the adoption of rules of court.

Now the objection will be made that the judges cannot be brought to undertake this work of simplification. The answer is, they must face this or something worse. The whole judiciary is under fire. Public sentiment is assembling; the sensationalist will continue to inflame it until it becomes a pressure which may result in all sorts of untried and visionary schemes. It is folly for the judiciary to take refuge in seclusion and to refuse to undertake the reforms which the people reasonably ask. To ignore it is simply to cause the sentiment to increase in volume, like a mass of snow descending from a mountain.

The House of Lords followed that policy in England. Had it met the reforms the people asked when they were first presented it could easily have retained its place for another generation.

The judiciary of this Republic must abandon the idea that it is intrusted with a work any more sacred than that of other departments of government. It is now called upon to meet the modern requirements of civilization in an age of organization and unity.

It must lay aside its pretentions to an esoteric seclusion, its Chinese worship of precedent and custom, and its horror of change; and it must undertake to put the administration of justice upon a practical and efficient basis.

These reforms cannot be made safely by any authority other than the judiciary. Now and then a great layman, like Cromwell, has done much; but serviceable changes in the law have come from within—and they must come from within now. There is nothing wrong with the general scheme of our system of justice. The general principles are, as a rule, sound. The procedure in its main features is, as a rule, correct. The faults of which the people complain may be removed easily and it is the work of the judiciary to remove them.

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Surely you are not going to crank your car this year?

That delay, that annoyance and that often dangerous task are no longer necessary. The dream of every motorist has now been realized, and today a DISCO Self-Starter is furnished as regular equipment on the best 1912 cars, at all prices, or can be put on ANY car—new or old—in less than three hours.

This simple, sure, and dependable device has been adopted by 34 leading manufacturers only after rigid tests and careful study by their engineers. It has been approved by the experts and welcomed by automobile dealers, owners and drivers. 27,000 DISCO Starters are already in successful use.

Can you afford to be without this finishing touch of motor comfort, since the most progressive men in the trade have not only approved the DISCO, but have backed it by putting it on their cars as standard equipment? Can you *afford* to be without it? What need is there for delay?

The DISCO Starter operates with acetylene gas from your lighting gas tank. It *warms* the cylinders as it starts the engine, and hence makes good all the year round—whether it's 30 degrees below zero or 110 in the shade.

The DISCO Starter is

Perfectly Simple

This little DISCO handle on the dash is the only visible sign of the up-to-date car — the rest is out of sight. It's always ready in all weather — and it's a repeater.

Simply Perfect

Turn this little DISCO handle once, press the button, and your engine runs,—no matter how long it has stood. The complete DISCO has but 12 parts, weighs but 4 lbs.

How to Get the DISCO Starter FREE on Your New Car

If you are buying a 1912 model, you can get a DISCO Starter without extra charge, no matter what price or style of car you want. Manufacturers who consider nothing too good for their customers have found it wise policy to include the DISCO Starter just as they include the windshield, speedometer, or the gas headlight and tank

Use Coupon No. 1, and tell us just what price and style of car you are considering. We will send you a complete list of all the cars in that class which include the DISCO Starter. No obligation—simply fill out and mail the coupon. It means dollars saved to you to get posted. Do this today.

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Largest Manufacturers of Self-Starters in the World

No matter what price car you buy be sure it has a DISCO Starter

Coupon No. 1 How to get a DISCO Starter Free on your new car.

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Gentlemen:—I am considering buying a car at about $____ with ____ style body. On what cars of that class can I get the DISCO Starter?

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Gentlemen:—I now have a ____ car Model ____ The Ignition System is ____

What price to equip it with a DISCO Starter?

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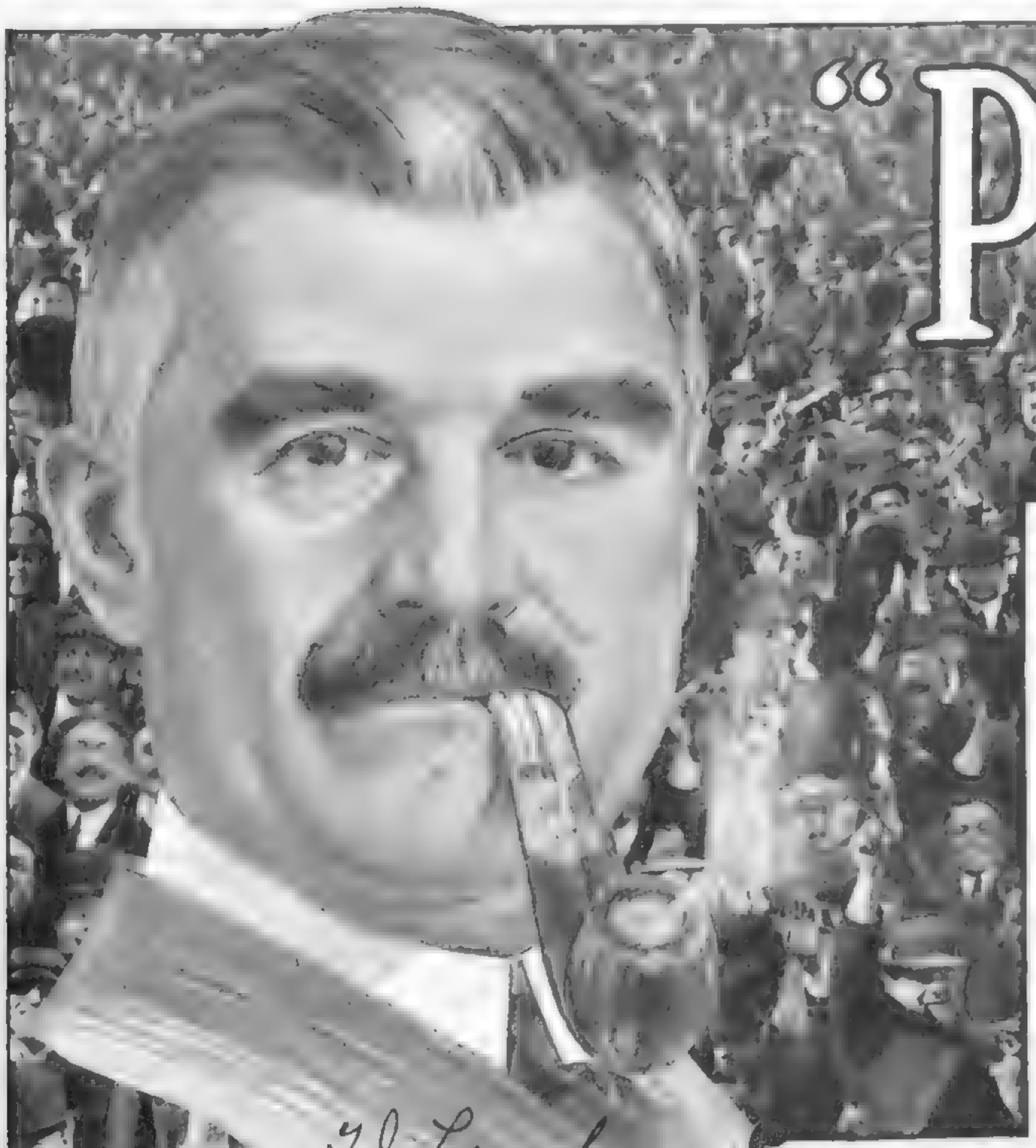


T. J. LYNCH
President of the National League of Professional Base Ball Clubs, who is enthusiastic over a good pipe smoke.

"Play PRINCE

Get in the your old

Just as umps walks over to the plate and tells 'em "play ball," you jam your jimmy pipe brimful of "P. A." and fire-up before the first one goes across. And get ready for what's next!

Why, say, you can smoke "P. A." till the last man's out—smoke it *red-hot* or kind of *cool-like*, and never will you get anything like a near-nip on that tongue of yours! "P. A." isn't a *fire*-brand!

There's nothing that gets 'em over just like "P. A."!

the National joy smoke

Catch this straight from the bench: Any odd notion you may have that you can't smoke a pipe is dead wrong. Might have been sure enough right before "P. A." broke into society; but NOW! Listen: you *can* smoke a pipe and *you will* smoke a pipe if you'll play fair with yourself and go right to "P. A.," *natural like!*

Key that pipe-hungry appetite up to the go-to-it notch. Realize that *here is* tobacco that answers every smoke-desire any man ever had—flavor, aroma, long-burning—and free from the disagreeable sting. *That's cut out by a patented process!*

Your signal is to get pipe happy. "P. A." is the only way. It is just what the doctor ordered—for you, for every man who smokes!

Buy Prince Albert tobacco everywhere in the tidy red 10c tins or in the 5c cloth bags, handy for quick service.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

Ball"

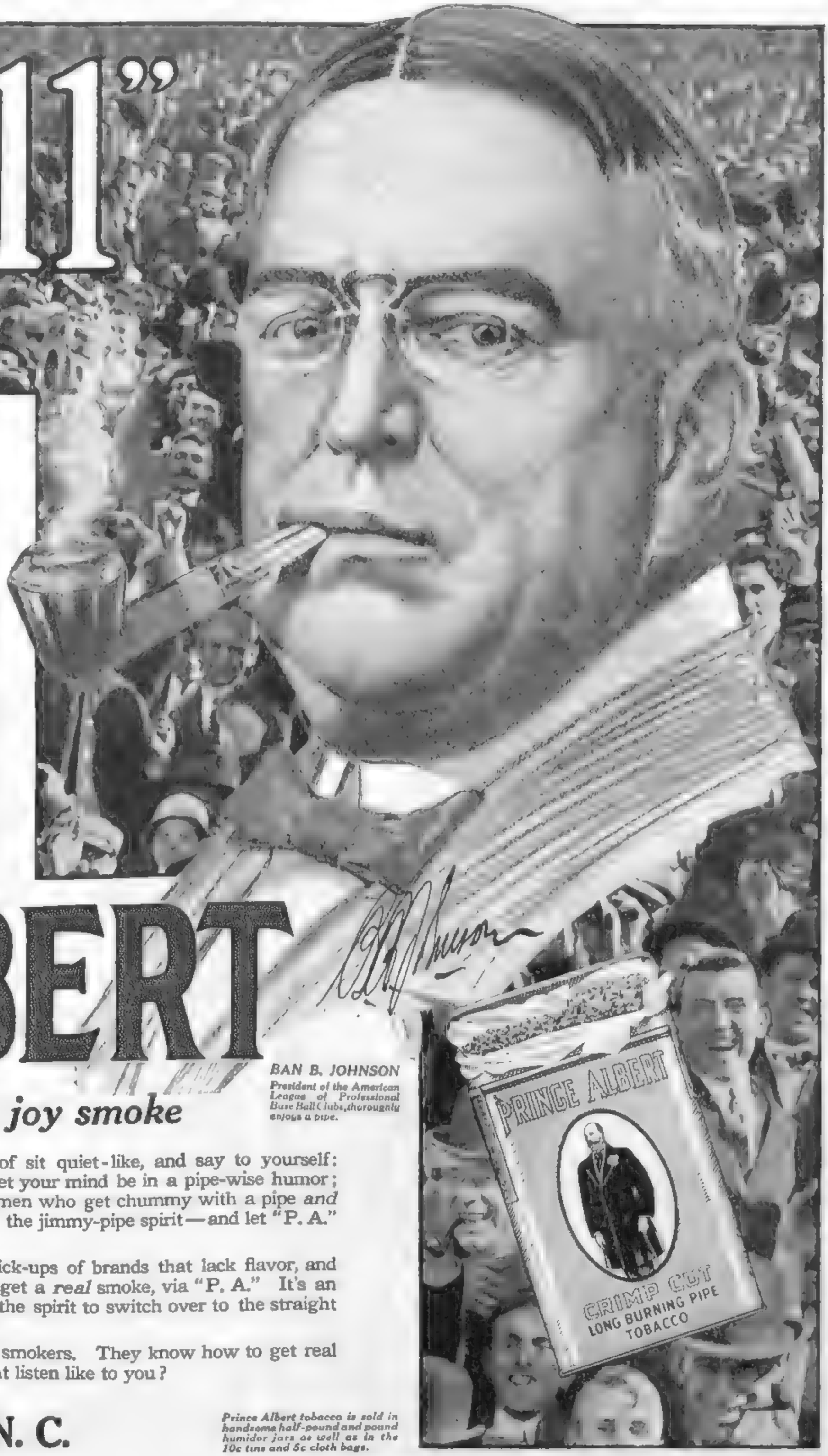
game with jimmy pipe!

"P. A." is what men call *regular tobacco*—a pennant-winning joy smoke that hits the ball right in the teeth, which means it just strikes the spot, coming and going.

Doesn't make any difference what brand of tobacco you're smoking, or how much you *think* you like it, your signal right now is to swing on the nearest tobacco shop and get next to some Prince Albert—*and go to it while the going's good*—and the season's young!

ALBERT

the American joy smoke



BAN B. JOHNSON
President of the American League of Professional Base Ball Clubs, thoroughly enjoys a pipe.

Between innings just you sort of sit quiet-like, and say to yourself: "Where's my jimmy pipe?" Let your mind be in a pipe-wise humor; see for yourself the thousands of men who get chummy with a pipe *and stay* chummy all their lives. Get the jimmy-pipe spirit—and let "P. A." supply the goods!

Don't muff this: Stop making pick-ups of brands that lack flavor, and bite to beat the band. Just you get a *real* smoke, via "P. A." It's an education to any man who's got the spirit to switch over to the straight track that leads to the joy smoke!

America's greatest men are pipe smokers. They know how to get real tobacco satisfaction! What's that listen like to you?

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Prince Albert tobacco is sold in handsome half-pound and pound humidor jars as well as in the 10c tins and 5c cloth bags.

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MADAM please do not consider the saving of 50% to 75% of your fuel bill—75% of your time—half your work—food 75% better cooked, as being all of the merits of my Fireless Cooker. The great convenience is another large factor, so write thousands of users—the convenience of placing your food in the cooker, the shutting up of your hot kitchen and going to the club, matinee, shopping, calling, getting out of doors and coming home to find your meal most deliciously and perfectly cooked, without the slightest chance of burning or drying up, or being under- or over-done.

Let Me Prove These Things to You For a Month at My Risk

I am the original fireless cooker man, selling direct from factory at factory prices. I have made and sold more cookers than all other cooker concerns combined. It is because, first—my cooker is the most practical, hygienic rapid fireless cooker made, and second—because I sell it at factory prices, saving you from ⅓ to ½ in cost.

Then you don't need to keep my cooker if it doesn't prove all my claims for it, because I allow a full month's trial in your own home at my risk—your money back if the cooker is not satisfactory in every way.

Description: Metal throughout, including nests and covers; no pads or cushions to absorb odors; cooking utensils all highest grade aluminum, compartments aluminum finish, rust proof with proper care. Steams, stews, bakes, broils, fries, and boils all kinds of meats, breakfast cereals, vegetables, etc. Also, finest thing made for use as cold storage for ices, puddings, custards, etc.

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Let Me Mail You Prices and This Free Book of 125 Famous Fireless Cooker Recipes

You will be surprised at the low direct prices I make you, so low that you will not think of being without a cooker—the most convenient thing in the house, when you have read my book. Write me today. I will gladly mail you the book of recipes and quote you prices.

Remember, I ship promptly and save you money on the best fireless cooker ever made, the old, original **RAPID.** Why take chances on any other cooker when over 100,000 users point the way to sure success with the **RAPID?**

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Wm. Campbell Co.

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You Will Get More Power By Using DIXON'S Motor Graphite

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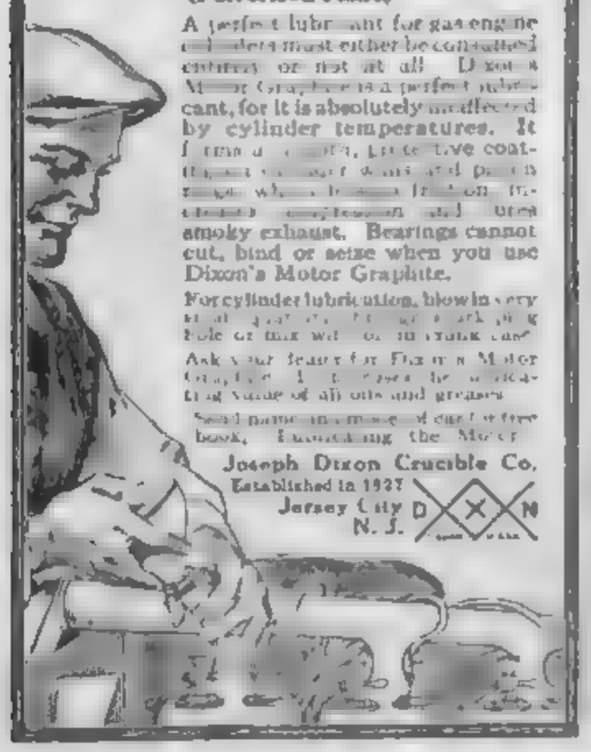

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For cylinder lubrication, blow in very small quantity through spark plug hole or mix with oil in crank case.

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Established in 1827
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OUT-OF-DOORS

Your Hold in Shooting—What it is and Why

THERE lives down in Louisiana a gentleman who is at once the most generous and most heartless host you can imagine. If you claim to be a shooter he will take you into his home. Then, if you still claim to be a shooter, he will take you out on his duck pass. Once there, he proceeds to do things to you and your self-respect. He will furnish you any amount of guns, any amount of darkies to carry ammunition, and let you take any place you like on the pass; and he will guarantee that just after dusk more than ten thousand teal will cross you in easy gunrange in less than fifteen minutes. He himself will take what there is left. In your first evening or so you may perhaps kill one teal to ten or a dozen shots. He himself will kill eighty per cent or better of his birds. A newcomer on this pass rarely gets half a dozen teal to the evening. Your host will kill a dozen, two dozen—sometimes three dozen—in the short flight during the semidarkness. The difference between him and you probably is that he is an extraordinary shot and you are an ordinary shot—perhaps a fair one.

I asked this gentleman once how he held on these fast birds, which no doubt were going over a hundred miles an hour; and he answered that he did not hold on them at all. Moreover, he said it was impossible to pull on them and then pull ahead. He said that he just pulled up and shot straight into the air at the point where he knew a bird was going to be. The usual method of shooting incomers, covering and throwing ahead, indeed, seemed hopeless here, the total distance during which the bird was seen being very short and the light very dim. Pass shooting at fast ducks is, of course, known to be the most difficult of all the work asked of the field shot. There is no comparison between it and the shooting you have at ducks over decoys, where there is plenty of time to cover and swing.

In shooting grouse, rabbits—perhaps even ruffed grouse or quail—you do not consciously hold very far ahead of your bird; but, of course, you know that in shooting ducks you must hold ahead or miss. How far should you lead your birds? No one can answer that—at least in figures; and no two men will agree as to the actual or proper lead.

Chicago in the Duck Days

In the early days near Chicago there lived in the Calumet marshes a husky family by the name of Kleinman, who made the best part of their living by market shooting on ducks. Papa Kleinman used to haul a wagonload of ducks into Chicago every day in season; and if, when he got back home in the evening, his four boys did not have another wagonload ready to take out in the morning they had to do a tall lot of explaining to papa, besides showing him just how many birds each one had killed to a horn of powder. Henry, Abe, John and George Kleinman were for years well-known Western shooting figures at all trap tournaments. At one time the Chicago sportsmen were much addicted to pigeon races. As there was considerable traveling talent loose in the country, who occasionally came to Chicago in search of matches, it was the local custom to accommodate all comers; and the man always chosen to carry the Chicago banner was George Kleinman, the old duck shot. On fast birds he was safe to kill above ninety; quite often ninety-six—sometimes even better—out of a hundred, if memory serves. He did this with an indifferent-looking gun that cost about thirty dollars.

Now George Kleinman was unquestionably a born shot and a trained shot. It was not unusual for novices to ask him how he held on such and such a bird. Both he and all his brothers insisted that they never led any bird, pigeon or duck, except to "hold on its bill"—unless it was very fast indeed; in which case they "might go a foot ahead."

Now above you have two instances of two different styles of shooting, backed by two different experts. There is no conflict whatever between them. Neither of them could tell you how you ought to hold on your bird in order to kill it instantly. They could only tell how they themselves did or thought they did it.

Of course you know that a fast bird, fifty or more yards away from you, makes holding ahead scientifically necessary. The Louisiana man probably shot thirty feet ahead of his birds, and there are very many shots when you must establish a lead of at least twenty feet in order to hit your bird; but you kill many a bird when you know you do no such thing as hold that far ahead. The explanation of this is that you shoot with a swing. If you ride along in a wagon and toss up an apple the apple travels right along with you and the wagon, and you can catch it as it falls. If your gun was moving just as fast as your bird you could hold dead on your bird. Your personal equation of speed and nerve impulse—that is, quickness in pulling the trigger at or before the instant you get your aim—of course affects the amount of lead you must give on any shot. In general terms, however, the speed with which you align, travel with and pass in front of your bird is what regulates the amount of hold ahead you must take in order to hit it.

Successful Snapshooting

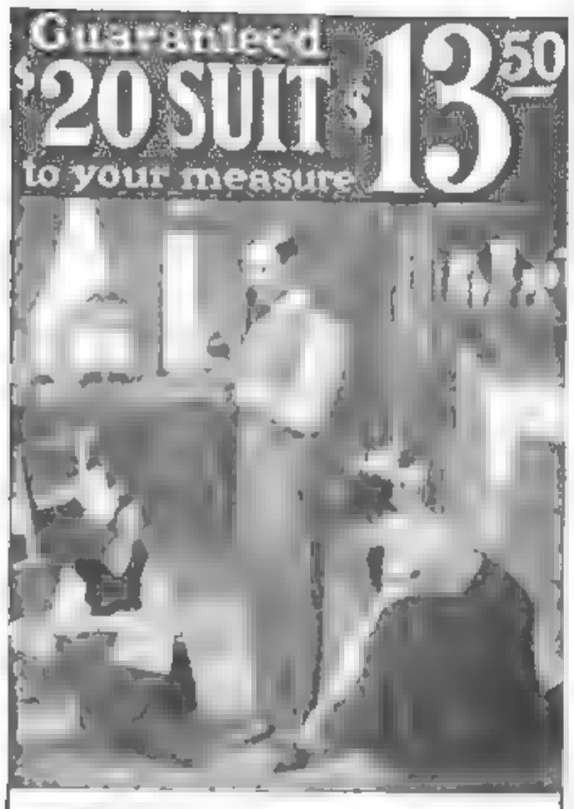
The young shooter is usually advised to pull up his gun and fire promptly, and not get into the habit of poking along after his bird. You know how you feel toward an adult shooter who pulls up and aims at a bird and then does not shoot, but says it is too far. Though he may kill as many or more birds than yourself, you never really admire the slow, poking, deliberate shot who picks his shots and follows along, usually killing at long range. Even in shooting ducks where you have plenty of time, the correct style is prompt and decisive, the lead being gauged and taken quickly. It is quite likely that, in highly developed shooting skill such as that of our Louisiana friend, this whole series of actions has become one act. Perhaps earlier in his life he himself covered and then swung ahead.

There are several different styles of shooting in different styles of sport. The pigeon shot, with his gun shooting fifty to sixty per cent high, and with a very straight stock in addition, may shoot with his eyes well above the breech of the gun, catching only a little of the rib in front and seeing the bird as though it sat on or above the muzzle. Another man in the field may drop his head snug to the breech, get on the bird, and—as nearly as he can tell, at least—swing ahead and pull as it passes. This latter is the style most of us really follow in the field. As we improve in form we cut out the following part of it and shoot in one motion, taking our lead as we bring the gun to the shoulder and, as has been said, sometimes indeed pulling the trigger before we have the perfect aim accomplished. The snapshot performs in this way, sometimes pulling the trigger before the gun is actually at the shoulder or just at the instant it comes home. It is not desirable to try to learn shooting by the snapshooting route at first; but the more you do learn it the more you travel on that route—which is only to say that the better shot you are the quicker is your decision and the surer your lead on your cross-shots.

There are a good many homespun theories about shooting that will not hold water. Many men think you have to hold closer on a close bird than on one far off, because the shot will have spread more on the latter. So it may; but at fifty or sixty yards the killing circle will be no larger than the killing circle was at fifteen or twenty; so that the best thing is to learn the right lead at both these distances and try to hit the bird well forward and with the center of the charge.

No man can control his personal equation—that is to say, his nervous reflex—in any way except by putting himself in good health by plenty of outdoor exercise and normal living; but any man can either speed up with his swing or else learn to shoot farther ahead than he did when he missed.

Of course it is generally understood among all shooters—beginners and old-timers—that most birds are missed by



"When one stops to consider that my measurements were taken AT HOME by a member of my family, the results are simply wonderful"

This letter is typical of the thousands we receive after the delivery of a man's trial order.

This Picture Tells Why

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shooting back of them. A complicating fault is that of stopping the gun just as you pull the trigger. This is the commonest cause of nussing; and it is, of course, fatal to success. You must get over that little momentary pause and remember that you are not shooting at the place where the bird is, but where it is going to be, and that that point is, to all intents and purposes, a movable one also. Once you do get the lead—or "hold," as duckshooters call it—you can kill your birds regularly. You must have either a fast swing or a long lead. Getting the lead may be speeding up your nervous and muscular system or it may be holding farther ahead. Very likely it is both. There are some days when a man goes off form—as even the best professional can tell you—and cannot find his lead at all. Sometimes that is stomach and sometimes eyes.

Some men insist that they do not see the gun or the sight when it is pitched up. All the worse for them if they do not, for they very probably miss. There is little doubt in my own mind that, though few men really know what they do when they make a wing shot, most of us do change our style of shooting with the birds on which we are at work. The fast quail shot may be a rather deliberate duck shot. The perfect shot will kill any sort of game well all the time, provided his nervous reflex is the same all the time. The George Kleinman sort of shot—one you could put your money on in a race—is the chap who feels about the same all the time; whose nerves must have a quick reflex all the time, and who has the muscular strength to swing the gun swiftly with and ahead of the bird.

Self-Confidence the Keynote

What is a good corrective against shooting back of your bird? One of the best is to learn and practice the art of "following through"—just as you do in billiards or shuffleboard or golf. Swing your gun on even after you have fired and that will have a tendency to keep you from making that instantaneous pause when you pull the trigger. Pull yourself together before you make your first shot of the day. Get tense and set—and then follow through with your shot. If, having thus put your mind upon it, you kill, that will give you confidence. Above all, you must have confidence or you can never shoot well; any professional shot will tell you that.

A dogged perseverance and a resolution to get far enough ahead of your bird will help you to get the hang of holding well. The trouble with most bad duck shots—and it is in duckshooting that the lead is most important—is that they keep on doing the same thing over and over again, holding five feet ahead of the bird when they ought to hold fifteen. If you miss within easy range it is almost certain you are shooting behind. Try a shot at a bird close to the water and watch how the shot strike; you will see this proved pretty clearly. The center of the load, at least, is behind the bird. Then go ahead farther, and keep on going farther until at last you kill a bird clean dead in the air. It will almost frighten you, it will look so easy; but it will give you confidence. And, singularly enough, as you gain confidence you will cut down the distance which you are obliged to lead in order to hit your bird! When you get confidence you speed up your gun, and that means you need to hold a less distance ahead. After a time, perhaps, you will be firing at that imaginary spot ahead of the bird—the place where he is going to be. Soon you may be saying, even when duckshooting, that you do not see the gun—though you do. Or after a time you may say that you see the tall incoming duck—which you do not, because your gun has covered it and you have only reasoned out where it is going to be the instant you shoot.

The great secret of success in almost anything is concentration of mind and purpose. The schoolboy whose eyes are forever wandering from his book is apt to be the one who needs assistance in doing his sums. If you are missing badly on your cross-shots stop and think it over—and think hard. Of course you could try some sort of mechanical appliance to help you in alignment, such as the short elevated rib or the long foresight, which have been mentioned in an earlier article. An ingenious Yankee invented a rearsight combination—three rings fastened together and placed on the back part of the barrel. To kill a left-quartering bird you look through the

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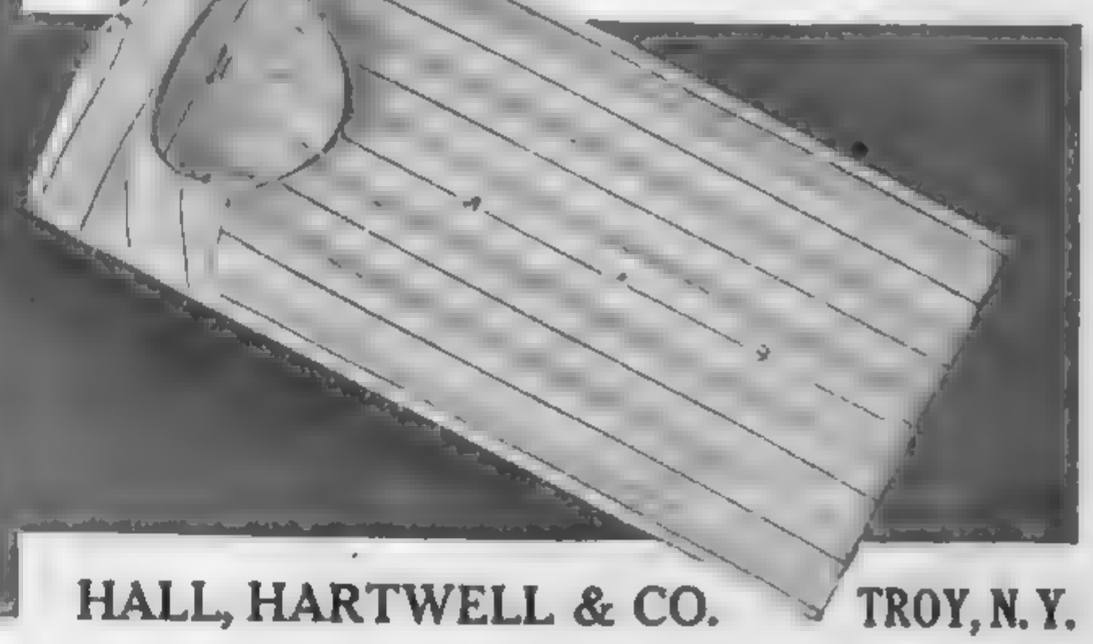

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left-hand ring; to hit a right-quarterer you peek through the right-hand ring; and on a straightaway or an incomer you use the middle aperture. There would seem to be some difficulty about the results of all this at different distances, of course; but the idea is useful, at least in helping you concentrate your mind upon the necessary factor of holding ahead—even if it does unsettle for the time all your education about castoff and keeping in the middle of the rib.

Reading tables of distances and leads also will be most useful in impressing on you the necessity of getting well ahead. You cannot really estimate any number of given yards in the open air—there is nothing there with which you can compare anything else. The estimate of the distance of the bird, the estimate of its speed, the estimate of any distance back of it or in front of it as it flies, are products of that instantaneous act of reasoning which controls the shooter as he fires; only be sure that you get far enough ahead.

You should lead a bird whose speed is fifty miles an hour about three feet at, say, twenty yards. The lead for the average gun and cartridge is about two feet four inches at fifteen yards for a speed of forty miles; and it is twenty-three feet at sixty yards and sixty miles of speed. Teal on a pass certainly fly over a hundred miles an hour. Canvasbacks are sometimes credited with ninety. The average duck when on the wing is usually moving at over fifty miles an hour, and you are not apt to shoot at him much inside of forty or fifty yards. It takes but little consideration of a prayerful sort to understand that, theoretically at least, you have got either to swing or point a long way ahead if you are going to hit your bird with the middle of the load. And you want to hit a full-plumaged duck with the center of the load if you are to kill him instantly.

The Gun That Strings its Shot

Remember also that, especially in the middle of the day and in bright light, any duck is much farther off than he looks. Especially is a wild goose a great deal farther off than he looks. A goose does not seem to fly very fast; but you must learn to go far ahead of him, for your aim should be to hit him in the head or neck with the center of the charge.

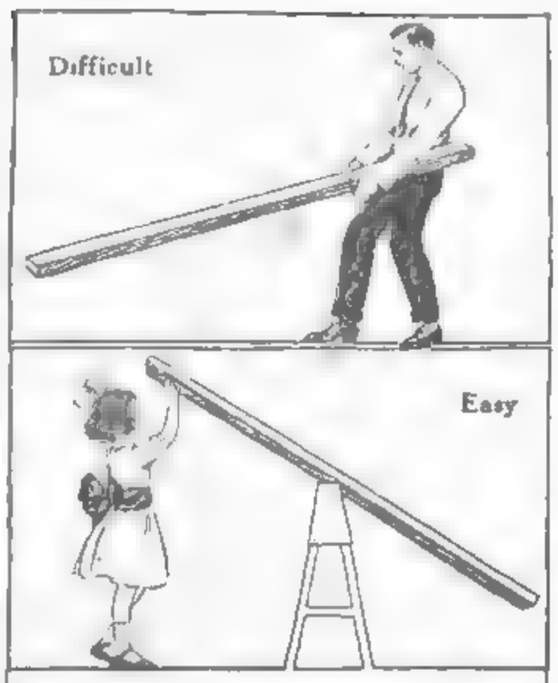
Study, then, your own equation and learn your own lead. Don't keep on making the same mistake over and over again. Study it; concentrate on it; resolve to improve until at last you get confidence in yourself. After that it is easy.

There is a very good duck shot in a certain Western ducking club who always uses a cylinder bore and who is much derided by all his friends, though nearly always he has as many ducks as anybody at the end of the day. Most of us would prefer a choke-bore gun for duckshooting; but there is a great deal more in favor of the cylinder bore than most shooters understand. It is much better to have a perfectly fitting stock and a pair of cylinder barrels than it is to have the best kind of barrels in the world and a badly fitting stock.

A good many of us really know very little about the actual principles of shooting, though we have learned a good deal about it in practice. It is, for instance, commonly believed by shooters that a gun which "strings shot," as the saying goes, is not desirable. It is, moreover, urged as one thing against the choke bore that it strings its shot. Now, as a matter of fact, the cylinder bore strings shot more than the choke bore does; and, granted that you hold well ahead, this stringing of the shot instead of being a detriment is an advantage, as you will readily see if you stop to figure it out.

Tested on a revolving target, a cylinder gun in one gun test was observed to string out its charge of shot over thirty-six feet. A full choke bore strung its charge over twenty-seven feet. A certain percentage of either charge would be scattering shot of small hitting force; so that it seemed fair to the authority reporting the test to call the shot-stringing of the cylinder twenty feet as against fifteen feet of the choke bore.

In no case, of course—in spite of the general supposition to the contrary—does the charge of shot at once spread out and fly forward in the same plane; it goes out in an elongated mass, the center of which is the hardest hitting part. You can,



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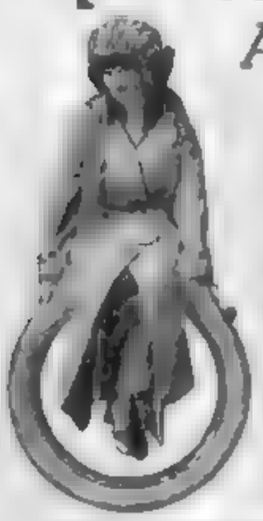

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Look For This

perhaps, learn to see this charge of shot in the air with the naked eye. Lie down and look against the skyline across the firing line of some trap tournament. Once you get the trick you can see the shot flying. The load looks like a dim, milk-colored swarm of bees—not very wide, but long, and passing like a flash.

The effect of this stringing of the shot charge on a moving object was discovered by accident by a friend of the writer who was doing a little practice in wing shooting at baseballs thrown by an assistant. He fired a single charge at a baseball and, on picking it up, was surprised to see that he had hit the ball on nearly all sides which, of course, at first seemed an impossible thing. It is not impossible at all, because the ball was whirling rapidly as it passed forward; and as it turned it went through this long column of shot in which there were more shot coming up from the rear and hitting it in new places as the ball revolved.

Now the pattern of your gun on a piece of paper is no test at all of its stringing qualities in the field. And sometimes, strange as that may seem, your cylinder bore may put as many shots in the crossing bird as your choke bore, though not so many on a straightaway. It is on the same principle as hitting a baseball on more than one side. As the cylinder charge is scattered more widely you have—if a poor shot—a better chance of hitting your bird with at least a few shot. Moreover, the cylinder pattern in the air is both wider and longer. The result is that it takes a bird longer to fly across and through that moving column of shot when you hold ahead of it far enough. And not only does it take the bird longer to pass through the shot, but it takes the shot in the rear longer to pass the bird; and more shot come up from that spare five or six feet in the cylinder charge than can possibly come up from the shorter and narrower charge of the choke bore.

The Choke Bore Universal

It is perfectly apparent that the man who uses the choke bore for upland or brush shooting is needlessly handicapping himself; for very likely there will be a close enough pattern in the cylinder to kill the straightaway shots at short ranges, and the cross-shots are much better made with the cylinder than with the choke bore. Even on ducks, the cylinder man is not hopelessly handicapped today, any more than he was in the old days before choke bores were known at all.

The modern choke-bore gun is universal in the market today because most of our guns are made for trap use, where the choke bore is the only proper weapon—the targets being small and the angle being practically a known one from the shooter's position, with so many straightaways, or nearly such. As field guns these weapons are not so desirable. Even on tall and fast ducks the narrowest and shortest column of shot is not necessarily the best. Give them something to fly into.

You should not, of course, be too much influenced by the paper pattern or target which the gun salesman very likely will show you to prove what a good shooter is the gun he proposes to sell you. This pattern is only of approximate aid. The penetration of the gun and the string of its charge are other factors almost if not quite as important; and these are not shown at all by the paper pattern. The latter, however, does show you the distribution of your gun's load. The ideal gun is one that distributes the shot evenly over as wide a killing circle as possible. You can only kill a bird about so dead anyhow, no matter how many shot strike it; and, so far as possible, you want to give yourself a percentage of chance in this difficult business of telling just how far to hold ahead of the bird.

In making any shot, however, keep your mind on the necessity of shooting with the center of the charge—that is to say, with the inside killing circle; and don't rely too much on the scatter—only take its benefit when you have unconsciously made a wrong estimate of the lead.

It is of no use for the amateur shooter to go into the question of velocities of different loads, different wadding, and so on. The ammunition companies have done all that for him long ago—better than he can ever do it for himself; and the factory loads on the market are perfectly reliable, perfectly uniform, and of such range in makeup as will cover any need the shooter may have.

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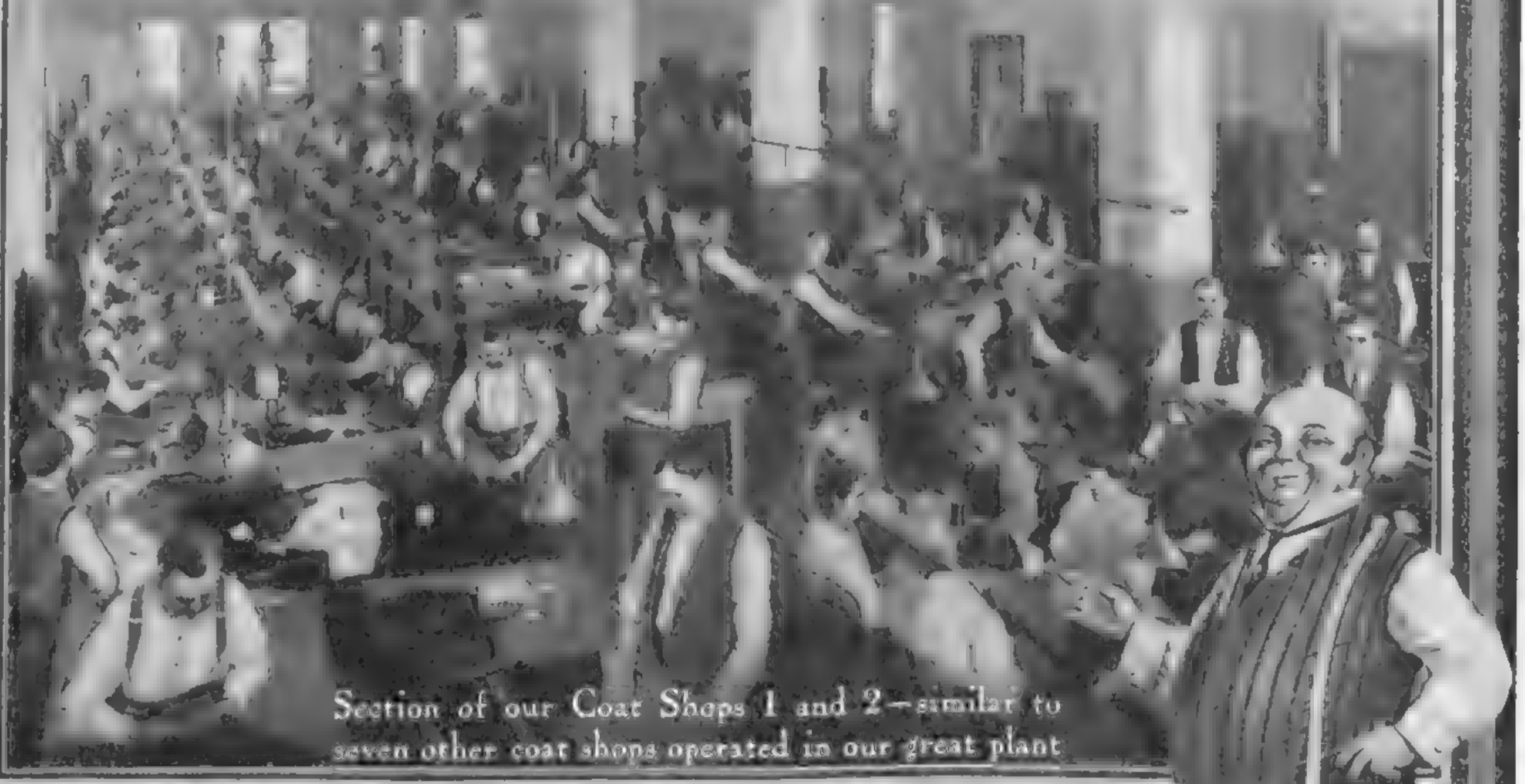

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HOW TO MAKE A WINNING BALL TEAM

(Continued from Page 5

The manager of a business must look ahead. This is just as true of baseball as it is of a manufacturing or a merchandising enterprise—only more important. You've got to have the players to win. When a team starts to go back no manager, however long-headed and brilliant, can prevent this slowing-up process. A good team frequently slumps and loses games; sporting writers say it has "struck the toboggan." That isn't it. A club is not really "on the toboggan" until the players begin to slow up—fail to cover ground and lose their batting eye. For several years the Chicago Cubs were the greatest baseball machine of the modern game except the champion Baltimores; but the team began to go back in 1910, and those familiar with the loosening joints in the machine—particularly with the weakness of the pitching staff—expected the Cubs to make a poor showing last season. Only the remarkable leadership of Frank Chance prevented this. In my judgment, his big success was in 1911.

The secret of a baseball manager's success lies, first of all, in his foresight. It is what the managers in the game of war call "preparedness." You've got to plan two, three, often four years ahead. You must keep your eye on every man; know when, because of age or any other reason, he is likely to slow up—and be ready to fill his place. You must never be satisfied. A manager used to say: "Give me three years and I'll rebuild my team." It can't be done today. Rebuilding involves five years' time. Competition for material has become so lively that it is harder each year to get the one player needed to bolster up an otherwise strong team. See the scramble several clubs have been making to get a satisfactory first baseman, for example. And when you think you have the right man he may not make good. That means another year's search. My policy is—go and get them just as if you needed them tomorrow! Feel that you need them worse than the club that's fighting to keep out of the tail-end position. Never get careless; never be really satisfied. Today I am on the scent for new material. They say that the infield of the Athletics can't be beat; and every one of the quartet is a young player, with many years of baseball ahead of him. Nevertheless, I am after not one but two good infielders! Suppose our pitching staff is the best in either league—it is something I shouldn't bank on; and so I am experimenting with ten new pitchers, all youngsters. They range in experience from Salmon, twenty years old, who has been less than a year at Princeton, to Gipe, who comes from Class A of the minors; the rest are from Class D of the minor leagues. From this outfit I hope to develop one or more A-Number-One pitchers. It never pays to be satisfied.

Growing Oaks From Little Acorns

Last season Pittsburgh paid twenty-two thousand five hundred dollars for a pitcher; and this minor leaguer, O'Toole, has yet to show that he is of major-league caliber. Pittsburgh needed a pitcher pretty badly to pay that much real money for him; and if you get to the point where you have to have a player immediately at the market price he comes high. What success I have had is largely due to players I have developed. At the price paid for O'Toole my infield should be worth one hundred thousand dollars in the baseball market. Not one of them cost me a penny.

McInnis, our first baseman, was a Gloucester high school boy. He cast his first vote last fall. One year in the Beverly amateur club and one season with the Haverhill professional team was all the baseball schooling he had before he joined the Athletics in the spring of 1909. Two years later he was holding down Captain Davis' place at first and batting like a fiend.

Collins, regarded by many as the greatest second baseman of the day, came to the Athletics direct from Columbia University, where he captained the 'Varsity nine. Except for summer ball on independent teams in New England he joined our club with nothing but his college training. He was tried at short and in the outfield, but in 1910 he found his true position at second.

Baker, our third baseman and clean-up hitter, alone of the infield made a reputation as a minor-league player; but he played only one season with Reading, of the Tri-State League. He came to the Athletics in exchange for some young players—not one of whom has found his way back into the majors.

Barry played shortstop during his entire college career at Holy Cross, captained the team in 1908 and immediately joined the Athletics. It was Collins and Barry who, according to Manager McGraw, did more to break up the hit-and-run game of the Giants than any two players had ever done before.

Of the outfield, Murphy came from the Norwich, Connecticut, team. Oldring had one year's experience with the Montgomery Club, of the Southern League, before signing with the Athletics. He was engaged as an infielder, failed because it was not his natural position, and was developed into a great outfielder. Lord came to the Athletics from the Coatesville, Pennsylvania team, and was a member of the champions of 1905. He was released to New Orleans in 1907, became one of the star outfielders of the Southern League, was purchased by Cleveland in 1909, and a year later was returned to the Athletics in a trade. He is the only "come back" of our team.

Where Youth is an Asset

Of our catchers, Thomas alone was secured from another major-league club—Detroit. Since he joined the Athletics, however, he has developed into one of the great catchers of the game. He outcaught Kling and Archer in the world's series with the Cubs, and certainly held his own against Myers when we played the Giants. Lapp, also, has shown world's championship form. He came from the Hazleton Atlantic League Club. Egan, who will be the third man of the catching string this season, is fresh from the minors. He will be developed by our system.

No club can expect to win, no matter how good the balance of the team may be, unless it has a number-one pitching staff. We hear constantly from this manager or that: "Give me one good, airtight pitcher to add to my string and I'll cinch the pennant!" No one is giving away good pitchers these days, however. They are as scarce as a ben's molars. As I look at it, the only way to get a satisfactory pitching staff is—to get 'em and train 'em. The pitching string of the Athletics bears out my policy about developing the young player. Bender came from Dickinson College; Coombs from Colby College; Plank from Gettysburg College; Krause from St. Mary's College; Martin from Tufts College; and Danforth from Baylor University, Texas—all with practically no experience in fast company. Of the regular staff, Morgan is the only one who was a seasoned pitcher when he joined the team. He was purchased from the Boston Americans in the midsummer of 1910, when our pitching staff seemed to be in a bad way because of illness. It was an emergency that had to be met, yet the purchase of Morgan is the only exception I have made to the rule of relying solely on the developed youngster. Some critics may come back at me and cite the case of "Lefty" Russell, the ten-thousand-dollar minor leaguer. Well, he is my one extravagance—the exception to my settled policy; and perhaps I might not have indulged in this extravagance had I not seen Russell pitch two remarkable games of ball!

The question has been asked: "How did you become so strong for youngsters?" I owe this policy to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. In 1902, when the Philadelphia American League Club was one year old, prospects looked especially bright. The season before we had added to our roster Davis and Plank, and we opened the campaign of 1902 with a team that included Hartsel, Seybold and Flick in the outfield, Lajoie for second base, and Fraser, Bernhard and Duggleby for pitchers; but this remarkable combination lasted only one game. Then the highest court of the state reversed the lower court; and the three pitchers named, together with Flick and Lajoie, were enjoined from playing with

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MINNEAPOLIS, U. S. A.

the Athletics. In this decision the Supreme Court upheld the so-called "reserve clause" of the contracts which the Philadelphia National Club had with these players. Fraser and Duggleby returned to their former club, while Bernhard, Flick and Lajoie joined the Cleveland team; and the Athletics were left in the lurch—but we won the pennant!

This unlooked-for success made me a firm believer in the youngsters. From the Boston Americans I obtained Mitchell, an inexperienced pitcher, and Husting, who had worked under me at Milwaukee; neither had a major-league tryout, but Husting proved a find, and by his splendid pitching kept us up in the championship race until Waddell joined the team. Fultz, a graduate of Brown University, who had also been with me at Milwaukee, took Flick's place. The big problem was to plug up the hole left by Lajoie. Considering his inexperience, Castro, an amateur player who had been recommended to the Athletics as a pitcher, did creditable work for two months. Meantime I was beating the bushes, as we say, for a second baseman. With Norwich, in the Connecticut League, was Danny Murphy, who was touted as a coming player; but he had been tried by the Giants and let out, and that naturally somewhat prejudiced me against him. Managers hesitate about taking players who have been turned back to the minors; but I didn't hesitate long—if I had a great player would have been lost to the Athletics. Murphy made good with our club from the jump-off. Like all young players he had much to learn when he joined the team; but he was an apt scholar. Though Lajoie was a wonderful second baseman—and is today—I'll always feel that his loss brought to our club in Murphy one of the greatest and best players that ever graced a uniform. His work—always for the team and never for his individual standing—has won for him the deserved leadership on the field. This season it will be Captain Murphy!

Murphy's success, the playing of Fultz and the pitching of Husting gave me my first idea that it would be a paying investment to go after youngsters without big-league experience. This type of player has little baseball to unlearn; from the start he can be drilled in your own system. Every major-league club has more or less a different style of play, and naturally each manager thinks his style is the only winning variety. It is better, therefore, to begin with a green player than to attempt to make over a player who boasts of experience in fast company. My experiments have taught me that once a player gets into his head the notion that a play should be made in a certain way, it is pretty difficult to rid him of that idea. If I am a baseball schoolmaster, as some folks say, my success has been with the youngsters. I want to give them their common schooling first and then take them through the higher grades myself. No post-graduates for mine!

Speed and Brains Demanded

The entrance requirements for admission to the Athletics' School of Applied Baseball Science are not many—but each candidate must meet every requirement. Here they are:

Speed is the first thing I demand in a player. If a youngster hasn't speed it is a waste of time to fool with him—unless, of course, he is a promising pitcher or has the making of an ideal backstop.

Next to speed is brains; but when you come to speak of baseball gray matter you've got to qualify a little. Some players seem to be born with it; others are a mighty long time in getting it. You may tell a player what to do and then see him do exactly opposite five minutes after you've told him. One of our present stars used to forget his instructions while he was walking from the bench to the plate. It seemed as though he would never learn; and then, like a sudden inspiration, he got wise—got that gray matter! You must have brainy ballplayers on your team; but in some cases it pays you to be very patient—to explain over and over again, and wait until the player "wises up" to things; but work with him while you wait.

Batting must come natural to a man. He can learn to handle the ball, but the ability to bat must be born in him. Where you can teach nine out of ten to field, you can teach only one in ten to bat. Men can be taught to bunt, but it takes practice—long practice; and sometimes good batters won't learn to bunt—I said won't!

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They give extra support to the woman who breaks her corsets, and are twice as easy as the ordinary single bone.

Everything Double Except the Price

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Ask to see the newest model—the double skirt—the ideal long corset for summer wear. Soft and light above the waist, but extra strong over the hips.

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These are the pick of the best Dates grown. They come to you so layered and packed that almost none of their original flavor and freshness is lost, while an attractive outside carton keeps the package dust-proof. Dromedary Dates delight as candy and nouriah as food.

Novel Cook Book Free

It describes many ways to serve dates. Mailed on request with dealer's name.

Sample-Sized Package 10c.

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Department K
Washington & Beach Sts.
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Big 1912 Model Oak Refrigerator Opal Glass Lined $31.75

Direct from Factory to User

The exterior of this refrigerator is solid oak. The food compartment and door are lined with the famous **opal glass,** 1/8 inch thick. "Better than marble." **Opal glass** is the most sanitary lining for a refrigerator yet produced by science. It is as easily washed as a pane of glass. **Double refrigeration from every pound of ice is given** by our exclusive system of construction. Thus the Wickes is the ***most economical*** of all refrigerators.

The Wickes 1912 Model No. 230, Only $31.75

Conforms in every respect to the high standard set by The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company, manufacturers for over 60 years. The name back of this refrigerator is the highest insurance of its merit.

Our Money-Back Guaranty. Your money refunded if the Wickes is not exactly as represented.

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The Exterior German-Silver Trimmed—same size refrigerator, specially priced . . . **$45**

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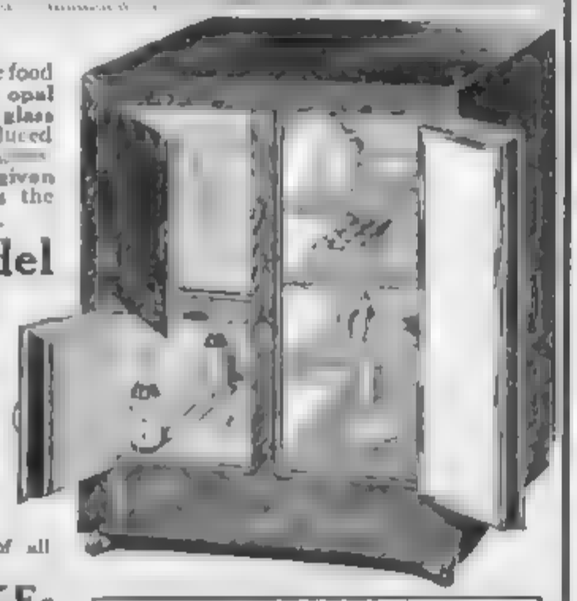
It shows you the famous Wickes Refrigerators of all sizes—inside and out. Guaranteed and sold by



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IT STAYS IN THE AIR

and fills the house with its fascinating perfume, dispelling every disagreeable odor. Delightful for the invalid, all the sleeping room. Box of 16 Pastilles with Holder, 25c. If your local dealer cannot supply you send us his name and 25c for a box.

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The health of your teeth can no more be maintained without following rules of hygiene than can the health of your body. Oral hygiene calls for a dentifrice that is more than an abradant—it must have health promoting and germ destroying qualities—

SANITOL TOOTH POWDER OR PASTE

preserves tooth health by cleansing to perfect cleanness, overcoming acidity in the mouth, by its antiseptic qualities and so thoroughly purifying mouth and teeth that all unhealthy tendencies are eliminated. Whitens the teeth.

The preservation of tooth health and mouth purity is bound to affect your general health beneficially. Consult your dentist twice a year and use Sanitol Tooth Powder or Paste regularly.

An Individual Package

of Sanitol Powder or Paste, Face Cream, Talcum Powder, Antiseptic Liquid or Shampoo sent free on receipt of your dealer's name and address and 4c to pay postage and packing.

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Don't throw away time on a player who isn't ambitious, who isn't keen to climb to the top. With the ambitious youngster you don't have to waste words talking discipline. He will keep himself in prime condition, as a matter of course. The best that is in him will be given to the team; nothing will divert his mind from the work at hand. He looks at baseball as a serious business—and that's the only way to look at it in order to succeed.

The average man in any other line gets his fun out of his work. Usually to get exercise he knocks off—and makes a business of his play. Professional baseball is the opposite of this. The right sort of player makes a serious business of holding down his job at second base or short, or whatever it is—and he loves the game; but when he knocks off he doesn't make a business of his recreation. In what other occupation is the best of American sport combined with the day's work? And when the season is over the player knows that he has earned his money in a mighty clean business!

The people of Philadelphia can watch the best baseball we can give them for twenty-five cents to a dollar. In eleven years the Quaker fan has seen the Athletic players win four American League pennants and two world's series! Some kind folks say the Athletics have discovered Philadelphia for the country at large. Anyhow, we'll try to keep it on the baseball map.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Connie Mack. The second will appear in an early issue.

A Curious Affliction

THERE used to be proudly described in all the textbooks of physiology under the title of "boilermakers' deafness" a curious disease in the form of progressive loss of hearing which attacked men who were employed in riveting together large curved plates of steel to form engine boilers. This condition was supposed to be due to the infernal and intolerable clangor and banging by which their ears were incessantly assailed all through the working day.

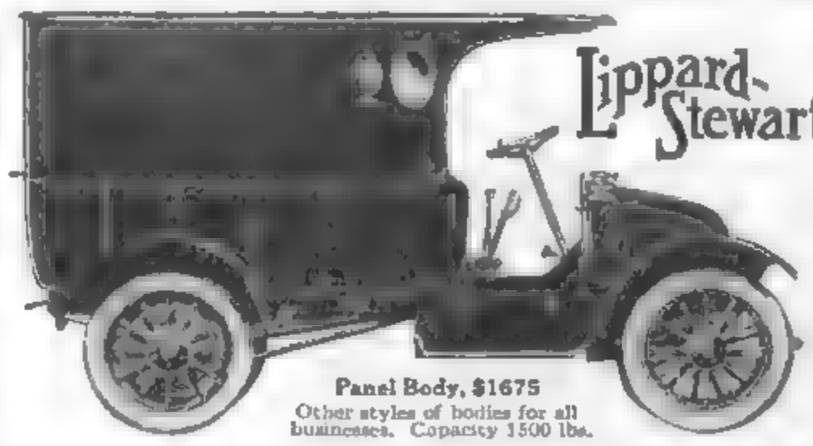
A singular feature of it was that those affected appeared to hear better in the Inferno of the shop, where ordinary individuals could hardly hear themselves speak, than they did in a quiet room. They would often be so deaf as to be unable to hear either a watch or a tuning fork an inch away from the ear in a quiet room and yet were able to carry on an ordinary conversation quite readily in the deafening clangor of the shop.

This explanation was all very pretty and conclusive until some inquisitive aurist took his mirror and looked at the eardrums; and, to his surprise, he found them thick and leathery and sunken in. When the placing of the handle of a tuning fork upon the teeth showed that their bone conduction was as good as ever, it was quickly proved that the whole trouble of the poor boilermakers was in the middle ear.

Why did they hear conversations in the shop better than they did outside? Simply because they had got into the habit in the shop, knowing that they could not possibly hear the sounds of their comrades' voices, of turning to look at them and reading their lips. In the tests in the consultation rooms their eyes, of course, were covered or their faces turned away; so they had to depend on the sense of hearing alone.

The boilermakers, in fact, had been exposed to attacks of colds and infections like other men, and the results of these had been greatly increased by the incessant changes and enormous extremes of temperature to which they were exposed—at one moment hammering upon a two-hundred-pound plate of white-hot metal until they were perspiring furiously at every pore, and the next moment cooling off at an open window or in some chilly corner of the shop or shed.

Similar conditions of the drum were found to be common among all workingmen and operatives who were exposed to violent extremes and frequent alternations of temperature, such as foundry and furnace men, who would come out of the building dripping with perspiration and walk home or ride in an unwarmed street car in zero weather; or locomotive engineers, who were perpetually thrusting head and shoulders from a broiling cab out into a blizzard or a twenty-knot gale to see the track ahead.



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Don't Wait Longer for a Practical Delivery Car Here it is—at a Practical Price

Are you one of the merchants who have been waiting for the motor delivery car to be "perfected"?

Have you been looking for a sensible, well designed commercial car that would solve the delivery problem for retail merchants, and others who have light hauling to do?

To all such we say, You need wait no longer. The Lippard-Stewart Delivery Car, at $1650 [illegible] meets your needs. It offers—at a low price—all you can desire in a motor delivery car.

Here is a commercial car designed and built by experienced automobile men expressly for delivery service. Not a converted touring car. Not a hurriedly built "horseless wagon."

But a substantial, well-planned, scientifically constructed delivery car—with every part strong and well proportioned for the hard service delivery car must stand. A simple car free from touring car complications. A car that a boy can drive and care for.

Farmers and dealers who have examined Lippard-Stewart cars have been unable to suggest improvements. Merchants to whom they have been demonstrated have been quick to appreciate their efficiency and economy and to place orders for early delivery.

For this is the first *real* delivery car ever offered at a moderate price. It is the first one at any price to offer *all* of the standard, proven features of modern automobile construction listed above. Note them carefully.

Not An Announcement

This is not an announcement of a new car. Lippard-Stewart cars have been in customers' hands for months. Our first experimental cars—the product of two years' study—have been on the roads constantly for a year. Lippard-Stewart cars are now in use in twenty of the leading cities of the country.

Through advertising in trade papers and newspapers we have sold all we could make. Now, with increased output and enlarged facilities, we are reaching out into new territories. We can make prompt deliveries of dealers' demonstrators and also of customers' cars.

Good Dealers Wanted

Many excellent territories are still open and we invite correspondence from live dealers.

Lippard-Stewart Commercial Car [illegible] opportunities to dealers and merchants. To the dealer, opportunities of quick and easy sales, no trading, a big market practically unlimited and so far almost untouched.

To the merchant, opportunities of increased business, quicker deliveries over a wider territory and reduced delivery cost.

It will pay you to investigate Lippard-Stewart Commercial Cars. Write or wire for catalog.

Lippard-Stewart Motor Car Company, Buffalo, N. Y.

Housecleaning Made Easy By Dusting With LIQUID VENEER

LIQUID VENEER robs housecleaning of its drudgery. It is easy to use. No special directions are necessary, and there's scarcely anything in the house on which it cannot be used with wonderfully beautifying effect.

In the one simple dusting operation LIQUID VENEER *takes off* dust, scratches, stains, blemishes, and *brings on* the beautiful finish that the article originally had. Doesn't matter *what* it is—leather chair, brass bed, chandelier, hardwood floor, table, dresser, piano or woodwork—LIQUID VENEER *makes* and *keeps* it just like new.

Also, LIQUID VENEER will prevent cracking and checking when used on varnished surfaces before the varnish has become dry and brittle. It instantly dispels that foggy film from pianos and highly finished furniture, and acts as a perfect disinfectant. A room dusted with LIQUID VENEER is as sweet and refreshing as a pine grove.

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HOME OIL is the best oil you can use on squeaky

CHEER UP [illegible]
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Please send me, free and without further obligation on my part, sample bottle of LIQUID VENEER.
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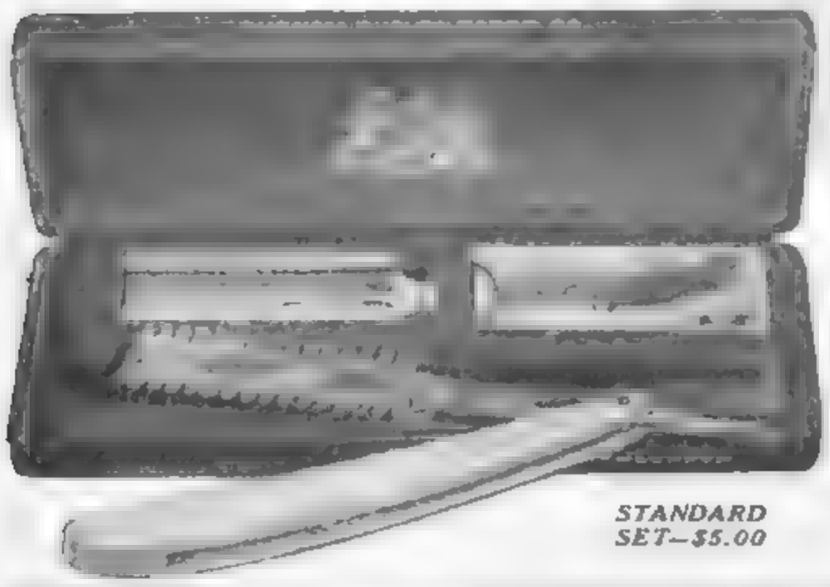
Over 12 Tons of Razors



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ALABAMA

Town	Dealer
Birmingham	Birmingham Arms & Cycle Co.
"	Gunn's Pharmacy
"	Letaw's Pharmacy
Montgomery	The Montgomery Fair
Selma	Selma Stationery Co

ARIZONA

Bisbee	Bisbee Drug Co.
Globe	Globe Hardware Co.
"	Ryan & Co.
Nogales	Sonora News Co
Tucson	Geo. Martin Drug Co.
"	Smith Sporting Goods Co.
Yuma	[illegible] Sanguinetti

ARKANSAS

Fort Smith	Davis Drug Co.
"	Palace Drug Co
Hot Springs	R. G. Morris Drug Co.
"	Sorrell Drug Co.
Jonesboro	R. H. Meyer & Co
Laurel	[illegible] Hardware Co
Little Rock	Loeb Cigar Co., New Capitol Hotel
"	Read's Drug Store

CALIFORNIA

Chico	H. W. Crew Drug Co.
Coalinga	Gardner Drug Co
"	Hetter & May Druggists
Fresno	Lewis & Schlueter, Sporting Goods
"	Monroe Drug Co.
Hanford	Cousins & Howland
"	Justice Hardware Co.
Long Beach	Parker Drug Co
Los Angeles	Henry Gayet Hardware Co
"	Harper Reynolds Co
"	Hoffman Marks Hardware Co.
"	J & J Drug Co.
"	Nagel Hardware Co.
"	Sun Drug Co.
"	Tuffts-Lyon Arms Co.
"	Vance's Drug Store
"	Western Hardware & Arms Co.
"	C. F. Wickland Co., 208 W. 3rd St.
Madera	Hunter Drug Co.
Marysville	Hampton Hardware Co.
Merced	Russell's
Modesto	Husband & Turner
"	Turner Hardware & Supply Co
Orange	Luttmer's Mission Pharmacy
Oroville	J. E. Sangster, Druggist
Red Bluff	Elmore Pharmacy
Redding	McCormick-Saeltzer Co (Inc.)
"	Redding Drug Co.
Sacramento	Kimball Upson Co.
San Francisco	Brittain & Co., Market and Mason Sts.
"	Osborn Hardware & Tool Co., 615 Market St.
"	"That Man Pitts," 771 Market St
"	"That Man Pitts," Geary and Fillmore Sts
San Pedro	Marine Hardware Co.
Visalia	Cross Hardware Co.
"	Huntoon & Douglass, Druggists
Whittier	Whittier Hardware Co.
Woodland	Woodland Hardware Co.

COLORADO

Town	Dealer
Boulder	Greenman Stores Co (2 stores)
"	University Store
Canon City	Mitchell & Egbers
Colorado City	Meyer's Corner Drug Store
Colorado Springs	Antler's Hotel News Stand
"	Robinson Drug Co.
Denver	E. Brennert
"	Joslin Dry Goods Co.
"	A. T. Lewis & Son Dry Goods Co.
"	R. Reincke
Fort Collins	A. W. Scott Drug Co.
Fort Morgan	Frank Creitz
Greeley	McCatcheon Hardware Co
La Junta	Andrews & Lagerquist
Leadville	Taylor Drug Store
Longmont	Longmont Drug Co.
Pueblo	E. F. Ford & Co
"	Knebel Sporting Goods Co
"	Metropolitan Drug Co.
Salida	Bateman Hardware Co
Sterling	Bowman & Day
Trinidad	Hausman Drug Co.
"	Harry Moses & Son
Victor	Davis Drug Store

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Hartford	Goodwin Drug Co.
Meriden	H. W. Morse Co
Middletown	H. M. Lincoln
New Britain	Clark & Brainerd Co.
New Haven	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
New London	Taylor Prescription Pharmacy
South Manchester	F. T. Blish Hardware Co.
West Haven	L. H. Warner, Hardware
Willimantic	Samuel Chesbro
	Jas. D. Courtney Druggist

FLORIDA

Gainesville	Mendelson Bros.

GEORGIA

Acworth	McMillan Bros.
Adel	S. A. Parrish & Bros.
Allapaha	Allapaha Hardware & Furniture Co.
Ashburn	Reinhart Bros.
Augusta	J. B. White & Co.
Bainbridge	McDonald Hardware Co
Blackshear	Taylor & Milton Hardware Co
Blakely	Bryan Drug Co.
Burlington	Jas. H. Jacoby & Co.
Columbus	Wm. Beach Hardware Co.
Dawson	Dawson Hardware Co
Donalsonville	Model Drug Co
Douglas	Watt & Holmes Hardware Co.
Dublin	S. Weichselbaum
Fitzgerald	Adams Candy Kitchen
"	Watt & Holmes Hardware Co.
Helena	Stewart Hardware Co.
Jessup	McRae Bros.
Lumber City	Smith & Willcox
Moultrie	J. Benenson
"	G. A. Horsan
Nashville	S. T. Tygart
Ocilla	Watt & Holmes Hardware Co
Pelham	Farmers Hardware Co.
Rochelle	Brown Hardware Co.
Thomasville	Peacock Mash Drug Co.
Tifton	Golden Hardware Co
Valdosta	Barnes Drug Co.
Willacoochee	McClure, Paulk & Co.

IDAHO

Town	Dealer
Coeur d'Alene	Lake City Hardware Co
Hailey	L. Wertheimer
Lewiston	Lewiston Hardware Co.
Pocatello	Lewis & Co.

ILLINOIS

Chicago	Bullard & Gormley, 7 E. Lake St.
	Bullard & Gormley, 173 N. State St.
"	Central Drug Co., 4541 Evanston Ave
"	Chladek Bros., 63d St. and Cottage Grove Ave
	Cobb Whyte & Lammer Co. 179 N. Clark St
	H. B. Cole & Sons 1366 E. 47th St.
"	Geo. Horn, 1428 E. 55th St
	Kraut & Dohnal, 36 S. Clark St.
"	Geo. H. Mayer, Clark and Lake Sts.
	Sam Opper 2700 Thomas St.
"	Geo. J. Pfeifer & Co., 6420 Halsted St
	Pompeir & Fulton, 161 N. Clark St.
"	Harry L. Porter, 4236 Cottage Grove Ave.
	Rothchild & Co
	Siegel, Cooper & Co.
	Stock Yard Hardware & Paint Co., 4157 S. Halsted St.
"	Gilbert Wilson Co 1307 E. 55th St
"	Thomas Hardware & Cattery Co 42 S. Clark St
Streator	D. Heenan Mercantile Co

INDIANA

Fort Wayne	Bradley Bros., Druggists
"	Myer Bros. Co., 602 Calhoun St.
"	Seavey Hardware Co.
Huntington	Bradley Bros., Druggists
Indianapolis	O. W. Brooks & Co.
"	Marett Department Store Co.
"	E. W. Stucky, Illinois and Ohio Sts.
"	Vonnegut Hardware Co.
"	Weber Drug Co.
Kokomo	Kokomo Dry Goods Co.
Marion	Bradley Bros., Druggists
South Bend	Chard & Tompsett
"	Ralph H. Kuss
"	Andrew Zeltner, 25 Main St.
Terre Haute	Root Dry Goods Co.
Union City	K. Kirschbaum
Wabash	Bradley Bros., Druggists

IOWA

Albia	Geo. D. Miller
Burlington	Sutter-Ludman Drug Co., 3rd St. Store
"	Sutter-Ludman Drug Co., Jefferson St. Store
Centerville	Red Cross Drug Co.
Chariton	Gibbens Pharmacy
Clarinda	Clarinda Hardware Co.
Creston	Blair & Brennan
Des Moines	M. J. Olsen's Pharmacies
Fairfield	Jerico & Easton
Glenwood	L. S. Robinson
Mt. Pleasant	J. H. Jerico & Co.
New London	Jerico Drug Co.
Osceola	Woodburn Drug Co.

IOWA (Continued)

Town	Dealer
Ottumwa	Ottumwa Hardware Co.
Washington	J. E. Lemmon Pharmacy
West Burlington	Theo. F. Niemann

KANSAS

Abilene	Abilene Mercantile Co.
Arkansas City	W. N. Harris
"	Newman Dry Goods Co
Cherryvale	S. W. Squire
Clay City	S. W. Eagler
Coffeyville	Jordan-Florea Drug Co.
Columbus	Burke Bros. Drug Co
"	T. O. Craddick, Jeweler
Concordia	Layton & Neilson
Eldorado	Seag's Drug Store
Emporia	G. W. Newman Dry Goods Co.
Fredonia	Pierce & Coleman
Galena	Schellack Drug Co.
Girard	C. H. Phillips
Great Bend	Price Bondurant
Herlington	Smith & Kauth
Holton	Klesmire Bros., Hardware
"	Smith & Lindsay, Drugs
Hutchinson	Hedges & Adams
Independence	Hebrank Drug Co
Leavenworth	Atwater Hardware Co., 5th and Cherokee Sts.
Neodesha	Hynds & Arthur
Newton	Evans Bros., Hardware
Salina	P. L. Gebhart & Son
Wellington	Gallup & Crow
Winfield	R. B. Bird
"	Friedenburg's Pharmacy

KENTUCKY

Ashland	Ogden Hardware Co
Frankfort	McClure Cooperative Store Co.
Hopkinsville	Anderson Fowler Drug Co.
Lexington	McAdams & Morford
Louisville	J. Bacon & Son
Mayfield	Evans & Covington
Paducah	W. J. Gilbert
Russellville	J. M. Perry

MAINE

Houlton	John Watson Co.
Millinocket	Asa Craig
Presque Isle	A. M. Smith

MARYLAND

Baltimore	Stewart & Co.
"	Stewart-Crook Hardware Co.
Cumberland	P. J. Smith & Co.
Frederick	J. W. Harner
Hagerstown	Central Drug Co.
"	Schindel, Rohrer & Co.
Salisbury	Dorman & Smyth Hardware Co.

MASSACHUSETTS

Amesbury	Wm. E. Boyle
Andover	W. A. Allen
Attleboro	Lilly & Morgan
Boston	Chandler & Barber
"	S. H. Davis Co.
"	Hubbell & McGowan
	Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
	C. W. Mitchell & Co., 353 Atlantic Ave.
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co. (10 stores
"	Walker-Rintels Drug Stores
Brockton	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.

MASSACHUSETTS (Continued)

Town	Dealer
Charlestown	F. P. Downey
"	Stacey Pharmacy
Fitchburg	Iver Johnson Sporting Goods Co.
Haverhill	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	Norton's Pharmacy
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
"	N. C. Tozier
Holyoke	Hall & Lyon Co.
Hyde Park	Falloris Drug Store
"	Geo. C. Keith
Lawrence	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Lowell	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Lynn	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Marlboro	J. J. Hanley
Medford	John W. Enright
Middleboro	Jesse F. Morse
Palmer	Bay State Drug Co.
Salem	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Springfield	Geo. A. Graves & Sons
"	Riker-Jaynes Drug Co.
Taunton	Perry Hardware Co.
Westboro	E. F. Welch, Jeweler
Worcester	Duncan & Goodell Co.
"	Hall & Lyon Co.
"	K. H. Stephan & Sons

MICHIGAN

Bay City	W. T. Fowley & Co., West Side
"	Mason & Beach
"	Recklin Hardware Co.
Calumet	Metropolitan Electronics
Detroit	Gray & Worcester
Escanaba	Ellsworth Drug Store
"	Escanaba Hardware Co.
Flint	Central Drug Store
"	Abraham Foss Co.
Grand Rapids	West's Drug Stores
Houghton	L. H. Atkin
Iron Mountain	Seibert's Drug Store
Laurium	Superior Pharmacy
Ludington	Snow's Drug Store
Manistee	City Drug Store
"	Wm. Miller, Hardware
Marquette	Conklin's Jewelry & Music House
"	Stafford Drug Co.
Menominee	V. A. Lundgren, Druggist (2 stores)
Negaunee	City Drug Store
Owosso	Hoffman Bros.
Port Huron	Knill's Drug Stores (2 stores)
Saginaw	Clark & Wallace
"	Culver-Deisler Drug Co.
"	Union Drug Co.
"	Walz Hardware Co.
Sault Ste. Marie	Morrish & Miner
Traverse City	C. A. Bugbee Drug Co. Ltd.
"	Frank Trude, Hardware

MINNESOTA

Brainerd	Johnson's Pharmacy
Duluth	White Swan Drug Stores
Grand Rapids	Spring Dry Goods Co.
Ishpeming	John W. Jochim Hardware Co.
Mankato	F. J. Thomas Drug Store
Minneapolis	A. D. Thompson Drug Co. (2 stores)
Red Wing	F. H. Claydon Drug Store
Stillwater	St. Croix Drug Co.
Virginia	Casey & Pasternacki (2 stores)
West Duluth	Spencer Pharmacy Co.

MISSISSIPPI

Crystal Springs	Biggs Hardware Co.
Hattiesburg	Hawkins Hardware Co.
Hazlehurst	Brittain & Henry
"	H. Burnley Estate
"	Pitts Bros. Drug Store
Laurel	V. W. Johnston Drug Store
"	Mississippi Drug Co.
"	Wallace Drug Co.
Mahrud	P. K. Melvin
Meridian	Union Drug Store
Mount Olive	D. G. Calhoun
Newton	J. S. Davidson
Quitman	M. E. Lott
Stonewall	Stonewall Cotton Mill Drug Store

MISSOURI

Joplin	Joplin Watch & Jewelry Co.
"	Wheeler & Leffen Drug Co.
Kansas City	Jones Store Co.
"	Schmelzer Arms Co. (2 stores)
Springfield	John R. Barrett Drug Co.
"	McGregor-Noe Hardware Co.
"	W. A. & J. H. Reed
St. Louis	Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney Dry Goods Co.
"	Wolff-Wilson Drug Co.

MONTANA

Butte	M. J. Connell Co.

NEBRASKA

Omaha	Browning, King & Co.
South Omaha	C. P. S. Tobin, Druggist

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Town	Dealer
Hanover	Allen Drug Co.
Manchester	John B. Varick Co.

NEW JERSEY

Boonton	R. D. Heath
Bayonne	F. O. Eshill
Camden	James L. Dougherty
"	H. Hoffman
Jersey City	Bernstein & Co., 42 Newark Ave
"	Graham & McCloskey Co.
"	C. J. McCloskey
Long Branch	Chester M. Truax
Morristown	W. K. Muchmore
Newark	Hahne & Co.
Orange	J. W. Lindsley, 245 Main St.
Paterson	Pettit Bros.
"	C. B. Vaughan
Somerville	Woerishing Bros.
Trenton	S. P. Dunham & Co.

NEW MEXICO

Clayton	M. Herzstein & Co.
Deming	H. Nordhaus & Sons

NEW YORK

Amsterdam	Amsterdam Hardware Co.
Buffalo	J. N. Adam & Co.
"	Common Con Drug Co. (5 stores)
"	Faxon, Williams & Faxon
"	Miller Strong Drug Co.
"	Steere's Drug & Specialty Shop
"	Weed & Co.
Central Valley	H. D. Ford
Dunkirk	Weed & Jones
Elmira	Elmira Arms Co.
Fulton	M. Katz & Co.
Gloversville	F. S. Batcheller & Co.
"	M. Katz & Co.
Jamestown	J. W. Graff
Monroe	J. Paddleford & Son
Newark	L. L. Jones Drug Store
Newburgh	B. Heyman
"	H. Shapiro's Sporting Goods
New York City (Brooklyn)	H. Batterman Co., Broadway & Flushing Ave.
" "	Bond & Co.
(Manhattan)	Bockar-Ennis Drug Co., 139 Liberty St.
"	J. P. Dannefelser, 19 Warren St.
"	J. B. Dawson, 126 University Place
"	Davega's Sporting Goods Store, 405 Broadway
"	Lord & Taylor
"	R. M. McCutcheon Co., 113th St. and 8th Ave.
"	O'Neill-Adams Co., 6th Ave.
"	Riker-Hegeman Drug Stores
"	Schoverling, Daly & Gales, 302 Broadway
"	Standard Drug Co., 50 Church St.
"	E. E. Waeldin, 98 Nassau St.
"	R. W. Zundel, 47 Whitehall St.
Ogdensburg	Williams Drug Co.
Olean	Studholme Bros.
Parish	James Gray
Rochester	Gulliford Drug Co.
"	Hyde Drug Co.
"	J. K. Post Drug Co.
"	Weaver Hardware Co.
Syracuse	N. H. Burhans Co.
"	Liggett's No. 1 Store
"	Herbert Walker
Utica	M. F. Dent Co.
White Plains	A. Greenland

NORTH CAROLINA

Elizabeth City	Fowler & Co.

OHIO

Ashtabula	Mitchell Hardware Co.
Burbank	N. W. Hower & Sons
Canton	Roth & Hug
Cincinnati	The Fair Co.
Conneaut	Mitchell Hardware Co.
East Akron	Hower & Co.
Portsmouth	J. H. Stewart
Toledo	Lion Dry Goods Co.
Wellston	Kelley Bros.

OKLAHOMA

Muskogee	Mittong's Drug Store
"	Morhart's Drug Store
Oklahoma City	Max Hershkowitz
"	Parmenter-Roersma Drug Co.
"	Schmelzer Arms Co.
"	Frank M. Weaver
"	Westfall's Drug Co.
Tulsa	The Fair
"	Quaker Drug Co.
"	Sells Drug Co.

OREGON

Hillsboro	Hillsboro Furniture & Hardware Co.
Hood River	Charles N. Clarke
Portland	Columbia Hardware Co.
"	Portland Cutlery Co.
"	Portland Hotel Pharmacy
"	Skidmore Drug Co.
The Dalles	Walther Williams Hardware Co.

PENNSYLVANIA

Bristol	Wm. P. Wright Estate
Butler	J. G. & W. Campbell
Canonsburg	Thompson Drug Co.
Chambersburg	A. L. Solenberger
Chester	Galey Hardware Co.
Coatesville	W. W. Mast
Donora	Union Pharmacy
Erie	Palace Hardware Co.
Ford City	Geo. E. Kettle
Homestead	O'Donnell's Drug Store
"	United Hardware Co.

PENNSYLVANIA (Continued)

Town	Dealer
Jeannette	S. C. Dougherty's Drug Store
Johnstown	Penn Traffic Co.
Kittanning	Geo. S. Rohrer & Co.
"	W. J. Sturgeon
Lansdale	Gilligan Hardware & Supply Co.
Lebanon	Altenderfer & Tyson
New Brighton	H. L. Schweppe
New Kensington	A. W. Aiken Pharmacy
Norristown	Norman & Frey
Olyphant	Wm. Goodman
Philadelphia	Guy Z. Baum, 54th St. & Girard
"	Fifer & Beatty
"	Kinkaeter & Sheppard Co., Frankford
"	John Orr, Germantown
"	L. Herder & Son, 606 Arch St.
"	Frank C. Kenyon, 1838 Columbia Ave.
"	James Orr, 2754 Germantown Ave.
"	J. S. Reice, 919 Girard Ave.
"	J. B. Shannon Hardware Co.
"	Sharpless Bros., 304 Market St.
"	Soelling, Havens & Co., 833 Arch St.
"	G. A. Supplee Co., 1538 Market St.
"	F. K. Tryon & Co., 611 Market St.
"	Zimmerman Hardware Co., 431 Market St.
Phoenixville	N. H. Benjamin Co.
Pittsburgh	Sam Dickler, 803 E. Ohio St.
"	Erskine's Drug Store, Penn Ave. & Main St.
"	E. E. Heck, Smith St. & Liberty Ave.
"	W. F. Heidenreich, 9th & Penn Ave.
"	Hukill-Hunter Co., 414 Wood St.
"	Jenkins Arcade Pharmacy, 506 Penn Ave.
"	Pennsylvania Hardware Co.
"	W. A. Ross, 1901 Carson St.
"	C. A. Schafer, 2628 Carson St.
"	K. Solomon & Co.
Reading	Bard Hardware Co.
"	Hoff Bros.
Scottdale	Broadway Drug Co.
Tarentum	Tarentum Hardware Co.
Vandergrift	Grant Ave. Pharmacy
Westfield	F. J. Wood

RHODE ISLAND

East Greenwich	Earnshaw Drug Co.
Newport	Hall & Lyon Co.
Pawtucket	Hall & Lyon Co.
Providence	Hall & Lyon Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Abbeville	C. A. Milford & Co.
Anderson	Evans Pharmacy
"	McFall's Pharmacy
"	Morton Drug Co.
Bamberg	W. D. Rhoads
Beaufort	P. M. Epstein
Belton	Hopper Drug Co.
Chester	Murphy Hardware Co.
Gaffney	Gaffney Drug Co.
Greenville	Carpenter Bros.
"	West Hardware Co.

SOUTH DAKOTA

Elk Point	Henkin & Son

TENNESSEE

Athens	Wm. M. Anderson & Co.
Chattanooga	Jos. Anderson
"	Lookout Billiard Hall
Clarksville	Askew, Coulter & Ower Drug Co.
Knoxville	W. W. Woodruff Hardware Co.
Memphis	Acklin Bros. Hardware & Furniture Co.
"	Dunlap & Graham
"	Fortune-Ward Drug Co., 9 N. Main St.
"	Fortune-Ward Drug Co., 141 S. Main St.
"	Jacobi Pharmacy
Nashville	Max Bloomstein, 506 Church St.
"	Castner-Knott Dry Goods Co.
"	Hermitage Hardware Co.

TEXAS

Town	Dealer
Austin	Twentieth Century Drug Store
Arlington	W. J. Guernsey
Cleburne	E. J. Campsey
"	Will F. Dietrich
Corpus Christi	M. Lichtenstein & Sons
Corsicana	Marks Bros.
Dallas	Britton's Drug Store
"	J. T. Buckingham
"	Huey & Philp Hardware Co.
"	Oak Cliff Pharmacy
"	Palace Drug Store
"	Roderick & Co.
"	Sanger Bros.
"	Sanger & Son
"	Smith Pharmacy
Fort Worth	J. P. Bradshear
"	Canton Pharmacy
"	Covey & Martin
"	N. E. Grammer
"	Johnston, Puckett Drug Store
"	Massey & Co.
"	Pangburn's Drug Store
"	Renfro Drug Co.
"	Dr. E. S. Smyth, 110 E. Exchange Ave.
Jefferson	J. J. Segal
Mexia	Garner & Phillips
Rockdale	Scarbrough & Hicks
San Antonio	Bexar Drug Co.
"	Fischer Drug Store
Waco	Sanger Bros.
"	Norman H. Smith & Co.
Waxahachie	Curlin's Drug Stores
Weatherford	Lowe Co.

VIRGINIA

Hot Springs	M. H. McClintic
Onancock	Bell Harness Co.
Richmond	H. W. Rountree & Bros. Trunk & Bag Co.
Staunton	L. C. Davison

WASHINGTON

Anacortes	G. W. Shannon & Co.
Blaine	M. M. Barber, Jeweler
Bremerton	Glen R. Fetterman & Co.
Colfax	W. T. McCroskey
Ellensburg	Harry S. Elwood
Mt. Vernon	Mt. Vernon Drug Co.
North Yakima	Clark's Pharmacy
Pasco	Pasco Hardware Co.
Port Townsend	Jones & Crouten
Seattle	MacDougall & Southwick Co.
"	McCormack Bros.
Sedro Woolley	H. H. Shrewsbury Mfg. Co.
Snohomish	Snohomish Hardware Co.
Spokane	Murgittroyd's
"	Whitehouse Co.
Tacoma	People's Store Co.
Walla Walla	Green & Jackson Drug Co.
Wenatchee	Wells & Morris

WEST VIRGINIA

Richwood	Davidson's Department Store

WISCONSIN

Ashland	Knight Block Pharmacy
Marinette	Kroeger's Pharmacy
Milwaukee	The Boston Store
Stoughton	O. N. Falk & Sons

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Havana	Jose Belbao
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NEWFOUNDLAND

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THE VESTED REMAINDER

(Continued from Page 9)

one thing nobody could learn me, and that is when I am making renewals from a contract I do it in writing by a lawyer. And if you think you could get me that I should commit myself with all your witnesses here, Mr. Wachs, you got another think coming—and that's all I got to say."

He folded up his napkin deliberately and laid it by the side of his plate. "Furthermore," he said as he rose from his chair, "I wouldn't go as partners together with you—not if you would bring me a ——"

At this juncture Marcus Wachs swept to the floor a carafe of water and two plates, so that in the resulting crash the final words of Max's sentence were lost to his audience. Marcus rightly suspected them to be however: "Not if you would bring me a bride which her hair hung *mit* diamonds already!" And he grew purple with rage and apprehension.

"Out!" he bellowed. "Out from my house, you loafer, you!"

He scrambled out of his chair and waved his fists menacingly; but the same discretion that moved Podgorsky to secure his hat and coat from the hall stand outside with the agility of a tramp juggler caused Marcus to exercise a certain leisure in his pursuit. Hence he arrived at the hall door in time to aim a kick which failed of its target by the entire length of the stoop. Nevertheless it was propelled by Marcus with such enthusiasm that, had it not been for the timely advent of Dr. Sigmund Eichendorfer, he would have landed in a heap on the sidewalk. As it was, he knocked Doctor Eichendorfer's eyeglasses from their lofty perch on the doctor's nose and so winded their owner that for some minutes he was incapable of expressing the emotion he felt.

"You got to excuse me," Marcus apologized as he withdrew himself from the front of the doctor's waistcoat; "but I had my designer at my house this evening and he is just leaving here."

The doctor turned to view Max Podgorsky rapidly disappearing down the street, and then he followed Marcus inside.

"Of course," he said, "I don't know anything about the cloak and suit trade; but the next time you would invite your designer to dinner let me know and I'll call in the morning! A doctor has got enough to give him neurasthenia without he would get mixed up with designers' troubles."

He hung up his hat and walked ponderously upstairs to his patient's room, where for more than a quarter of an hour he plied Uncle Mordecai with stethoscope and thermometer. At intervals during that time he frowned impressively and made notes on a printed chart, adjusting and readjusting his owl-like glasses the while, until he deemed that three dollars' worth of visit had been accurately doled out. He then reinserted his stethoscope in his overcoat pocket; and, with a final knitting of his brows that to Marcus seemed to concentrate all the medical knowledge of the ages on his father's precarious condition, Doctor Eichendorfer drew the covers over Uncle Mordecai and creaked ponderously out of the room, followed by Marcus.

"I think it's my duty to tell you," Doctor Eichendorfer said in proper tones as he closed the door behind him, "that I have discovered certain symptoms which indicate the administration of hexamethylene-tetramine."

"Oo-ee!" Marcus exclaimed. "Is the old man as bad off as all that?"

Doctor Eichendorfer shut his eyes and shook his head ominously.

"I can't promise anything," he replied. "All I can say is that, so far as medical skill is concerned, your father has the very best advantage. I will go into the parlor and write you a couple prescriptions. The one for the hexamethylene-tetramine calls for ten-grain powders, to be given him one hour before meals."

Marcus heaved a sigh of relief.

"*Gott sei Dank*—it's powders!" he exclaimed. "I thought it come in tanks."

He ushered the doctor into the parlor just as Esther appeared, putting on her hat.

"What's the matter, Esther, you are going so soon?" he asked.

"I have an engagement at my boarding house," Esther replied; "so I'll run upstairs and say goodby to Uncle Mordecai."

Inside the parlor, Doctor Eichendorfer bent over a pad and made cuneiform inscriptions with his gold-mounted fountain pen. At the sound of a female voice he looked up, and noted with the eye of a connoisseur Esther's trim figure and calm, hazel eyes; whereupon he returned to his prescription. By writing slowly and adding three or four harmless ingredients to one of the medicines, he managed to prolong his labors until Esther descended the stairs; and after she had said goodby to Marcus he emerged, with an impressive cough, from the parlor into the hallway.

"Doctor Eichendorfer, this is a cousin from mine, by the name Miss Esther Wachs," Marcus said, and Esther bowed.

"Glad to know you," Doctor Eichendorfer said almost bruskly. "Here are the prescriptions, Mr. Wachs. You'd better send right away and have 'em filled."

He opened the street door and stood to one side while Esther passed out.

"I'll call tomorrow at half past nine," he said, and followed Esther down the stoop. A fine drizzle was beginning to fall, and as Esther paused to raise her umbrella the doctor hastened to assist her.

"This is elegant weather for the practice of medicine," he said. "I've been on my feet since six o'clock this morning, and half my cases were grippe."

"This is a busy season in every line," Esther commented.

"You're quite right," the doctor continued as he walked by Esther's side toward the subway; "and my automobile went out of business this morning, so that I'm doing my visiting on foot or in the subway."

"I thought a doctor's practice was all in one neighborhood," Esther said.

"By no means," Doctor Eichendorfer replied. "Why, this afternoon I was visiting in the twenties at the Prince Clarence Hotel, and tomorrow I shall have to go down there again."

As they traversed the remainder of the block, Esther grew silent; and when they came to the corner of Lenox Avenue Doctor Eichendorfer raised his hat.

"I leave you here," he said. "I have a patient in this building."

He had started up the steps when Esther laid a restraining hand on his sleeve.

"Doctor Eichendorfer," she said, "before you go I want to ask you something."

"About your uncle?" he asked.

Esther hesitated for a brief interval and then her face colored vividly.

"It isn't about my uncle," she explained; "it's about something else. I wanted to ask you what time you are going downtown tomorrow?"

"Half past three," the doctor said. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know if you'll do me a favor and stop in at the place where I work," Esther continued, fumbling with her muff. "Here's one of the cards," she went on. "It's just round the corner from the Prince Clarence."

"Why don't you come to my office?" the doctor asked.

"It isn't me," she replied. "It's a young man who works in the place. He's been growing thinner for the past six months and he has a terrible cough."

For a moment or two the doctor looked critically at Esther.

"All right," he said; "I'll be there."

"And, doctor," Esther said hesitatingly, "if you don't mind, let it appear that you dropped in to see me and that you are just examining him casually as it were."

Again the doctor looked hard at Esther.

"It isn't quite professional," he replied, "but I guess it'll be all right."

Once more he began to ascend the stoop, and he had almost reached the door when Esther called to him again.

"Doctor Eichendorfer," she said in trembling tones, "one thing more: Send the bill to me."

The doctor paused with his hand on the knob, and his professional air deserted him as he smiled broadly.

"There isn't going to be any bill," he said, and disappeared into the house.

VI

GRUNERMAN'S boarding house, in which Esther occupied a front hall bedroom, was the tangible evidence of the late Israel Grunerman's membership in three fraternal orders; and it supported the widow and her aged father, Louis Turkeltaub, in so marked a degree of luxury as to

(Continued on Page 60)

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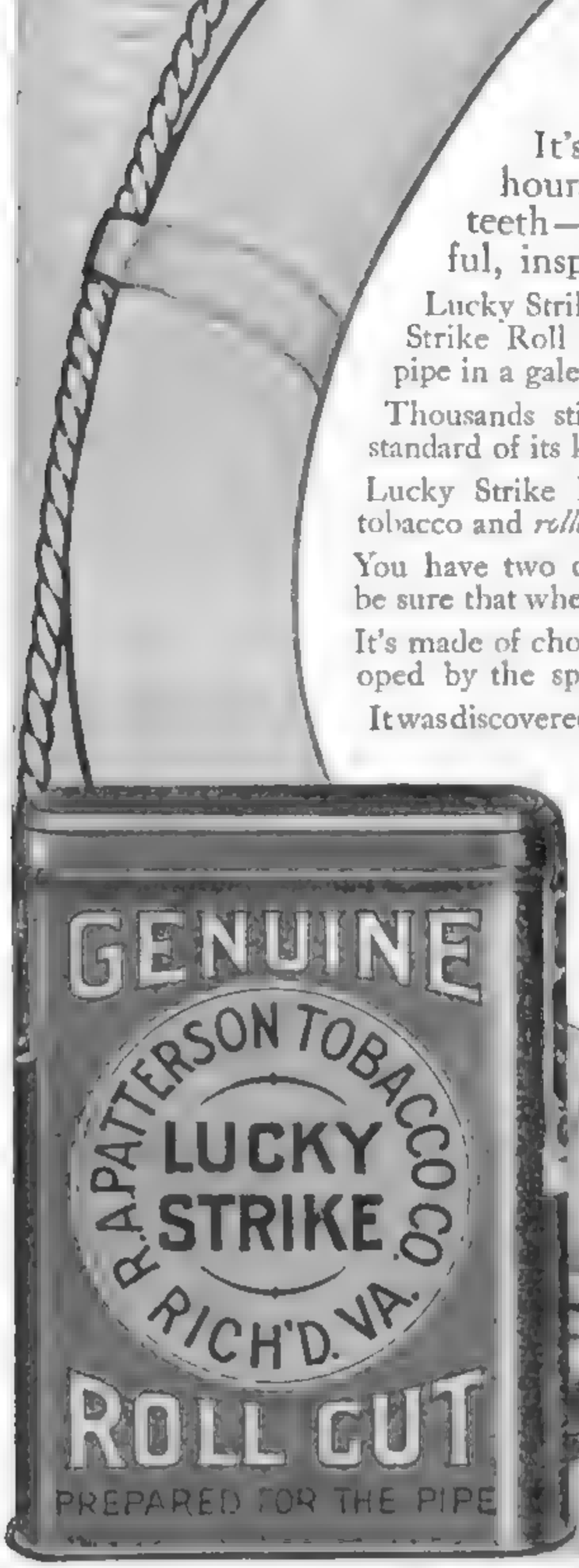

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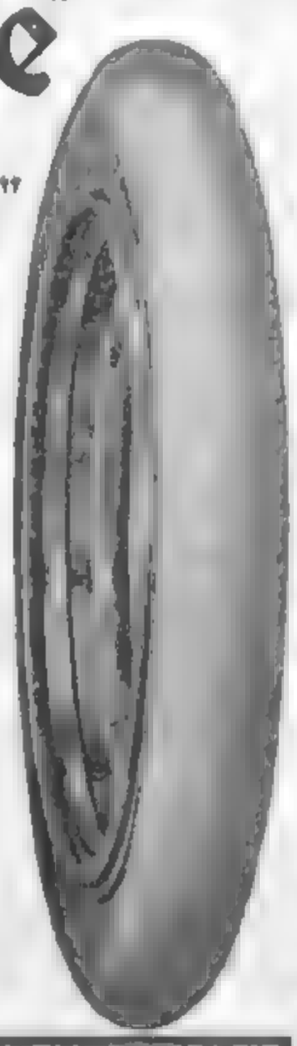

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Hip-Fit Mfg. Co.

60 E. Grand St., New York City

Tailors, Dealers and Side Line Salesmen are invited to write us

(Continued from Page 58)

attract to the Widow Grunerman the attentions of more than one leisure-loving bachelor. It need hardly be said that these attentions were utterly distasteful to Louis, who felt that a remarriage of his daughter would imperil if not destroy the comfort of his declining years. Accordingly he was ever on the alert to intercept not only prospective suitors, but marriage brokers as well; and so, when Jonas Flowerfield entered the front parlor of the boarding house that evening to await Esther's arrival, Louis unerringly spotted his profession. Moreover, when he approached Jonas he recognized in the collector *shadchen* an old acquaintance.

"If this ain't *Yownah* Blumenfeld," he declared, "my name ain't Turkeltaub at all!"

"Louis Turkeltaub?" Jonas said inquiringly. "Used to was Turkeltaub & Grunerman, in the pants business?"

"You got it right, *Yownah*," Turkeltaub replied. "Ain't it funny *die ganze Welt ist eine Stadt* already! You and me was boys together in Vilna—ain't it? We went to the same school already and we come over in the same steamer; and now, after thirty years, we come together again in *meine Tochter's* a boarding house!"

"Does your daughter keep this here boarding house?" Jonas asked, and Louis snorted skeptically.

"I suppose you didn't know it?" he said. "You *shadchens* is all the same, *Yownah*—you got an idee everybody is blind but yourself. Don't you imagine I know what you come here for? But I can tell you right now, *Yownah*, you might just so well save yourself the trouble to speak to my daughter at all, because she got enough with Israel Grunerman. She wouldn't marry again—not if the feller run a first national bank for a living already!"

As he finished speaking, a key rattled in the street door and Esther entered.

"Now, if you would want to do a little business, *Yownah*," Louis went on, "here comes a young lady which ——"

"Koosh!" Jonas hissed as he rose to his feet; and when Esther approached the parlor door his face assumed a smile of dazzling amiability.

"Why, how do you do, Miss Wachs?" he said, while Esther shook him warmly by the hand. "I guess I'm a little ahead of time."

Louis Turkeltaub had divided his coattails and was warming himself luxuriously in front of the hot-air register. He smiled at Esther and bobbed his head in greeting.

"Why wasn't you to dinner, Miss Wachs?" he asked. "We had an elegant piece *Kalbfleisch* already."

Having thus declared himself "in," so far as any ensuing conversation might be concerned, he walked across the room and sat down on a chair next to the lounge where Esther and Jonas had seated themselves.

"I see you already know Mr. Blumenfeld," he continued.

"My name is Jonas Flowerfield," Jonas said stiffly.

"Flowerfield *oder* Blumenfeld—what is the difference?" Louis retorted. "The one is English and the other *Manerloschen*. That was always the way with you, *Yownah*. You was up to date even as a boy yet. I could remember, like it was yesterday, what punishment your father give you, *Yownah*, for smoking on *Shabbas*—and you wasn't twelve years old at the time!"

"Do you mean to say you knew Mr. Flowerfield when he was a boy?" Esther asked, and Jonas began to mop the back of his neck in a vain effort to save his collar.

"A question!" Turkeltaub cried. "Not only him and me went to the same school together, understand me, but his mother's sister marries my mother's a sister's niece by marriage already."

"Then," Esther declared, "you must have known my father, Mr. Turkeltaub. Why didn't you ever mention it before?"

Louis shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly.

"Well, I'll tell you, Miss Wachs," he said; "certainly I knew very well your father for many years; and though some people calls him a *Schlemiel* already, I wouldn't go so far as that. I would say your father was an unfortunate man, Miss Wachs—that's all. If I would be Jay Vanderbilt already I would hesitate to buy goods from your father, because I would be due to bust up on him two days before my account falls due. Stocks lay for such a feller to go down on him; and if he plays auction pinocle, understand me, he draws three nines in the widder every time."

"But surely you must remember my father when he was a boy," Esther said, and Jonas Flowerfield rose shakily from the lounge.

"I think," he croaked, "I left a couple seegars in my overcoat pocket."

"As a boy," Turkeltaub replied, while Flowerfield passed out of the room, "I didn't know your father at all."

"You didn't know my father at all!" Esther exclaimed. "Why, didn't you go to school with him too?"

"No," Turkeltaub said and, had he but known it, his reply was emphasized by the muffled clang of the street door. "How should I go to school with him? Your father comes from Kovno—ain't it?"

"Telshe," Esther corrected.

"Kovno *oder* Telshe, it don't make no difference, because me and Blumenfeld—*oder* Flowerfield, whatever he calls himself—comes from Vilna. Ain't that so, *Yownah?*" he called, raising his voice.

An ominous stillness followed, which was broken only by the faint admonition from the basement kitchen: "Don't holler so, popper."

"But you went to school with Mr. Flowerfield, didn't you?" Esther insisted after a pause.

"I went to religious school with him," Turkeltaub said.

"Then how was it you don't remember my father?" Esther insisted. "Mr. Flowerfield remembers going to school with him."

Turkeltaub dropped his voice confidentially.

"Might I could remember it, too, Miss Wachs, if I wanted to make myself agreeable," he said. "*Aber* I ain't no *shadchen;* so I just tell the truth, even if it ain't so interesting."

He distorted one side of his wrinkled face in a satirical wink as he rose from his chair.

"Watch out for that feller," he said hoarsely; "he's a dangerous proposition."

He hobbled away to the door and paused to wink again.

"*Nu, Yownah!*" he called. "Ain't you got them seegars yet?"

This time there was a distinct echo, followed by a silence so unbroken that Esther rose and stood by Louis Turkeltaub's side. Together they peered into the hallway. The hall rack was empty, and a pair of abandoned rubbers testified to the haste with which Jonas Flowerfield had departed. Again the admonishing voice rose from the basement kitchen. "Quit your hollerin', popper!" it said.

VII

WHEN Esther reached M. October & Company's place of business the following morning neither of her employers had arrived yet, but as she entered the bookkeeper's office she found Philip Saffran awaiting her.

"Good morning, Miss Wachs," he said. "I'd like to say a few words something to you."

Esther unfastened her hat with a calmness that she was far from feeling.

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"Well," Philip continued, "I thought so long as the bosses ain't here yet I would come and tell you goodby, y'understand, and then there wouldn't be no row or nothing."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Esther said. "Mr. October told you yesterday that he would give you another chance to make good."

"Sure, I know," Philip replied sadly. "That was something else again. That was from Wilmington, Delaware, a return shipment; *aber* you know them goods I shipped last week to Misel & Friedensam, of Springfield?"

"Illinois!" Esther exclaimed.

Philip nodded with the stoniness of despair.

"And I told you three times it was Springfield, Massachusetts!" Esther cried in anguished tones.

"I know it," Philip admitted; "so I guess I would get right out. I'm sitting up till three o'clock this morning over the fourth conjugation and this *fero, ferre, tuli, latum;* and I couldn't stand Mr. Landberg!" He passed his hand through his hair. "I think," he added dispassionately, "I'd murder him! October too!"

"Don't talk foolishness!" Esther said. "This is the first order we've shipped Misel & Friedensam, isn't it?"

Why the Brush Never Touches the Can

"Please hurry with that Dr. Lyon's"

DR. LYON was by no means content with producing the purest, finest and most efficient dentifrice. He deemed it of equal importance to provide the utmost hygiene and elegance in its manner of use.

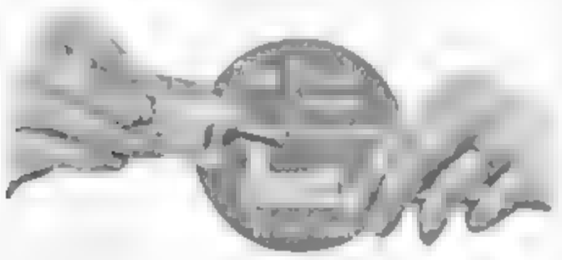
To this refinement of method as well as quality, the long established place of distinction, apart from merely commercial tooth preparations, is due. For it is equally the fame of

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder

(Prepared for nearly half a century by a doctor of dental surgery)

that it is unrivaled for the *lifetime* preservation of the teeth, and that any number of persons can use it from the same can, each serene against all thought of common contact.*

The patent measuring tube which forms the neck of the can delivers just the right quantity of powder to the brush by a tap of the finger. The brush and the can never touch.



Yet another vital advantage of Dr. Lyon's being in *powder form:* It brings no *saccharine*, glycerine, gelatine, glucose or honey to form sticky masses between the teeth to cause decay. It encourages thorough brushing, keeping the gums healthy and hard. Tartar and discoloration disappear. A natural fragrance of breath is maintained.

Use Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder night and morning—ABOVE ALL AT NIGHT—Train your children early to its constant use.

What Dr. Lyon's does not do, should be entrusted only to your dentist to do.

Sold Everywhere

** So long has this feature enjoyed high appreciation that Robert Louis Stevenson, in his famous romance, "The Ebb Tide," mentions Dr. Lyon's and the fact that any number of persons can use it with perfect propriety and neatness.*

"Sure it is," Philip replied; "but what difference does that make? I made the mistake anyhow."

Esther shook her head vigorously.

"No, you didn't," she said. "When you ship goods to a new customer I am supposed to give you the address, so you didn't make the mistake. I made it!"

She seized the shipping book and rapidly turned over the pages until she found the entry in question.

"Here it is," she said, diligently plying an eraser—"as plain as the nose on your face." She smoothed down the erasure with her thumbnail and wrote in the word Illinois in bold characters. "Now let them kick!" she said, "because it's the first mistake I've made in years."

Philip stood hesitatingly for more than a minute, and then he mutely held out his hand. Esther took it in both of hers.

"Don't mention it," she said; "and if you want to do me a favor in return, Philip, you can."

"Only let me know," Saffran cried, "and I would do it!"

"On your word of honor," Esther insisted.

"As a gentleman," Philip said fervently.

"Then," Esther concluded, "go to bed every night at half past ten and take your cod-liver oil three times a day regularly."

She released his hand and thrust him gently out of the office.

"Now go along to your work," she said, "and leave the rest to me."

When at length Morris October arrived that morning, and Esther disclosed to him the return of the Springfield shipment, he only gazed mournfully at her.

"Ship it to Springfield, Massachusetts," he said. "Any one could make a mistake, Miss Wachs; and, anyhow, I met your Cousin Ellis on the subway this morning, and he says if the old man dies *oder* not it wouldn't be long now before you would be getting married."

Esther glanced nervously toward the rear of the loft, where Philip Saffran stood talking with the foreman, and she blushed so vividly that October grew crimson in sympathy.

"How does he know what I'm going to do?" she exclaimed.

"Well," October replied, "he says he hears that a young feller is very much taken up with you."

"He hasn't said anything to me about it," Esther retorted.

"He ain't yet, Ellis says, but he expects to talk to you very soon, Miss Wachs; so I thought I would ask you, if you are going to get engaged, would you, anyhow, do us the favor to stay with us, anyhow, till you get married, so's we could break a green bookkeeper in?"

Esther tapped the desk with her pen.

"In the first place," she said, "I don't know anybody who is going to propose to me, Mr. October, even if I felt like accepting him; and in the second place, there have been cases where girls kept their jobs after they got married."

"Not with all the money coming to 'em which you got it," October commented.

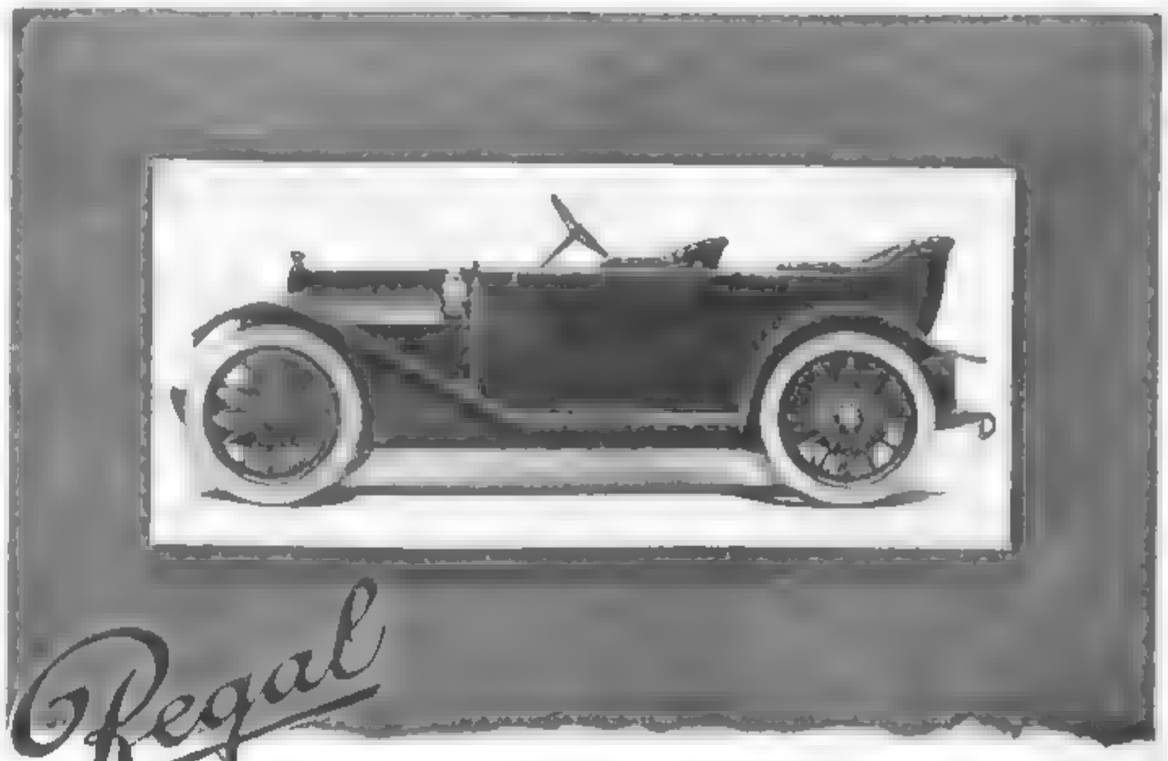
"Coming," Esther said, "but not arrived yet. I guess I can promise you that I'll stay here after I'm enguged—if I get engaged, I mean—and maybe after I'm married too."

For the remainder of the morning and throughout the early half of the afternoon, the business of M. October & Company pursued its usual course, broken only at intervals by the minor excitement attending the arrival of customers. At four o'clock, however, the members of M. October & Company's business staff who were in sight of the elevator doors ceased their labors to view the advent of a tall, bearded figure, wearing a black sombrero and an Inverness overcoat.

As the visitor stepped out of the elevator with a small seal-leather bag clasped in his hand, Morris October mentally passed in review the occupations of book agent, button salesman and canvasser for a patent cloth-cutting machine, and bestowed each in turn on the newcomer; but when the latter hauled on a two-inch, yard-long ribbon which hung round his neck, and adjusted to his hawklike nose a pair of great circular lenses incased in rubber tires, Morris knew he was in the presence of a personage, and he emerged from his office rubbing his hands in welcome.

Simultaneously Esther came from her office and held out her hand.

"How do you do, Doctor Eichendorfer?" she said, and the doctor smiled in response.



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It might even be said that his left eyelid quivered almost imperceptibly before he turned to Morris October.

"This is Mr. October, I presume?" he began. "I came here at Miss Wachs' suggestion, with a view to gaining some data for an article."

"Data we don't carry here at all," Morris said. "We are in the children's clothing business; *aber* anything we could do for you as a friend of Miss Wachs I am sure you are quite welcome, doctor."

"All I want to do," he said, "is to look over your plant and employees. I am preparing an article on vocational diseases of American industries, and yours is the first children's clothing factory I have had an opportunity to visit."

"Go as far as you like, doctor," October said. "I would show you everything."

"I don't want to take up your time, Mr. October," Doctor Eichendorfer replied. "Perhaps Miss Wachs will conduct me through the factory."

And, without waiting for an answer, he walked toward the rear of the loft, with Esther by his side, while October gazed uneasily after them.

"How did I get away with it?" the doctor asked, and Esther exerted a gentle pressure on his arm.

"You're fine, doctor," she murmured gratefully. "You saved me a lot of explanations."

"And which is the young man?" the doctor asked as Morris October drew near.

At this appropriate moment Philip in the shipping department raised his head from the packing case and succumbed to an attack of coughing, during which Doctor Eichendorfer observed him closely. Esther nodded.

"I think," the doctor said, "I will examine this young man if you don't mind."

"Sure not!" October said as he walked over to Philip with a truculent air.

"Saffran," he said, "come to my office a minute."

"This gentleman's name is Doctor Eichendorfer," October said after they had entered his office. "This is my shipping clerk, Philip Saffran."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Saffran," the doctor said, shaking Philip's hand and smiling reassuringly. "If you don't mind, Mr. October, will you leave us alone together and close the door behind you?"

After October had withdrawn with a suspicious frown on his face, Doctor Eichendorfer opened his bag and produced a stethoscope and clinical thermometer.

"Let's get to work first," he said, "and talk afterward. Take off your vest, shirt and undershirt, please."

There was a briskness to Doctor Eichendorfer's tones that made Philip do as he was told; and immediately the doctor proceeded to subject him to a thorough examination.

"All right," Doctor Eichendorfer said at the end of ten minutes. "Dress yourself again."

He replaced the stethoscope and thermometer in his bag and seated himself at October's desk.

"Now let's talk," he said, crossing his legs. "I suppose you wonder what this is all about."

"Some one says back there that you are a factory inspector," Philip replied, buttoning up his vest; "but I guess you come from the Health Department, on account of all this anti-tuberculosis business lately."

"So you think you have tuberculosis?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know," Philip said, with a shrug. "Have I?"

The doctor couldn't conceal a smile.

"No, you haven't, if you must know," he said; "but you have got bronchitis, and in addition to that you're blind."

"Blind!" Philip ejaculated.

"That's what I said," the doctor rejoined, and he uncrossed and crossed his legs again before proceeding. "Have you ever noticed," he asked, "that Miss Wachs, the bookkeeper here, takes quite an interest in you?"

"She's very good to me at times," Philip replied; "but she don't take any particular interest in me, so far as I could see."

"Then that settles it," the doctor declared; "you're blind!"

For a few minutes Philip stared at the doctor, and then his eyes sought the floor and the blood surged to his cheeks.

"I think, however," the doctor went on, "you're starting to recover your eyesight."

"But, doctor," Philip protested, "I am making here only twelve dollars a week. How could I do anything on twelve dollars a week?"

"That's all right," Doctor Eichendorfer said; "you don't have to get married till Mordecai Wachs dies, and that wouldn't be long."

"Mordecai Wachs!" Philip exclaimed. "Who's he?"

The doctor sat back in his chair in astonishment and then began an account of Esther's prospective inheritance together with a history of Mordecai's precarious condition.

"At three dollars a visit, two a day," he concluded, "if I pull off another three hundred dollars, including the death certificate, out of that case, I'm a lucky M. D."

"But, doctor," Philip protested, "how do I know that Miss Wachs is so interested in me as all that?"

"Well," Doctor Eichendorfer said, "for one thing, she asked me to call here on purpose to examine you." He rose to his feet and laid his hand on Philip's shoulder. "I've done my duty. I warrant you sound in wind and limb, barring only bronchitis," he said; "and don't let a little thing like bronchitis stand in your way!"

As he lifted his bag from the floor, Morris October entered.

"Say, doctor," he cried excitedly, "come, please, quick—to the back of the store! Miss Wachs is crying something terrible."

The doctor seized Philip Saffran by the arm.

"She doesn't need me," he said. "She needs you." He pushed him gently toward the shipping room. "So go ahead," he concluded—"and bless you, my children!"

VIII

NEARLY three months later Marcus Wachs sat at the corner table in Hammersmith's café and topped off a hearty meal with a portion of French pastry that would have taxed the digestion of a rhinoceros. Opposite to him sat Ellis Wachs, and both of them were becomingly clad in black clothes, black-striped shirts and black neckties, with jet cuff-buttons to match.

"After all, Ellis," Marcus said, "it was a happy release for the old man; and especially toward the last."

"You done all you could for him, Marcus," Ellis commented.

"I did more as I could!" Marcus said. "Believe me, if I would of thought for a minute the end comes so quick I would *oser* pay that feller Eichendorfer three dollars a visit. Any two-dollar doctor, once a day, would of done just so much as he did!"

"By the way," Ellis said, "I ran across him yesterday in my hotel, and he says he was to the wedding last week, which he thinks a wonder that only him and October and Landberg was there, and that we ain't even sent a wedding present."

"Well, that's just like him," Marcus retorted. "Honestly, Ellis, some people ain't got no decency at all. My father ain't two weeks in his grave already and the doctor expects me I should make wedding presents yet!"

"Particularly when business is so rotten!" Ellis said, and he reached for the file of a daily trade paper which hung on the wall. "Two whole pages is nothing but failures."

He passed from a perusal of a column marked Business Troubles to the more cheerful items headed Incorporations, and at the first paragraph he pursed his lips and emitted a loud whistle.

"*Nu*, Ellis!" Marcus cried. "If I would whistle every time I read about a failure nowadays I would soon got cracked lips."

"You would got worser as cracked lips when you read this!" Ellis said as he handed over the paper to his cousin; and with a shaking forefinger he marked an item which read as follows:

INCORPORATIONS

ALBANY. October, Landberg & Saffran, New York. Children's Clothing. Capital, sixty thousand dollars. Incorporators: Morris October, Henry Landberg, Philip Saffran and Esther W. Saffran. The corporation is a continuance of the business of M. October & Company, and has removed to new and larger quarters in the Knitgoods Exchange Building. The following officers have been elected: M. October, president; H. Landberg, vice-president; Esther W. Saffran, treasurer; and Philip Saffran, secretary.

Marcus read the paragraph over twice and returned the paper to Ellis.

"*Nu!*" he said. "What could you expect? People which waits for dead men's shoes, Ellis, ain't never ashamed to wear 'em." And, shrugging resignedly, he fell to eating his French pastry with undiminished appetite.

For the Well-Kept Lawn and Garden

A smooth lawn, well cut and trimmed, adds to both the beauty and the value of a residence. A well-kept garden not only yields better, but is a delight to the eye. In the Keen Kutter line of tools for lawn and garden will be found every implement needed by the landscape and kitchen gardeners to produce the best results with the greatest economy of time and labor. Like all Keen Kutter tools, those made for these users will be found correctly designed for greatest efficiency and convenience, made of the best materials for their respective purposes and constructed for long, hard service. They add to the pleasure of the amateur and lighten the task of the business user.

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No-Rim-Cut Tire
10% Oversize

Here is the Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire—the hookless tire—the oversize tire.

The tire that cuts tire bills in two.

More than one million have been tested out. As a result, this tire outsells any other tire in existence.

Hookless Tires

Note that these tires have no hooks on the base.

They do not, like old types, need to hook into the rim flanges.

So your removable rim flanges are slipped to the opposite sides. Then they curve outward, not inward.

This tire, when wholly or partly deflated, rests on a rounded edge, and rim-cutting is made impossible.

126 Braided Wires

In the base of this tire run six flat bands of 126 braided wires.

They are vulcanized in to make the tire base unstretchable.

The tire can't come off because the base can't give. Nothing can force it over the rim flange. So hooks or tire bolts are not needed.

But, when you unlock and remove one of the flanges, the tire slips off like any quick-detachable.

It slips off much easier, because there are no hooks to "freeze" into the rim flanges.

10% Oversize

To take care of your extras—to give you an over-tired car—we make these tires 10 per cent over the rated size. And without extra charge.

That means 10 per cent more air—10 per cent added carrying capacity. That saves the blow-outs due to overloading. This 10 per cent oversize, under average conditions, adds 25 per cent to the tire mileage.

We Control It

This braided wire feature, which makes this type possible, is controlled by the Goodyear patents.

Single wires have been used—twisted wires have been used—to get this unstretchable tire base. But results are unsatisfactory.

These bands of braided wires, which need no welding—which cannot break or loosen—form the only way known to make satisfactory tires of this type.

No-Rim-Cut tires are satisfactory. Be careful to get them when you change to this type.

The Passing Type
No Oversize

This is the old type—the hooked-base tire—which No-Rim-Cut tires are displacing.

23 per cent of these tires become rim-cut.

Yet these tires—wasteful and worrisome, and of lesser capacity—cost the same as Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tires.

On Same Rims

This old-type tire—this clincher tire—is on the same rim as the No-Rim-Cut tire.

All standard rims take either type.

But the removable rim flanges are here set to curve inward—to grasp the hooks in the tire base and hold the tire on.

When this tire is wholly or partly deflated the thin edge of the flange digs into it. That is the cause of rim-cutting.

If this tire is punctured or run soft, it may be wrecked very quickly, and beyond repair.

Doubled Cost

This type of tire, under average conditions, means to double one's tire cost over our new type.

It comes in this way:

Statistics show that 23 per cent of all ruined clincher tires are rim cut.

And the smaller capacity, with the average car, cuts tire mileage 25 per cent.

These are net losses, because No-Rim-Cut tires now cost no more than other standard tires.

The 13-Year Tire

Goodyear tires as made today are the final result of 13 years spent in tire making.

We have compared in that time some 240 formulas and fabrics. We have compared every method of wrapping and vulcanizing.

They have been compared on tire testing machines, where four tires at a time are constantly worn out under all sorts of road conditions.

Thus we also compare all rival tires with our own.

The result is a tire which comes close to finality.

When this tire is made oversize—made so it can't rim-cut—it means the utmost in pneumatic tires.

Some 200,000 tire buyers have proved it. No-Rim-Cut tires have thus become the most popular tires in existence.

Our 1912 Tire Book, based on all our experience, is filled with facts you should know. Ask us to mail it to you.

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Send for Circular 7—"Odd Lot Investment

Members New York Stock Exchange

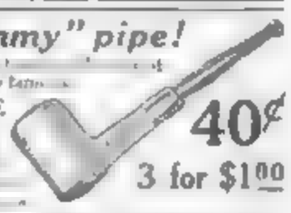
71 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Here's that "Jimmy" pipe!

Latest member of the [illegible] pipes that make the Smoke-Shop famous

ABSORBO POKER PIPE

Absorbs all [illegible]



40¢

3 for $1.00

FREE [illegible] order a sample tin of Smoke-Shop Mixture—the tobacco that won't bite.

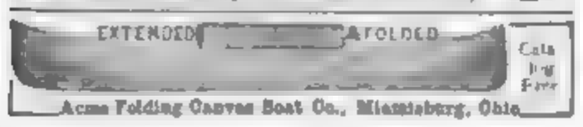
Smoke Shop Specialties Co., 172 M St Holyoke, Mass.

CASH for old gold or silver, diamonds, watches, gold jewelry, new or broken, any quantity. Ship by mail or express. We send full value the day [illegible] received and if our offer is not satisfactory [illegible] goods at our expense. *We also sell* diamonds, watches, jewelry at half the usual price. Catalog free. $14.50. Write for catalog showing 2000 bargains. Bank reference. Established 1896

Liberty Refining Co. 431 Liberty Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PATENTS

MUNN & CO., [illegible]



Acme Folding Canvas Boat Co., Miamisburg, Ohio

THE UP-TO-DATE DRUGGIST

(Continued from Page 15)

employees of drug stores, and which sometimes leads to errors in compounding—to death in the bottle! Everywhere you find men forced out of the druggist's trade by the killing pace. Hundreds of graduates of approved colleges of pharmacy are now salesmen for wholesale drug companies or shirtwaist manufacturers, or they are clerks in ordinary commercial enterprises, because they could not survive the fearful competitive strain of the ordinary drug store.

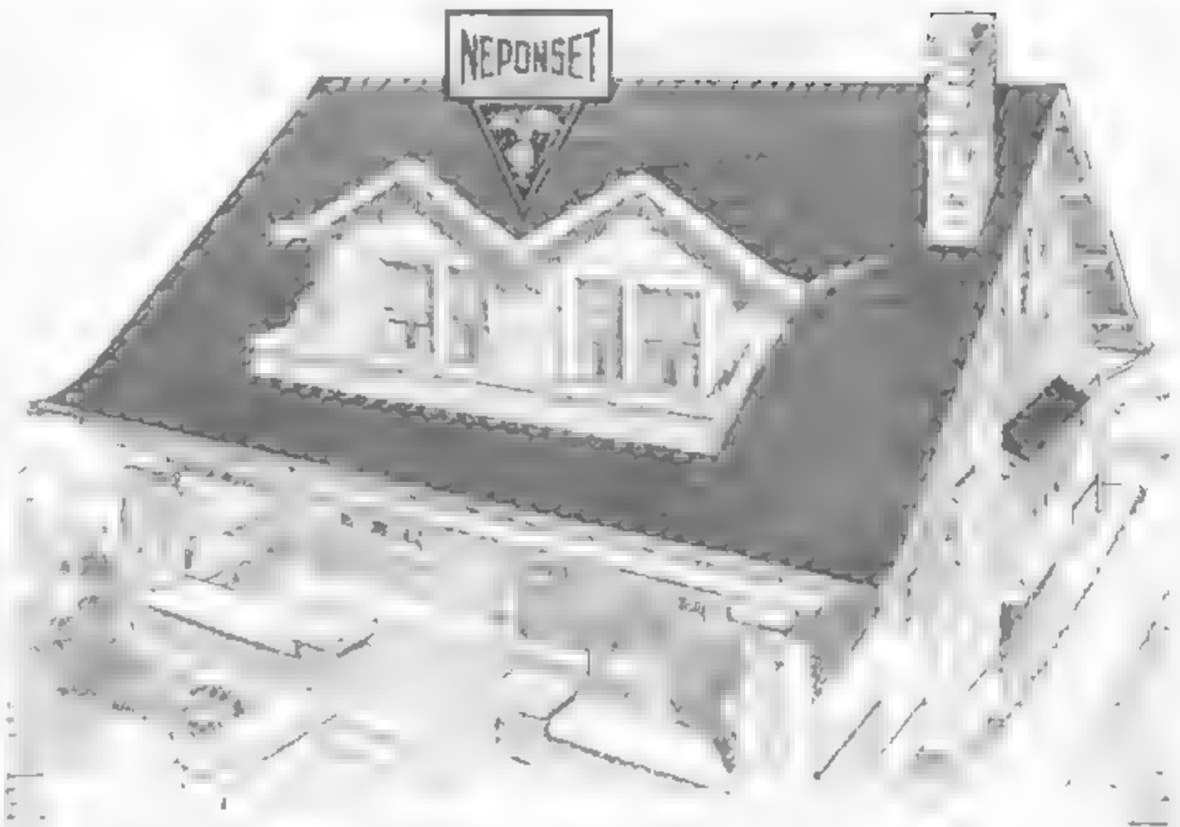
There are drug-store owners who are in no better condition. Year after year they give themselves up to a weary round of drudgery, of long hours and exacting work, only to find themselves no richer at the end of the year. The battle is not always to the scrupulous; and the temptation to make extra profit by the sale of deleterious drugs is so overwhelming that one wonders not at the frequent lapses from professional honor among druggists, but at the high standard of commercial and professional rectitude ordinarily maintained. Often the most strenuous and long-continued labor leads to an annual deficit, which gradually forces the unfortunate druggist out of business. Many of the relief clerks—men who work every day at a different pharmacy, relieving the proprietor—at one time were themselves proprietors of drug stores which failed. If a druggist is not up to date, or if he gambles or has an extravagant wife, he is fearfully handicapped in the ever-intensifying competition.

Still Money in Drugs

Yet the gradually increasing number of druggists proves as clearly as logic that there is still money in the drug business. There is money in it for the man who is both pharmacist and store manager, or who is a store manager only and is able to hire a capable pharmacist. But, to succeed, the druggist must come out of his laboratory. He must study salesmanship. He must study his particular neighborhood and his patrons, actual and potential. He must maintain a reputation for honesty, efficiency, promptness, politeness and reliability. He must keep on good terms with his bank. He must discount his bills, for he can save two per cent a month by discounting and can borrow from the bank at six per cent a year. He must buy in sufficient quantities to secure favorable terms from the wholesaler, but not in such excessive quantities as to tie up his capital or to make his turnover slow. He must know, above all, the ordinary costs of selling and of store administration; and, be he ever so professional, he must think more of profits than of sales.

So far as one can discover, the average cost of doing business, including a small drawing account for the proprietor, is from twenty-five to thirty per cent of the gross receipts. In some localities the cost is less than this minimum; in others it is more than this maximum. To clear from eight to ten per cent upon gross sales, one must buy at about sixty-five per cent of the selling price—or, in other words must add over fifty per cent to the buying price; but with many commodities, especially with widely advertised patent medicines, this is impossible. There are proprietary articles that cost the druggist seventeen cents which are advertised to sell at twenty-five cents. Competition, however, brings the price down to nineteen cents. To make up this loss, the druggist must make a profit of fifty, one hundred and even one hundred and fifty per cent upon other goods. Prescriptions net a large profit; but there are not enough prescriptions to go round. The druggist is, therefore, always forced to watch out for more and more profitable side lines. As the profit on each falls as a consequence of competition, he branches out into new lines. The new druggist is compelled to be tremendously wide-awake. He is compelled, as Stragow says, to conduct "a live-wire drug store."

Frequently he finds the profit he seeks. Stragow, who has a good location in a populous neighborhood of comparatively poor people, is making about one thousand dollars a year above his drawing account of eight hundred dollars. During the last year his total gross receipts averaged about eight hundred dollars a month, or



At Last, an Attractive, Moderate-Priced, Fire-Resisting Roof

Not an experiment, but a readaptation of the sturdy, tried-and-true materials which for years have made NEPONSET roofings the standard long-lasting coverings for barns, and all buildings where weather-proof service has been the greatest necessity

NEPONSET PROSLATE ROOFING

is made in red and green colors. The bungalow roof above shows its attractive, hexagonal pattern. Moderate in price. Offers real protection against fire.

Send for our Booklet on Roofing

and the name of a NEPONSET dealer near you. He is a good man to know. Send a postal today.

F. W. BIRD & SON (Est. 1795) 13 Neponset St., E. Walpole, Mass.

New York Chicago Washington Portland Ore. San Francisco
Canadian Plant Hamilton, Ont.

Remember that we are the makers of NEPONSET **Paroid Roofing** for years the acknowledged standard of high-grade roofing.

American Safety Razor Co., New York City

I find the Ever Ready Safety Razor to be satisfactory in every detail, and will be glad to recommend it to my friends in the profession

LEW FIELDS

American Safety Razor Co., New York City

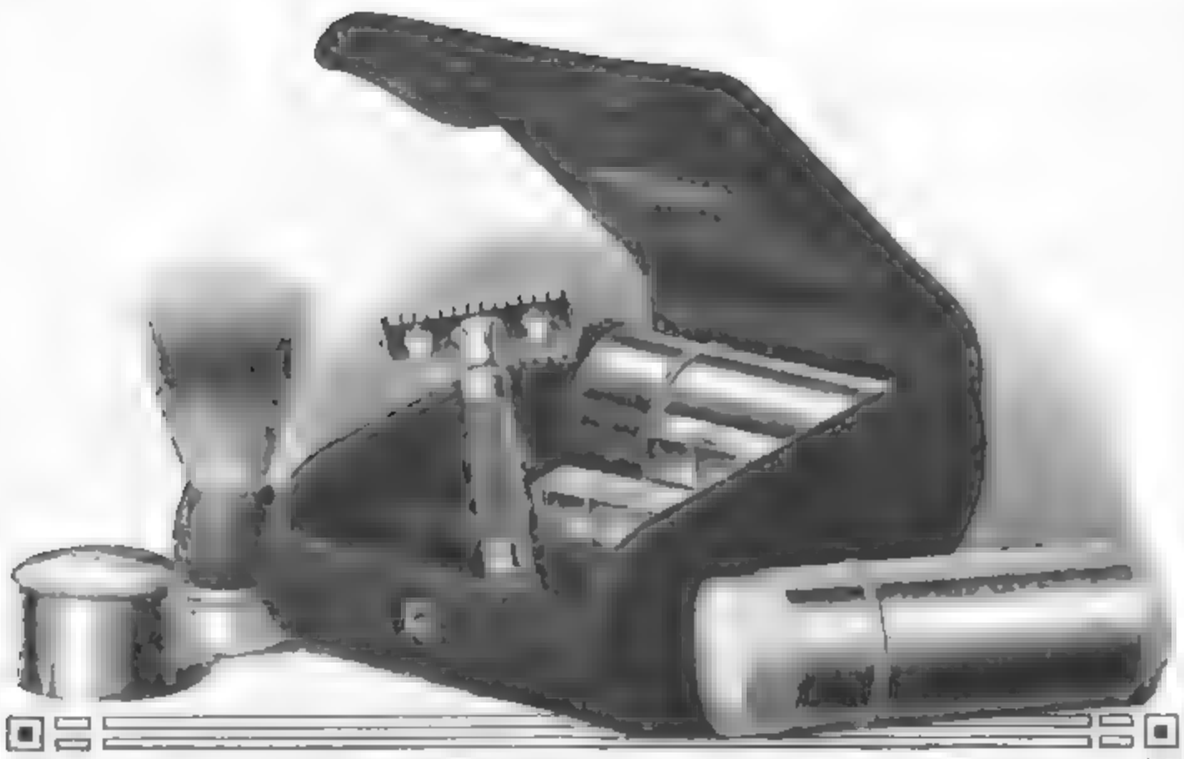
Dear Sirs: The Ever-Ready is some razor; keeps in excellent condition and is always on hand. I [illegible] use same as long as it can be used.

JOE WEBER

Quickness, safety, comfort and the best shaver at any price were demanded by Weber and Fields and they found these qualities to their complete satisfaction in the *Ever-Ready*. They recommend this dollar outfit with 12 blades to all the profession and all men.

Your Druggist, Hardware Store, Cutlery or General Store sells the *Ever-Ready* and *extra Ever-Ready blades 10 for 50c.* Avoid disappointing imitations.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., Inc., Herald Square, New York



Combination Set—Consists of Triple Silver Plated Razor, Badger Hair Shaving Brush in Triple Silver Plated Handle, Stick Gillette Shaving Soap in Triple Silver Plated Holder, two Metal Blade Boxes, and 12 double-edged Blades, all contained in Seal Grain Leather Case, $6.50.

Given This Combination
Any Man Can Shave Himself

GILLETTE Razor and Blades, Shaving Brush and Shaving Stick, in Seal Grain Leather Case—all that any man needs for a smooth velvet shave without roughness or irritation, no matter how tough the beard or tender the skin. No stropping—no honing. Clean shave for the day and everything packed up five minutes after he gets out of bed in the morning. This is perhaps the greatest favorite of all the Gillette combinations, and we are selling thousands of them to men who already have the Gillette standard set. Handy to slip in the coat pocket or the side of your traveling bag. Price, **$6.50**

Gillette
Safety Razor

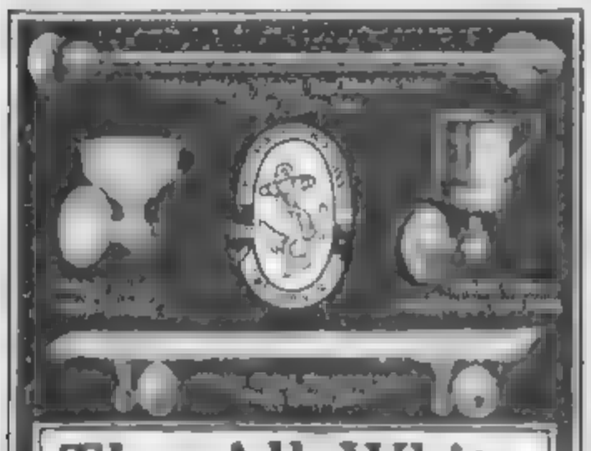
For sale in forty thousand retail stores in every part of the habitable globe

No Stropping — No Honing

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

King Gillette

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY 22 West Second Street, BOSTON



The All White China Bathroom

Thos. Maddock's White China Bathroom [illegible]

From every standpoint—sanitation, cleanliness, utility, *and* economy.

They offer the maximum of service and durability.

Require the minimum of effort to keep them clean

Cost no more than metal fixtures, and won't tarnish, as metal will

Made by the oldest makers of sanitary china in America

The result of over 50 years of experience [illegible]

Write for free booklet "Why White?"

THOS. MADDOCK'S SONS CO.
Trenton, N. J.
Oldest sanitary potters in America

You *Think*
YOU ARE WEARING Linen Collars

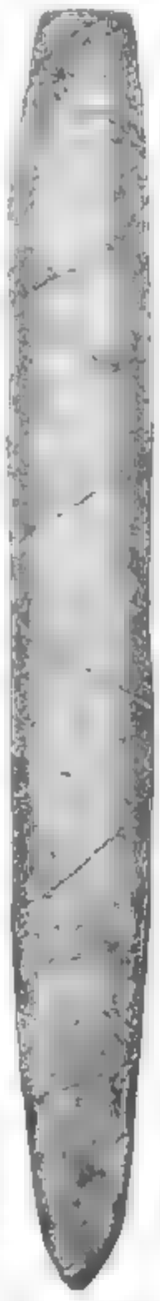
EXAMINE them. Are they marked "Linen," or are they simply cotton? BARKER BRAND collars are made of genuine sun-bleached Irish Linen, in more than 100 styles and in quarter-sizes, and are plainly stamped "WARRANTED LINEN." They are finer than cotton collars, wear better, and sell for the same price—TWO FOR 25c.

Special Service—If you have collar troubles write us. [illegible] BARKER Waterproof Collars upon receipt of $1. [illegible] stretch. Our Collar Style Book is free for the asking

WM. BARKER CO.
Makers Troy, N.Y.

I wonder how many readers of the advertisements I have been putting out for nine years are curious about the class of men who buy my cigars.

Who Smokes My Panatela?



I will tell you to what class my customers belong. For the most part they are men who, after various experimenting, have found that the type of cigar known as "Havana and Sumatra" is best suited to their taste. They like either the slender panatela shape or the fatter Club Special. Some prefer clear Havana cigars. I sell these too.

Also they are the kind of men who refuse the idea of saving half their yearly cigar money, by buying direct from my factory.

Not men necessarily poor nor rich. Here is a man whose name is on the roster of directors of half a dozen different railroads; here is a country Justice of the Peace.

My customers are just men—the kind you meet in the Pullman smoking room. They like my cigars, they like my method of selling them—they buy from me again and again.

Here is my offer: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense, and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

I import Havana tobacco *from Cuba* for the filler of my panatela, using only the long, clean leaf. The wrapper comes from Sumatra, via Amsterdam. All my cigars are hand made in my own Panatela factory by adult men [illegible]. By selling my cigars by the box by mail *to the smoker*, I am able to sell regular 10c cigars for $5.00 per hundred—and so on.

If you accept my offer you will probably like my cigars so well that you will become a regular customer. This is the only way I can make a profit out of my business, as initial orders are always handled at a slight loss.

Shivers' Panatela
[illegible]
AND SEAL

In ordering please enclose business card or give reference and state whether you prefer light, medium or strong cigars.

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

A Change Expert

THERE is a Western character—or was—who, among his various activities, at times acted as candy, souvenir and news purveyor on railroad trains.

During the Chicago World's Fair he worked on transcontinental trains and laid for foreigners who came to see the fair and then went on to the Yellowstone Park and the Pacific Coast.

He met a friend on the train one day and said: "Say, what do you think of that? Ain't I the hard-luck kid? Why, say, I ain't got a chance!"

"What's the matter?" asked the friend.

"Why, say, I ain't deuce high! You know them furriners, them dukes, an' kings an' things that's comin' across here? Why, say, them's my meat. They don't know nothin' about our money an' I kin sting 'em good. Short change 'em—see? Big bunch of Dutchmen come acrost yestiddy. They was marks. Didn't know the dif' between a quarter an' a nickel—an' I give 'em nickels for quarters in change every time! But, say, I got it good, I did. One of 'em played it lowdown on me. I had a souvenir of the park—see? An' one of them dukes or kings—a big Dutchman—see?—he likes it an' falls for it. I tell him it costs eight dollars an' he gimme a ten-spot to pay for it. I give him eight nickels in change—see? Eight nickels! An', say, I was showin' him a photygraft an' he likes that. I tells him it costs two dollars—see? An' what d'ye suppose that Dutchman done? He buys it—see? An' he gimme them eight nickels to pay for it I passed to him 'stead of two dollars' change a time back. An' me wit' nothin' t' say! I never did have no luck! Think o' that big stiff of a Dutchman doin' me dirt like that!"

Esterbrook
Steel Pens

Ask your stationer
You want Esterbrook's
Easiest writing
Longest wearing
Their reputation extends over half a century
The Esterbrook Steel Pen Mfg. Co.
95 John Street, New York
Works: Camden, N. J.

Near-Brussels Art-Rugs, $3.50

Sent to your home by express prepaid

Sizes and Prices	
9 x 6 ft.	$3 50
9 x 7½ ft.	4 00
9 x 9 ft.	4 50
9 x 10½ ft	5 00
9 x 12 ft.	5 50
9 x 15 ft.	6 50

[illegible] Sold direct at one profit. Money refunded if not satisfactory

New Catalogue showing goods in actual colors, sent free
ORIENTAL IMPORTING CO., 604 Bourse Bldg., Philadelphia

Why Not Try Them?

Inasmuch as you have no *positive proof* that United States Tires are *not* stronger and more durable than the kind you are using, *why not try them?*

You might make an interesting — and profitable — discovery respecting the amount of mileage service it is possible to build into motor tires when made by a rigid *four-factory-test* method.

The experiment (if such you care to call it) would at least be made with tires that have a country-wide reputation for excellence. (United States Tires are without question the *most-used* tires in America.)

You would scarcely call the purchase of a Chickering piano an "experiment" or a "gamble," would you?—especially if you could buy it at the same price asked for ordinary pianos!

No more would you "run a risk" if you should try one or two United States Tires—

For United States Tires are made as no other tires in the world are made. They are the product of the most scientific tire knowledge, the greatest tire skill, and the combined tire experience of four immense factory organizations, each of which formerly produced a tire that was recognized a leader in the tire field.

Today these same organizations, working with the most modern tire machinery known to the industry, are operating *as a unit* to produce a grade of tires that actually combines every element of strength and every secret of manufacture known to the experts of these four organizations.

So, in buying one or two of these tires as a "trial," you are in reality giving these four organizations, *working as a unit*, an opportunity to show you *why* tires made as only United States Tires are made are entitled to *tell* as only United States Tires sell.

Keep this in mind: The *first cost* is the same as tho you continued to use tires made in the ordinary way. You are not asked to "take a chance"—*not even in the matter of price.*

Perhaps your tire experience has been satisfactory—or passably so. We hope it has been. But it may be that tires made as United States Tires are made—by *co-operative skill*—would prove even *more* satisfactory. Possibly *far more* satisfactory.

The possibility is certainly worth considering—especially so when several thousand motorists who are today using these tires *exclusively*, were in all probability at one time or another "on the fence" as to whether they would give them so much as a *trial*.

Making good is by odds the best method of making friends.

We repeat, that you might make a highly profitable discovery by the use of one or more United States Tires.

Why not try them?

United States Tires

Cost no more than other kinds

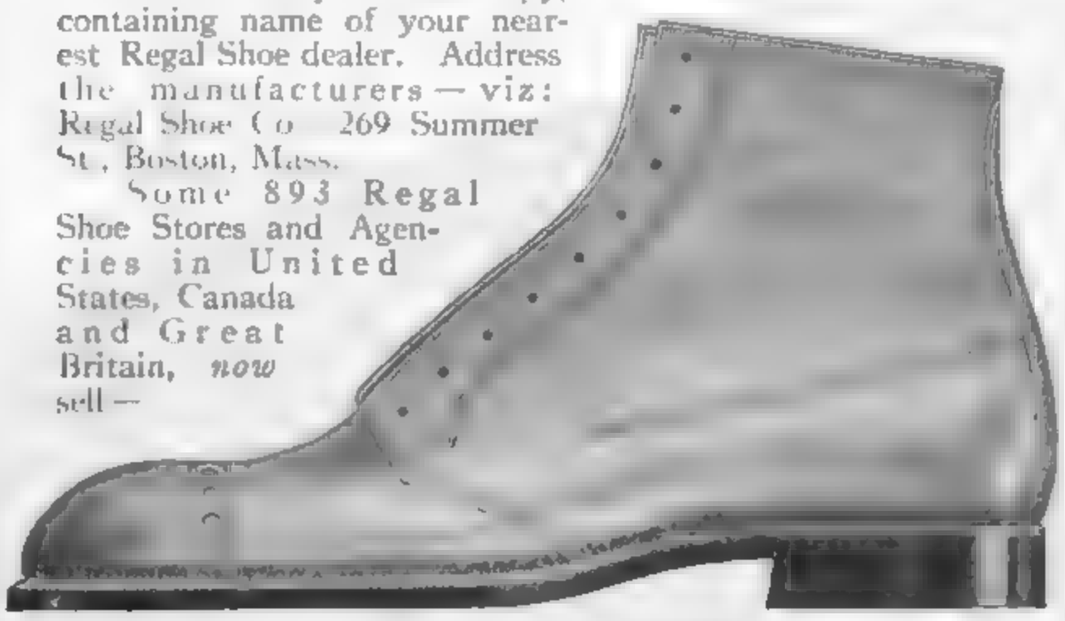
Made in Clincher, Dunlop (straight side) and Quick Detachable styles and in six types of tread

Sold Everywhere

UNITED STATES TIRE COMPANY, NEW YORK

That "Classic" English Walking Shoe

BEHOLD the new "*Arcadian*" model!
The *latest* note from Fashion's Book.
For Young Men who care to be *well-dressed*,—without being *eccentric*.
—Unmistakably a *Man's* shoe.
Robust, Stalwart, *Male* expression.
Single Soles of "Rhinoc" leather, flexible and enduring as wire, while practically wet-proof.
Upper of mid-weight Norse Leather, which shapes to the Last as if it grew there, and *holds* that shape with wonderful tenacity.
Observe the flat "Waukenphast" soles.
Note the wide shanks, extension-edges and special long, low, Right and Left heels.
Ask for "Arcadian" Model—Price $4.50.
Made also in Blucher Oxford, same price.
A manly Shoe for men of mettle.
Fully described, with 52 *other* models (each one of distinctive *Character* and definite *Purpose*) in the Regal Shoe "Style Book" for Spring 1912.
Write to-day for free copy, containing name of your nearest Regal Shoe dealer. Address the manufacturers—viz: Regal Shoe Co., 269 Summer St., Boston, Mass.
Some 893 Regal Shoe Stores and Agencies in United States, Canada and Great Britain, *now* sell—



Four Regal Shoe Factories

Regal Shoes
(FOR MEN & WOMEN)

Whitman Milford Phila. Toronto

Send Us Your
Old Carpet
We Will Make
New Rugs

By our improved method of weaving we make beautiful rugs totally different from any other rugs woven [illegible]. Read our guarantee. We are the oldest and largest factory of its kind in America. Established 38 years.

Rugs, 75c and Up

Beautiful designs to your taste—Plain, Fancy, Oriental, Garden and parlor. Every rug guaranteed to wear ten years. Grand Prizes at three World's Fairs.

We Pay Freight

Your old carpets are worth money no matter how badly worn; don't throw them away. **FREE** Write today for book of designs in colors, prices and full information.

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. 106, 40 Laflin St., Chicago
(Every order completed within THREE DAYS.)

CALIFORNIA
Bungalows

Make Roomy Artistic Homes at Smallest Cost

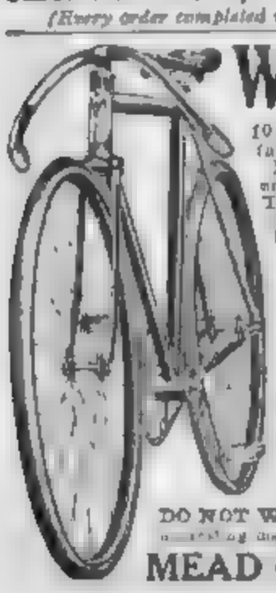
This 7-room bungalow can be built for $2700 to build

If planning to build you will find it a great deal of help and a saving in money to get our ideas [illegible] homes. [illegible]

"PRACTICAL BUNGALOWS"
BIG SPECIAL OFFER
100 pages, 200 illustrations **50c**

Send 50c, coin or stamps, for this big book postpaid TODAY.
LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY
Largest Co-operative Building Company in the World
333 S. Hill Street, Los Angeles, California

WANTED—RIDER AGENTS IN EACH TOWN



to ride and exhibit a sample 1912 Model "Ranger" bicycle furnished by us. Our agents everywhere are making money fast. Write at once for full particulars and special offer.

NO MONEY REQUIRED in advance and approve of your bicycle. We ship to any person in the U. S. without a cent deposit in advance, *prepay freight*, and allow TEN DAYS FREE TRIAL during which time you may ride the bicycle and put it to any test you wish. If you are then not perfectly satisfied or do not wish to keep the bicycle you may ship it back to us at our expense and you will *not be out one cent*.

LOW FACTORY PRICES We furnish the highest grade bicycles it is possible to make at one small profit above actual factory cost. Buy direct from factory and save the middleman's profit. DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our catalogues and learn our unheard of factory prices and *remarkable special offer*.

YOU WILL BE ASTONISHED when you receive our beautiful catalog and see the prices we can make you. We sell the highest grade bicycles at lower prices than any factory. We are satisfied with $1.00 profit above factory cost. BICYCLE DEALERS [illegible]

SECOND HAND BICYCLES taken in exchange by our Chicago retail stores will be closed out at once, at $3 to $8 each. [illegible]

TIRES, COASTER BRAKE [illegible] half usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write today for our *Large Catalogue* beautifully illustrated and containing a wonderful amount of information. It only costs a postal to get everything. Write it NOW.

MEAD CYCLE CO. Dept. R-55 CHICAGO, ILL.

THE EXPECTED ONE

(Continued from Page 18)

from a tent—a man born white who had got over it—McNish, ex-bushranger in Australia, ex-slavetrader in Darfur, ex-ivory hunter in the Congo, now searching for gold in Nubia. Zack didn't like him.

McNish knew that Zack didn't belong in the Sudan nor yet in Egypt. "Where did you come from?" he demanded.

"Vicksburg, Mis'sippi, suh."

"What is your name?"

"Zack Foster, suh; but ev'ybody, white an' black, calls me Ole Reliable."

McNish made a gesture of impatience. "What are you doing here?"

"I come over to teach dese niggers ——"

"I mean, what are you doing out here—near this camp?"

Then Zack told him about going for the bucket of water. McNish turned to the sheik, who already began to inquire: "Is it the Expected One—the Great Teacher?"

Of course Zack couldn't understand the jabbering. The white man seemed to be arguing with the black people, trying to get some notion out of their heads. "Bloody fools!" he exclaimed. "Have it your way!" He swore a lot in good English, then marched back to his own tent.

. . . . . .

Luckily for Colonel Spottiswoode, his dinner did not depend upon Zack's return with that bucket of mirage water. Zack frequently departed on hurry errands and forgot to come back. Dinner was served on a broad brick terrace fronting the Nile and open to the heavens. Red-shaded candles on the table glowed dim beneath that vivid moon of Africa. A ragged skyline hemmed them in with a fantastic silhouette of palms; curving lines followed the spread of low acacias, tapering off into a feathery fringe of shrubs in which pale green paroquets had chattered themselves to sleep. Behind each chair stood a silent Jaalin in purest white, with tribal gashes across his cheeks. Cameron rested a powerful forearm on the table and talked—he talked of things, for he was a man who did them—talked steadily and simply of what was being done on Beni Yeb. It was a triumph, and he knew it, for this stranger of the despised religion, coming to deserted lands upon the heels of a massacre, reassuring a terrified population and setting them to work again. As Cameron individually had triumphed on Beni Yeb, so had the British triumphed throughout that measureless Sudan. Now they meant to grow cotton for the Lancashire spindles.

It was very late. Cameron pushed back his chair when McDonald suggested: "My dear Colonel, would you be so kind as to call your black man? Let Cameron hear his method for getting labor. You know that's my part of the show at Wady Okar."

The Colonel smiled and called for Zack. No Zack. Then: "*Wahid!* Mohammed Mansour!" Mohammed slipped in like a phantom, but knew nothing. Said came after, salaaming to the very ground, and in the name of Allah the Compassionate he protested ignorance of his master's whereabouts. Colonel Spottiswoode shook his head. "Sorry, gentlemen. Zack is an old reprobate; he's very probably rambling round and will not turn up until morning."

Cameron looked annoyed; if a reprobate went rambling among these fellaheen he would never turn up at all. The Nile was too near. So Cameron dispatched Kali to find the rambler—Kali, the young sheik, versed in the white man's tongue and the Jaalin circumlocution. It was Kali who brought Fudl to the table—Fudl of the tarboosh and white-buttoned shoes. Allah had given Fudl with his own eyes to see the worshipful black Effendi moving toward the desert with a bucket in his hand. Fudl had remained seated beneath the acacia tree, but the Effendi did not return.

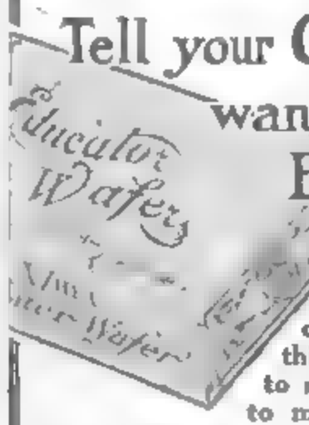
"Bucket! Bucket?" repeated the Colonel. "Oh, yes; I remember. He started before dinner to bring me a bucket of water from the spring."

"Spring? What spring?"

"He said there was a spring about fifty yards back of the house—Oh!" Colonel Spottiswoode shoved back his chair and exclaimed: "That fool went out to hunt the mirage! Lyttleton, McDonald, you remember the mirage? When we called Zack to count those trees? That's where he went."

"Extr'ord'n'ry! Extr'ord'n'ry!" ejaculated McDonald and Lyttleton.

Tell your Grocer you want a tin of Educator Wafers



Don't be a slave over all the good things "mother used to make." *She* had to make them—*you* can get them from your grocer.

Let the baker do your baking.

Take these crisp, delicious **Educator Wafers** for example—one of many varieties of

EDUCATOR CRACKERS

The Cracker of Character and Economy

Taste the flavor that's so sweet, and nut-like—the natural sweetness of whole wheat—a tempting treat you will never forget.

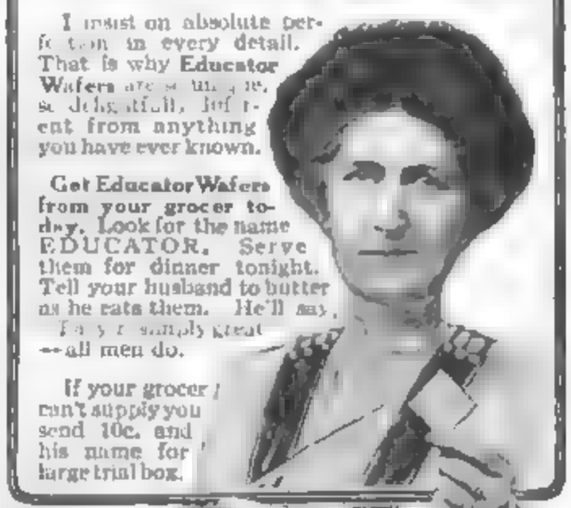
I make **Educator Wafers** just as my father, Dr. Wm. L. Johnson, made them—guarding sacredly his standard of pure food excellence.

And I personally sample each day's bake from the good old-fashioned ovens which bring out that richness of flavor that delicacy of texture

I insist on absolute perfection in every detail. That is why **Educator Wafers** are so tempting, so delightful, different from anything you have ever known.

Get Educator Wafers from your grocer today. Look for the name EDUCATOR. Serve them for dinner tonight. Tell your husband to butter as he eats them. He'll say, "They're simply great"—all men do.

If your grocer can't supply you send 10c. and his name for large trial box.



Johnson Educator Food Co., 27 Battery-march St., Boston, Mass.

Rémoh Gems

The World-Famous Synthetic Stones

The greatest triumph of the oxy-hydrogen furnace [illegible] tion with fine diamonds. Stand all tests of mined stones. Nature's work duplicated. Everlasting quality guaranteed. Set only in 14k. Solid Gold or Platinum mountings. Sent C. O. D. [illegible] prepaid subject to examination or by registered mail on receipt of price. Money refunded if not satisfactory.

Beautiful Book In Colors Free

Write today for our magnificent 4-color catalog de-luxe. It's free.

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Cameron spoke bluntly: "I trust you are mistaken. It would be a grubby matter for him to get lost—and might be far worse if he met any one. Kali cannot find him in the village."

The Colonel laughed. "You don't know Zack. He's all right."

. . . . . .

In that first pale light before the dawn, Kali mounted to the topmost roof, where Cameron slept, and waked the Scotchman by gently rubbing his foot after the manner of the East. The Jaulin stood at the foot of Cameron's *angereb*—slender, erect, with the straight nose and black eyes that belong to desert men. He spoke rapidly; and, although Colonel Spottiswoode could not understand a syllable, it was evident that something unusual had occurred. Cameron's square jaw set firmly; he asked one incisive question, then sprang up. Kali leaned over the edge of the parapet and shouted. Three servants went flying with orders. McDonald understood Arabic imperfectly; he had not served in the Sudan during those murderous years of the Mahdi and Khalifah. He glanced at Lyttleton, while Cameron tersely explained the situation. "Dress; full arms—and quickly!" That was all Lyttleton said.

When Colonel Spottiswoode ran down the stairs, buckling on his pistols, he found Lyttleton and McDonald overlooking a servant, who unlocked the rifle case.

"Where are the peas?" asked McDonald in a strictly business voice. Cameron pointed to the cartridge boxes, then wheeled upon Spottiswoode.

"Your man is in no end of a stew. Kali reports two hundred tribesmen approaching Beni Yeb. Your man is with them, on foot, a prisoner."

"What's the trouble? Are these people hostile?"

Cameron shook his head. "No; they've been quiet for years. Can't understand them. Nobody understands an Arab. We must run out there and take a look at them. I would suggest that you remain ——"

"I shall go with you." The Colonel reached out to McDonald, who handed him a rifle. "McDonald," he said, "I wish you would see that I get a horse. I couldn't shoot from a camel!"

Messengers on swift camels were already padding away like the wind to summon Cameron's overseers—five stalwart British lads, sun-tempered and desert-wise, who would be worth a hundred of the fellaheen if it came to a brush. The Jaalins of Beni Yeb had learned promptitude from the Khalifah. Raid after raid had taught them to mount and vanish without delay—a *tarteeb* followed with the precision of a fire-drill.

An even dozen white men, almost as brown as the Jaalins, fell in behind Cameron. The American, who felt that this was his quarrel, insisted upon riding in front. Horses, camels, donkeys and a few timid stragglers on foot headed toward the west. They crossed the narrowest part of Beni Yeb, not more than two hundred yards, between the Nile and the desert.

Pausing at the sands Kali nodded toward a creeping mass of men and camels, donkeys, dogs, women and children. Cameron leveled his glass, scanned them critically, then lowered it and remarked: "Nigerines?"

Kali nodded.

"The Sheik Tabira?"

Kali nodded again, muttering words of Arabic explanation. What he said was for Cameron alone and seemed to puzzle him.

"Kali, why do they come?"

"Allah knoweth their affairs," the Jaalin sheik replied.

Colonel Spottiswoode grew anxious and McDonald whispered to him: "Might be a nasty row!" Spottiswoode drew his horse closer to Cameron. "Who are these Nigerines?"

"They're from the west, several thousand miles across the desert."

"What are they doing here?"

"Small parties sometimes pass this way on their pilgrimage to Mecca. They travel slowly, working a week here, a few months there. Before the wars half a tribe once stopped on these lands and made a crop."

"Are they going to raise a row?"

"Can't tell. Old Tabira may want to ease his soul. They're all *hadji* now—holy men; spent twenty-two years on this pilgrimage. See those children? Born on the pilgrimage."

There was a pause, during which they sat their horses together, watching the half-orderly mob that pressed onward with the sun shining in their faces.

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"I say, Spottiswoode"—Cameron spoke out suddenly and earnestly—"can you imagine what it means to spend twenty-two years in that solitude, brooding on religion? A man can't stand it. He goes daft with a fanatical, murderous madness. Old Tabira might fancy himself inspired to run amuck with his tribe and send a few Christians ahead of him to Paradise!"

The Nigerines moved across those empty yellow sands like figures cut out of cardboard. The Sheik Tabira, with the squeezed face, rode a tall camel, an enormous white turban on his head. His long spear, held upright, reached to the ground. He muttered as one in an ecstatic trance. Ten paces behind their sheik rode a rank of other blacks on excellent camels, armed with the same vicious-looking spears.

"Yonder's Zack! See his gray hat?"

In an open space Zack walked alone. At even distances on each side, almost as if they marched in a hollow square, rode files of men on donkeys; and across the rear came other donkeys, with children, tents, plunder, dogs, goats and women.

When Zack saw the Colonel he took two or three nervous steps, then slowed down again. He couldn't get out of that square except by mixing up with those donkeys. The Colonel saw the whites of his eyes and knew that Zack was scared. Kali rode out, dignified and deliberate, to greet the Nigerines: "May Allah give thee greatness upon thy greatness."

The sheik halted. Every man, woman, child and animal stopped. Tabira lifted his hand, giving the desert sign of peace; and Kali responded likewise. What they said no one could hear, but they talked for so long a time that Lyttleton began to show his impatience. Kali came riding back, perplexed by the words of Tabira the Nigerine. In quick Arabic he delivered his message and transferred the bewilderment to Cameron.

"Lyttleton Bey!" Cameron called that experienced officer. "You understand these Mohammedans much better than I do. Tabira says that his tribe has come to live on Beni Yeb. They follow their Expected One, who will remain with them as leader and teacher. Kali is in a blue funk over it all. What can they mean?"

Lyttleton narrowed his eyes toward that rigid band of Nigerines. "The Expected One? I don't fancy the sound of that. The devil's in the whole Mahdi business." When an old campaigner in that far-off country of the sun hears of an Expected One having announced himself, he gives a quick gasp in the throat, then buckles on his fighting toggery. It means that people are going to get killed. McDonald vaguely understood; Colonel Spottiswoode not at all. So the Colonel inquired: "What is an Expected One?"

Lyttleton's jaws snapped on the explanation: "These fanatics look forward to a Deliverer, as foretold by the Koran. Once in a while some bally brown beggar goes wild with hashish and proclaims himself the Expected One—the Mahdi. Somebody always believes him and somebody always gets killed."

"This may be different," Cameron suggested hopefully. "Tabira's people wish to plow and hoe and raise cotton—to settle on Beni Yeb."

"Be not deceived," warned Lyttleton. "I suggest that you give them a place to camp until we can talk it over."

Cameron, via Kali, conveyed his salaams and salutations: "The Sheik Tabira and his people will rest in the shade, beside flowing water. When the sheik is refreshed then will I talk with him. May Allah lengthen the days of the sheik."

All of this sounded mighty fine, but Zack didn't like the way in which these people continued to surround him as the old sheik led his tribe to the left. Just as they came opposite the Colonel, Zack dodged between a couple of donkeys and broke out of the line. Having sidestepped the whole Nigerine proposition, he scuttled over to the Colonel.

"Zack, what the devil were you doing out there with those folks?"

Old Reliable did not answer. A cry from the Nigerines drew all attention back to them. From mouth to mouth the cry went forward until it reached Tabira, who wheeled his camel and came back. His people disorganized into a rabble and swarmed toward the whites. Zack melted into the Colonel's horse and looked uneasily at his late associates.

"Kali," ordered Cameron, "stop them! See what they want." Kali jerked his camel forward. Tabira shook his head and at first refused to be halted. His thin lips uncovered the jagged yellow teeth; his solitary eye changed into all the hues of blues and blacks, like a pot of boiling pitch. Kali had great trouble in persuading the sheik to wait until his message might be communicated. Lyttleton and Cameron advanced and met Kali as he came back. "Sheik Tabira says the Inglesi must not take from him the Great Teacher. The Expected One is the guest of Sheik Tabira and must lie in his tent."

"Kali, what does the sheik mean? Who is this Great Teacher?"

Kali, with a new deference in his voice and manner, indicated Old Reliable, standing at the Colonel's saddlebow.

Cameron knew better than to laugh. "He's no teacher. He's Colonel Spottiswoode's servant." Kali shook his head stubbornly. They argued, but to no purpose. Cameron turned and called: "Colonel Spottiswoode, have your man step out and speak to those people. Tell them he will visit their camp this noon. Speak loudly—Kali will translate."

Zack walked forward gingerly a few steps—not too much; those spears were long and a skinny-armed wild man might grab him. "You folks listen! I got to hurry up wid Cunnel to de big house an' git some breakfas'. Us is got plenty business. I'll come back to see you-all atter while. Jes tell 'em dat." Kali bowed low and translated unto the sheik. Old Tabira listened reverently to these words from the black teacher with the queer garb.

First he drooped his head in obedience, then stretched forth a hand toward Fergus Cameron. "Allah hath given unto thee strong friends. I remain here." Then his tribe began to pitch their tents beneath the shade of the acacias.

Colonel Spottiswoode was very angry. "Zack—you infernal fool! What do you mean by inviting this herd of crazy men over here?"

"Now, Cunnel, please, suh, don't specify so rough. I ain't had nothin' to do wid 'em. We jes met up wid one another in de big road; I couldn't make 'em go back. Dat's one hard-headed ole nigger—dat one-eyed feller."

Cameron spurred over, with as much of a smile as a Scotchman's face can ever wear, and burst into the conversation. "These people want to become permanent tenants. Your man has agreed to teach them how to plant cotton."

Zack held his tongue and listened while Cameron talked on fluently: "Nigerines make excellent tenants. I'm glad to get every one of them. Zack, how did you manage to persuade them?"

"Huh, mister! I don't have no trouble 'suadin' niggers to do somethin' I wants 'em to do. You-all gentlemen wuz talkin' 'bout needin' mo' niggers an' dese folks was lookin' fer a good home; so I jes fotch 'em in. Dey been 'spectin' me fer de longes' kin' o' time."

"Extr'ord'n'ry, 'pon my word!—most extr'ord'n'ry!—extr'ord'n'ry!" Cameron repeated over and over to himself.

. . . . . .

The Colonel got Zack in a corner at the big house and nailed him. "Zack, tell me the truth about these people. How did you manage to talk to 'em? That's what I can't understand?"

"You see, Cunnel, it all come up jes dis way: Dar wuz a white feller livin' wid 'em. He didn't foller 'long wid de rest 'cause he 'peared 'shamed to meet you-all gentlemen. When I fus' arrived out to de camp dey made a big rookus. Dis white feller axed me what wuz I doin' in dis country an' I tol' him I come to teach dese niggers. I spec' he must ha' tol' dat news to de crowd. Den he axed me wuz I de Spected One, an' I answers back I reckin so—lots o' folks wuz lookin' fer me to come. When he spressed dat to de crowd dey raised sech a 'miration he couldn't argue wid 'em no mo'. Dey 'sputed an 'sputed back'ards an' forrards till he got red in de face an' went back to his tent. Dis mornin' dat ole one-eyed nigger he wouldn't have it no other way 'cept dey wuz all comin' 'long wid me."

"Well, Zack, you're in for it. You've got to stay here now and teach 'em. I'm going on up the river."

Zack worked off one of his sickest grins. "Cunnel, d'ain't 'nuff ropes on dis plantation to tie me. Dem folks danced all night long, put ashes on deir heads an' stuck knives in deyselves. I got so skittish I never closed my eyes. I'm gwine when you goes—I don't care how sudden. Fur's I'm concerned, I *could* travel right now!"

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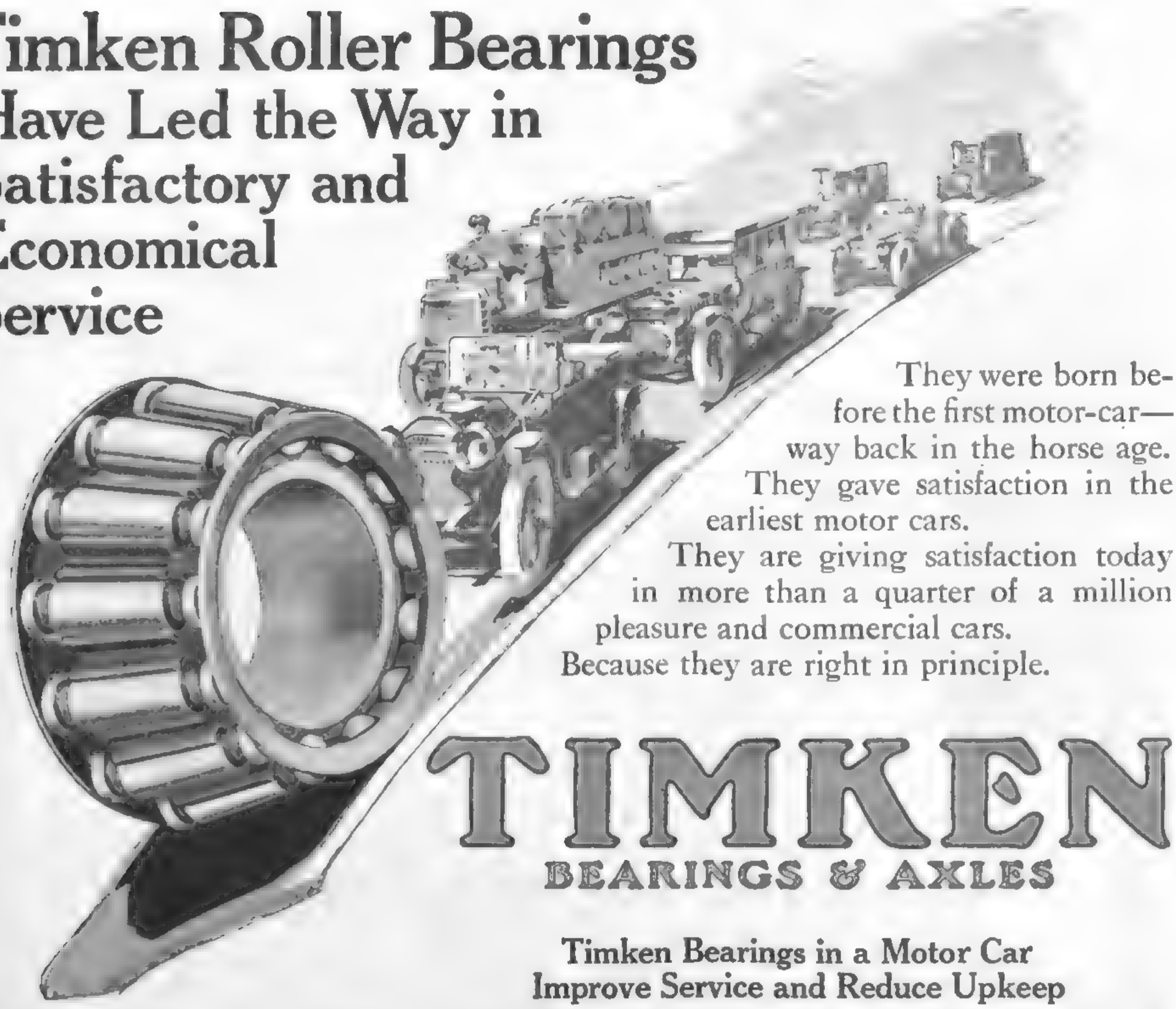

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The one-piece, pressed-steel housing which adds wonderfully to rear axle strength, was introduced by Timken.

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Timken leadership in axles is due to an immense organization of experienced, able, loyal men whose sole object in life is to make axles of the highest possible quality.

To know Timken-Detroit axles is to have a higher appreciation of the wonders of motor-car construction.

Timken Bearings improve service because they are so designed that they do to the best advantage ALL the things which the bearings in a car must do.

They reduce friction loss almost to nothing.

They carry heavier load in proportion to their size—because they carry it along the whole length of rollers, not on the points of balls.

They meet side pressure or "end-thrust," because the rollers are tapered and revolve at an angle to the shaft.

They show almost no wear—because the load is evenly distributed over a large enough area of contact.

Therefore they meet and take up the shocks, strains and stresses of travel.

They keep wheels from wobbling. They keep shafts perfectly aligned and gears in mesh—insuring perfect transmission of power.

Timken Bearings reduce upkeep because they last longer and do not have to be replaced.

This is first of all, because they wear so little.

It is also because even that slight wear can be wholly taken up by adjustment—by advancing the cone into the cup.

Perfect adjustment is possible because all the surfaces are tapered and after adjustment meet in straight lines just as they did before.

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO.
Canton, Ohio
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO.
Detroit, Mich.

THE NEWSPAPER GAME

(Continued from Page 19)

page and most of the third page, where there was so brave a showing of patent-medicine advertising.

"Them's dead ads," he said.

"What do you mean?"

He laughed again.

"I mean them's ads that the contracts has run out for, and we've bin runnin' them because it was cheaper to use them than set type."

"Do you mean that no money is to be paid for that advertising?" I gasped.

"Not a cent," he said. "Gimme the copy for the rest of that salutatory of yours."

That was a facer. I sat down and read proof on the salutatory; but it was a bad job of proofreading. I could see nothing but "dead ads" in every line instead of the highfalutin language I had so confidently written a short time before.

"Where's the telegraph?" I asked John about two o'clock.

"Down at the express office."

"Why don't they deliver it?"

"Well, you see," said John, "we've been kind of slow payin' for that stuff and they've gone to sending it C. O. D."

"How much is it?"

John told me and I gave him the money. Presently an expressman came in with a long, narrow box with a sliding cover. In it were six plates, each a column wide, of assorted telegraph news. Chet, who, I discovered, was foreman as well as devil, took the six plates, handed me the proof-sheet of the plates that were in the box and asked me how I wanted it. There were three columns with display heads at the top and three columns with two-line heads. Thus a big head could be placed in the first, third and fifth or sixth columns, and the other columns sandwiched in between. This slovenly makeup jarred me, but there was nothing else to do. "Anyhow," I thought, "they will all read the salutatory." And if I continued the two-column advertisement in the middle of the page I could have a head on the first column and one on the sixth, and that would make a fairly presentable page. I considered that for quite a time. Then I told Chet to put the first-page advertising on the inside.

"You'll lose it," Chet said.

"All right," I replied; "then we'll get some more."

Chet laughed again.

After much trouble we got the paper to press. Half a dozen small boys came around about four o'clock and bought a few copies. I took in seventeen cents, which meant I sold thirty-four copies to the boys. That constituted our street sale that day, for nobody evinced enough interest in our enterprise to come in and get a paper—nor did any of the boys come back for more.

The mail came in with a liberal number of exchanges and a lively letter from Tad. I clipped a little miscellany, wrote two or three editorials on broad, general topics and gave them to Chet—and sat down to figure out what had happened.

I couldn't. I felt we had been swindled, but I didn't know enough about it yet to point out where. As I was sitting there Chet and John came in.

Nothing but Gloom Ahead

"Boss," said Chet, "can we have a little money?"

"How much?" I asked.

"A couple of dollars to get something for the house."

I gave each of them two dollars and they left. I found a key in the door and locked it. Then I walked down to the telegraph office and wired to Tad: "Hurry up and get out here. We have been buncoed!"

That night I received a telegram from Tad: "I shall be there day after tomorrow. Cheer up! It's all right."

I was so tired that night that even my fears could not keep me awake; and when I rose next morning and had my breakfast I was in better spirits. "I won't quit," I said. "I'll fight this out somehow."

I went over to the office early and gave John some assignments that opened his eyes. One was to go to the hotels and get a list of hotel arrivals. John turned in this list and I printed it. Next day he came in with a list of notables from all over.

"Get busy, John!" I shouted. "If these people are all here get out and interview them. Ask them how they like the town. Get something out of them and we'll have a few live lines in the sheet, anyhow."

John hurried out, but came back in half an hour looking very sheepish. "It was a joke," he said—"they wrote them names on the register to fool us!"

I had to get the telegraph out of the express office that second afternoon just as I had on the first. Moreover, the man who had the two-column advertisement on the first page came in and said unless he could have that position he would take his advertisement out. "Give it to him," advised Chet—and I did. We needed the money; though when I inquired I found he had that commanding position in that great organ of public opinion for less than two dollars a day!

I took in twenty-four cents from the street boys that afternoon and had an order or two from the carrier routes. Also, I wrapped up the mail myself and sent the papers over to the post-office. Nobody had done that on my first afternoon, but I received no protests. Apparently nobody cared whether the Evening Eagle came out or not. Along about five o'clock Chet came in and asked for a dollar.

Bad News for the Partners

"Chet," I said, "what sort of a game is this I am up against, anyhow?"

"Well," said Chet, "I'll tell you. I've bin workin' along here for a couple of months and gettin' a dollar or so at a time, an' John's bin doin' the same thing. This here paper was pretty fair one time, but the feller that started it sold out to the man who sold it to you an' moved to another town. This here is a Republican community and the other paper's bin here for years, an' is a good, reliable paper, with a telegraph report by wire, and sticks to the Republican party. They was room enough here for another paper; but the man that just had it threw this here one away from bein' an independent paper an' made it prohibition. Now, that don't go in this here town. He was nasty too; and he put in a lot of mean stuff about our citizens.

"Nacherally the Eagle lost circulation; an' he was a lawyer an' didn't know nothin' about newspapers, anyhow. The sheriff's bin jist two jumps behind us for two months. Then the editor gets you fellers on the string and sells to you. It was a shame. He rigged up a plant on you. He showed that feller that came out here fake contracts and run the paper full of dead advertising and buncoed him right smart. He was at the end of his string, an' he knew it; an' he jumped the town with whatever money you gave him. Everything here's mortgaged an' we owe everybody in town. The paper ain't worth a damn—an' never has bin; and you're plumb up against it!"

Then Chet took the paper and showed me in detail just how we had been flim-flammed. As nearly as I could make it out, the paper carried about twenty dollars' worth of live advertising a day, with all the rest worthless; and there were no contracts outstanding. We were in debt to the paper house and could only get paper by paying from day to day. Of course I didn't purpose to pay off the old debts; but I didn't know whether Tad had bought the institution, debts and all, or not. I soon found out. He had.

Tad came in that night and I went down to meet him. He got jauntily off the train, carrying a guitar-case in his hand.

"What's that?" I asked.

"My guitar," he answered. "I thought we might like a little music of an evening until we get acquainted around town."

"Fine idea," I said. "Great! Unstrap it and play the Spanish Fandango now."

"What for?" he asked in amazement.

"Oh, nothing," I said; "but I sort of need music at this juncture."

"What's biting you?"

"Nothing—nothing at all, except that we're the two biggest suckers on the inhabited globe."

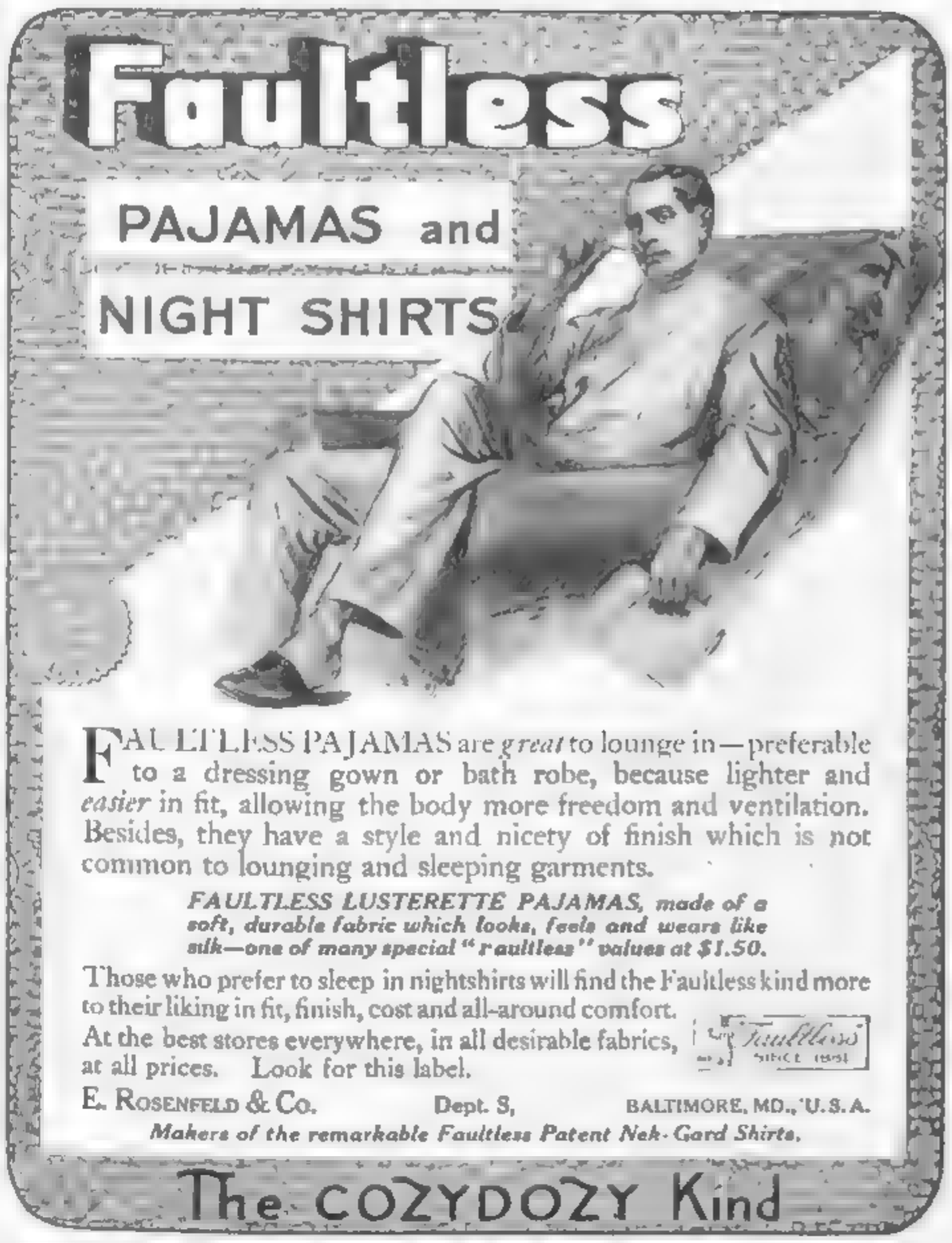
Tad dropped his guitar.

"What's the matter? Isn't everything all right?"

"Tad," I said, "this is no place to break the news to you. Let me lead you to the seclusion of our boarding house. Have you got any more money?"

Tad looked at me blankly.

"More money?" he asked. "Do you think I'm John D. Rockefeller? I gave you



FAULTLESS PAJAMAS are *great* to lounge in—preferable to a dressing gown or bath robe, because lighter and *easier* in fit, allowing the body more freedom and ventilation. Besides, they have a style and nicety of finish which is not common to lounging and sleeping garments.

FAULTLESS LUSTERETTE PAJAMAS, made of a soft, durable fabric which looks, feels and wears like silk—one of many special "Faultless" values at $1.50.

Those who prefer to sleep in nightshirts will find the Faultless kind more to their liking in fit, finish, cost and all-around comfort.

At the best stores everywhere, in all desirable fabrics, at all prices. Look for this label.

E. ROSENFELD & Co. Dept. S, BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

Makers of the remarkable Faultless Patent Nek-Gard Shirts.

The COZYDOZY Kind

You meant to try

Queen Quality

Tobacco—but did you?

You intended to try Queen Quality last week, didn't you? You meant to buy some on the way home.

But just then Bill Smith called you up on the 'phone and asked you to "sit in" and you plumb forgot. Never mind, it's still for sale, but you've missed a mighty good week.

It's ***granulated*** tobacco, it's convenient and it burns just right, and tastes just right. Get the Big Blue Bag for a nickel, and please don't forget this time.

Remember! Remember! Remember!

5c for the Big Blue Bag

And SAVE THE LABELS! For the fronts of 25 Queen Quality bags we'll give you FREE a Pure Silk Art Kerchief of varied colors and designs, beautiful for making kimonos, bedspreads, pillow cases, etc.

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P. B. PENN TOBACCO CO. American Tobacco Co. Successors

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Race horses at top speed, the aeroplane in flight, the athlete at the moment of supreme effort, the racing motor car—all are the same to a

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Likewise it has the power to take snap-shots on dark days or even indoors. Then too, with lens and shutter slowed down, it easily does the ordinary every day kind of things in a superior way and is as ready for a time exposure as for a snap in a thousandth part of a second.

And all these capabilities are combined with the simplicity of the daylight loading Kodak film system.

No. 1A Speed Kodak, with Zeiss Kodak Anastigmat lens, pictures 2½ x 4¼ inches, ... $60.00
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EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Catalogue free at your dealer's or by mail. ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

all the money I could get. What's become of it? I've only a few dollars in my pocket."

"Come on!" I said firmly. "Come on, before I kill you on the spot! What do we want with more money? Why, dad blame you, we want all the money in the world to pull this thing your benignant relative sold to us out of the hole."

Tad said nothing. As we walked up the street I suggested:

"Play a little something on your guitar, Tad. A little music will be fine while we are getting acquainted."

"Shut up," he retorted savagely, "or I'll break it over your head!"

"That's right," I replied. "My head is thick enough to break anything on, or I wouldn't be here."

There was no more conversation until we reached the room I had rented. I lighted a cigar a man had given me who wanted a two-column puff of his candidacy for assessor printed for nothing, and Tad sat on the bed and glowered.

"What is it?" he finally said. "Get it out of your system. What's wrong?"

"What's wrong?" I shouted. "Hear him babble! What's wrong? Why, you fair-haired galoot, everything is wrong. Here, we've quit our jobs and come away out here and given a relative of yours—a dear, kind, honest relative of yours—who wanted to see you get a start in the world two hundred and fifty dollars of good money and tied ourselves up for more than two thousand more, for a rag of a sheet that isn't worth two hundred and fifty cents."

"You must be mistaken," insisted Tad.

"Mistaken!" I roared—"when the total cash receipts of the place for the first four days are less than a dollar; when the total advertising isn't worth twenty dollars a day and most of that we've got to take out in trade; when not a line of new advertising can be secured in the place, for they wouldn't advertise with us if we gave it to them; when the paper has been on the wrong side of everything for the last three years; when we've got only four hundred circulation, and two hundred of that complimentary!" I stopped and laughed.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Tad.

"I was laughing to think of anybody being complimented by getting that sheet!"

"But," said Tad, ignoring the remark, "it carried a lot of advertising when I saw it; and he told me it was making good money."

"Surely it carried a lot of advertising when you saw it, but it was dead advertising. Do you get that? Dead advertising! It was advertising that had been paid for and had run out, and he was carrying it for nothing, because that was cheaper than setting up stuff to fill the space. It isn't worth a nickel a year to us! And all those contracts he showed you had expired. And the plant isn't worth forty dollars—and we don't own it anyhow, for it's mortgaged. And we have to buy paper day by day and take the telegraph boiler-plate out of hock each afternoon before we can get the paper on the rickety old press. And our total cash capital is less than seventy-five dollars—and we can't raise another cent in this world! And our force consists of two bum printers and an editorial staff that doesn't know its name. And they will shut off our power unless we pay up before the end of the week. And the rent on the shack where we are is due and we are likely to be evicted unless we can stave that off. And—— But what's the use? Play something on your guitar, Tad. We need a little music, don't you think?"

"What shall I play?" asked Tad, who sat blinking at me.

"Oh," I said, "play the Dead March in Saul! That'll about hit things off, I reckon."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of six articles on the Newspaper Game. The third will appear in an early number.

Worse and Worse

THE late Dr. James H. Canfield was once called a liar by a newspaper for something he had said in the course of his college labors. Shortly afterward he was walking with Doctor Eliot, then president of Harvard. "Well, Canfield," said Doctor Eliot, "I see they have called you a liar."

"Yes," Canfield replied. "It seems to be a sort of an ex-officio college title. I suppose, Doctor Eliot, they have often called you a liar?"

"Worse than that," chuckled Doctor Eliot, "far worse than that. They have proved it!"

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Goodness and purity are in its every sparkling grain.

Each step of its refining and crystallizing is guarded by modern methods of scrupulous cleanliness. It almost makes itself in a wonderful web of glistening machinery that leaves no chance for impurity or contamination.

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and the great Yukon Country—the land of the Midnight Sun and Northern Lights—is calling 1912 tourists. Superb summer climate [illegible]

Send Now for Booklets describing this greatest scenic trip in the world.

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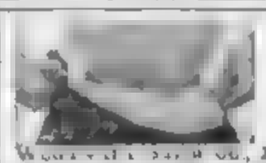

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(Trade Mark.) Agents Wanted. Friction Rubber Coated. WON'T SLIP, SOIL or TEAR. State Waist Measure. 1 Belt 15c—2 Belts 25c Postpaid. [illegible], 1061 Caxton Bldg., Chicago

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Typewriter Emporium, 24-36 W. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

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ATHLETIC SUSPENDERS
25 AND 50 CENTS A PAIR

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The most comfortable and durable suspenders you ever wore. Made from finest quality elastic webbing in 3 weights. Cords solid-woven and will never wear out; this is why we guarantee every pair for one year.

Ask for a pair at your dealer's, supplied direct if he hasn't them.

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Successful Grocers

everywhere—grocers who keep in stock the good things of life—sell you

It is today one of the *essentials* of a well-stocked grocery store, because hundreds of thousands of American families who want this best of all drinks go to their grocer for it. Full of life and vigor; good for all the seven ages of man.

Write for premium puzzle

One package makes 5 gallons. If your grocer isn't supplied, we will mail you a package on receipt of 25c. Please give his name.

The CHARLES E. HIRES CO.
244 North Broad Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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"The Reflections of a Royal Tailored Man"

Not all the pleasant reflections that come with a Royal Tailored Suit are in the *Looking Glass*. You get some mighty satisfactory

MENTAL reflections too! There's the reflection that the suit is completely YOURS—not in mere possession, but in its very creation—in its fit, its draped and tailored in absolute fidelity to your body lines and style tastes. There's the reflection that every thread of its fabric is ALL PURE WOOL—first crop superfine—without even a hint or glint of mercerization.

There's the reflection that the labor in it is the labor of the three "S's"—sunshine, skill and satisfaction—the labor of America's greatest custom tailors—in America's famous Sunshine tailor shops.

There's the reflection that in all its whole make-up, there isn't a stitch, a seam or a line that represents a risk or an uncertainty to you. For with every Royal Suit comes a Guarantee—*made out in your name*—warranting the suit, from its collar ridge to its trouser cuffs—for so long as you wear it.

And last—there's the crowning reflection that although you secure this extraordinary value—the utmost in custom-tailoring—you have paid a most ORDINARY price ($20, $25, $30 and $35).

And the recollection of satisfaction in a Royal Suit will last as long as the memory of the suit.

CAUTION:—It is important in these days of cunning substitution to beware of imitations. For your own protection—look for the Royal tiger head on all woolen samples shown.

SIX BIG FEATURES
of ROYAL TAILOR CLOTHES
Made to Your Measure
All Pure Wool
A Legal Guarantee With Each Garment
100% Process Shrunk
Cost No More Than Ready Mades
Six Day Schedule Deliveries

This Garment is Guaranteed to Fit Satisfy and Please You in Every Respect or We Ask You Not to Accept It
Pay to Bearer One Penny

Even the very day for delivery is guaranteed in Royal Tailoring. If your Garment is not completed on schedule time, we forfeit $1.00 a day in cash for each and every day's delay. This service is a Service of Certainties.

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The "General" says:

"I absolutely guarantee this *Certain-teed* Roofing to last 15 years."

Certain-teed Rubber Roofing

Quality Certified—Durability Guaranteed—Made in Shingles as well as Rolls

DISCRIMINATING builders, who have an eye for beauty and also wish the *best* roof covering at the *lowest* cost, are using ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** on their bungalows, city and country homes. It is the most Artistic and Economical Roofing one can possibly buy.

Artistic *Certain-teed* Rubber Shingles

They are a beautiful gray in color, similar in tone to slate—and will give your home a comfortable, cozy appearance—especially recommended where handsome effect is desired.

Modern Roofing in Rolls

You will be *more* than pleased with ***Certain-teed*** **Rubber Roofing** in either Shingles or Rolls, because it is weatherproof and waterproof—will not crack, warp, become loose or dry out—it is fully guaranteed—can be quickly and easily laid—and best of all *costs less*.

At Least Investigate Certain-teed Roofing

Stop in and see your lumber, hardware or building material dealer—he is backed by the "General's" three big mills (the largest Roofing Mills in the world)—he will furnish you ***Certain-teed*** **Roofing** at the lowest prices, with the manufacturers' quality guarantee, and thereby save himself as well as you the trouble and expense incident to uncertain kinds of roofing

If you contemplate building or repairing at any time write for our book B.Q-2, "How to Build for LESS Money."

GENERAL ROOFING MFG. COMPANY

Largest Roofing Manufacturers in the World

York, Pa. Minneapolis, Minn. E. St Louis, Ill. San Francisco, Cal. Marseilles, Ill. Winnipeg, Manitoba

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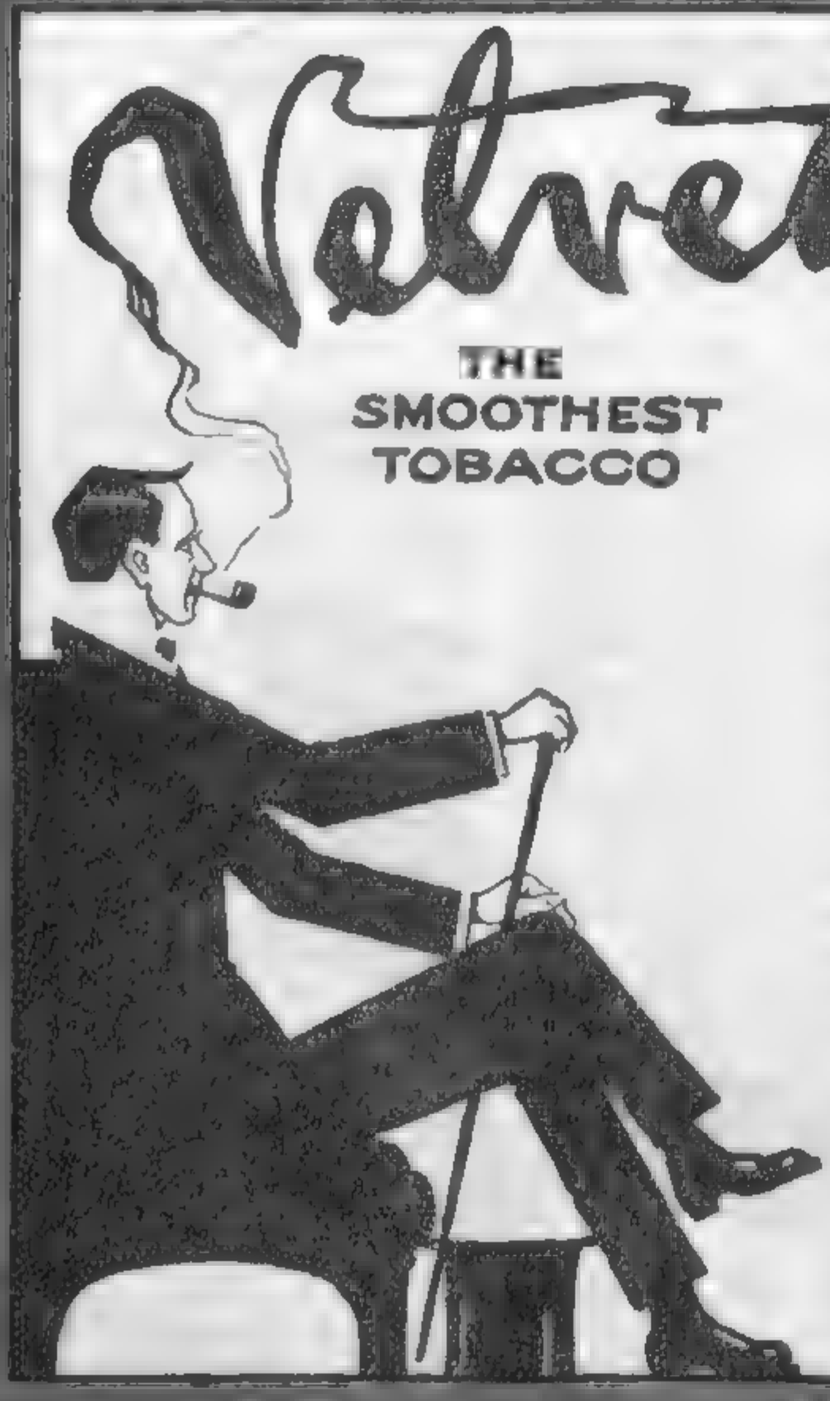
Operating the three largest Roofing and Building Paper Mills in the World.

Velvet



THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

"I say, Old Top, I *like* this 'Velvet' tobacco!"

No wonder smokers like it—it's the finest in the land. Choice, middle-leaf Burley and hung in the warehouse for two years—an aging process that's expensive and quite rare now-a-days. "Time" eliminates all harshness—nothing resembling "bite" remains. "Time" mellows this good leaf—enhances the fine flavor, produces the *smoothness* for which it is famous.

Get Velvet—this smoothest of all tobaccos—at your dealer's—in tins—in perfect condition.

SPAULDING & MERRICK

(A unit owned by Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.)

10c TINS

STRETCHING THE SOIL

(Continued from Page 11)

It must be borne in mind also that rainfall figures are of themselves not absolutely convincing. Moisture is most needful in the spring and early summer, while the crops are growing; but much of the precipitation recorded is really snow, which falls in the wintertime. Each district claims that in its own country the rain comes always at the right time; while a few counties farther away it never rains except in the wintertime. As a general rule, it is easy to believe that much of the precipitation in the arid belt does come in the wintertime; and although less moisture is required to raise crops on a rich, new soil, at altitudes of five to six thousand feet, than is required in the old and humid farming countries, there is in these greater altitudes more danger from hail. Sometimes more than a dozen severe hailstorms may mark a spring season on the high plains east of the Rockies. The expert who shows you a bunch of wheat as high as his chin, or a picture of a wheatfield which hides the horses and the reaper, usually forgets to tell you about these hailstorms. They should be included as one of the elements of the gamble.

In other terms, we are done with the easy old days of the West and done with America. We have arrived at a time where economy is necessary in everything, even in our rainfall. Dry farming is simply a sublimated form of economy, of national economy. Like any other form of thrift it is a good thing. A farmer can no longer make a living by going out into a fertile country and tickling the soil once in a while. The dry farmer of today has to keep up that tickling all the time, and the tickling is a far more complex and expensive operation than farming used to be back home.

What does it cost to hold down a dry farm in the West? That depends largely upon the individual. Authorities state the proper outlay to be two to fifteen thousand dollars, the more the better. One man may start with a thousand dollars and win out on a quarter-section; another may take ten thousand dollars and fail on a full section. I heard of one man who started with a hoe and a dollar and a half; they have put bronze tablets to his memory in every Chamber of Commerce in his state. I think it would be safer to figure on two hoes and three dollars.

An intelligent land man in Cheyenne, when asked what it cost to start in dry farming, said: "First show me the settler and let me know what he is. I will start the average man on a capital of fifteen hundred dollars, and even less, and believe he can tide over until he can get a crop. More capital is better, but it all depends upon the man himself."

The Old Ranger's Summary

Perhaps that gentleman was something of an optimist. Here is what a Government expert engaged in experimental work for the Bureau of Plant Industry said about it:

"Immigrants are coming out into all this country like flies. To me it seems they must be the bravest of the brave, to take the chances they do. We have a rainfall of thirteen and a half inches in this part of the country, but there is much variation about it and much difference in districts. In parts of this state the rainfall goes down to five or six inches—and yet they are trying to farm that country! As for the rain belt moving west, forget all about that, for it does nothing of the sort and never has done anything of the sort. The rainfall for these high plains is no more than it was forty years ago.

"To me it looks as though the best hope of holding our dry-farming population of this country is to teach them to use all the irrigation they can. You ask, 'Is dry farming a success?' and I answer, 'Yes, it is, when you can get plenty of water!' Sometimes that means a wheel, a windmill, or the use of a little creek, or tanks filled from furrows running down from higher ridges. One sure thing is, no dry farmer ought to despise water."

Talk pro and con, interested and disinterested, is bound to meet any intending settler who visits the West today, and sometimes the conflict of opinions seems somewhat confusing. One must allow for the feud continually existing between the dry-farm operator and the irrigator, between the nester and the cowman and, above all, between today and yesterday. The most unregenerate old-timer very naturally is the cowman. One of my picturesque friends who rode the range in the old days spoke with fervor somewhat as follows:

"You say it's either irrigation or dry farmin'; but if you get in between a bunch of the two you wouldn't know which was which. All these papers in the dry-farmin' towns, they keep braggin' about their population. Say, they give you the weight of every baby born in the county. Good, fair, average baby, dry farmin', runs about seven and a half to eight pounds; but every man that lives in a irrigation country points out the fact that the Mormons was the first irrigators and raised more babies than any other part of the country in the world. Mr. Irrigator, he says that a baby ain't no good at all that weighs less than eleven and three-fourths pounds ringside, and shows plenty not worth countin' around eight and three-quarters. 'Where's your dry farmin' now?' says he. Then Mr. Dry Farmer comes back an' he says: 'O' course this irrigation business may raise a large, coarse, fibrous kid, but our kids is closer-grained and keeps longer.'

"This was a good country once—yes; but not none no more. I used to ride the range when the buffalo was there; and I wouldn't go over there now and see those nesters and their plows for a thousand dollars a day! The grass ain't knee-high to a duck now, and when I rode that country its tops would whip your pony's knees. Say, I've seen bullfrogs in this country—and 'way up in Canada—that was eight years old and didn't know how to swim. This here dry-farmin' business is only a legal way of starving a woman to death. We didn't used to have roads out in this country, but they have them now—all you have to do to grade a road is just to plow one furrow and the wind does the rest—it blows the road in!"

On a Still Hunt for Land

The Eastern man going West ought not to swallow all the figures or all the statements offered to him. He can lose his mind studying rainfalls, crop reports and photographs, and still have his guess as to when that rainfall came and where it fell—in summer or winter, here or just beyond, with or without devastating hail. One suggestion I can call certainly useful. The intending farmer ought not to go out with a flock of other farmers, with his money sewed on his sleeve, to get off the train with his eyes bulging and start on a keen lope for the first piece of land he can find for fear some one else will beat him to it. His study of his new country ought to be in the nature of a still hunt and not a land picnic. He ought not to beg some one to take his money and take it all at once. Go a little slow. After all there is considerable land left.

The intending settler who has not yet started West may perhaps ask how much more work he will have to do on a dry farm than on one in the humid regions, and what the per cent of relative cost will be. The safest answer seems to be that it will take about twenty per cent more work to the quarter-section of ground in dry farming than would be necessary in corn-raising in the humid belt. Moreover, it is a sort of farming entirely different from that of the corn country. The man who sticks to the methods of the humid region will surely fail in the dry country. It is equally conservative to say that the investment for dry farming is somewhat larger than that for humid farming. It is work done on a larger scale, the operations are more continuous and more extended, and the plant required should therefore be larger.

In general it is safe to say that the amount of land must be larger, say twice as large as that of the Eastern farm that affords a living. The former should have three hundred and twenty acres and as much more as possible. All additional unplowed land means horse and cow pasture. The yield to the acre is smaller, hence the acreage must be larger. There must be more horses and implements that do much work at one time. Thus a six-horse gang-plow will do, say, five acres a day, whereas a single span would only cover about two acres of breaking.

Everything always costs more than you figure it is going to cost—or than the land

"wear a BENJAMIN"

The best in Men's Clothes

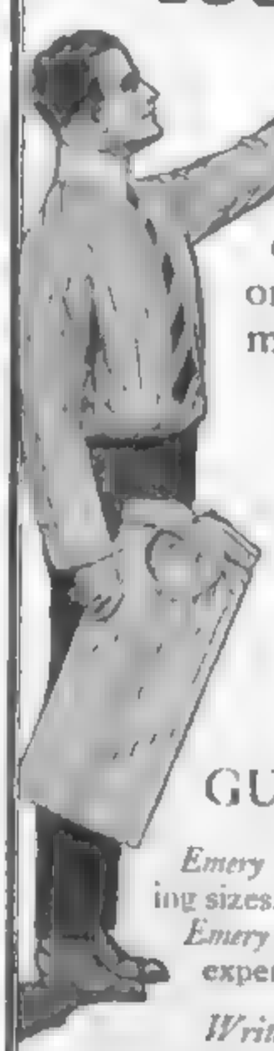
Write for book of New York Fashions

Alfred Benjamin & Co

NEW YORK

Guaranteed Shirts $1.50 up

Your own sleeve length



In each size of *Emery* shirt, there is a sleeve length for every man—be he long, medium or short of reach. The bodies are drafted on the lines of exclusive custom shirt-making, assuring fit and comfort.

When you buy shirts, look for—

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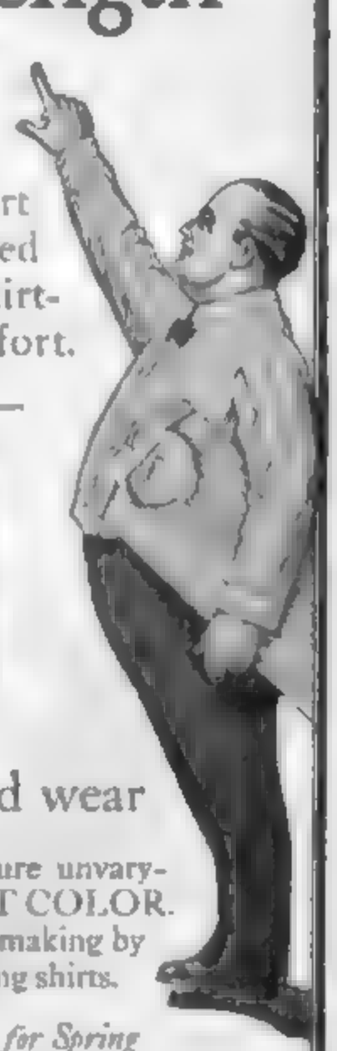

Emery neckbands are PRE-SHRUNK—to insure unvarying sizes. Fabrics are tested and guaranteed FAST COLOR. *Emery* shirts are designed and supervised in the making by experts of over 30 years' experience in improving shirts.

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agent figures it. The settler ought to have capital enough to swing his land and also enough to put up buildings and improvements, and still have sufficient left to pay for seed, feed and living expenses for two years. A lucky selection of land, a lucky wet year to start, may help a man stick with relatively small funds; but the reverse of these things may make him send East for money to get back home. There has been no revolution assuring success to every one in dry farming. There are plenty of abandoned farms in the arid West as well as in New England.

The first thing the dry farmer needs is water. The settler should get his well first and then see about his buildings. If he has to dig too far or haul water too far perhaps he cannot hold his tract at all. Don't put in any improvements at all until you know you can get water to live on. Even then there is no special hurry about breaking up too much land.

The first thing the newcome dry farmer learns is that all his old ideas about seed and seeding are wrong. Many farmers send back East for the seeds which they formerly found all right. There is no mistake more frequent or more deadly than this one. The settler should bear in mind that the wheat and other crops now successful in the arid belt come from seed specially developed in the arid district itself. Moreover, the new settler is always tempted to sow twice or three times as much seed to the acre as he ought to use. The general rule is that it takes only about half as much seed in dry farming as in farming in humid regions. The idea is that there is only moisture enough up to a certain point if full development of the grain is to be assured. In a thirsting march there may be enough water for one man, where an even division between two would mean the death of both. It is the same thing with the roots of wheat.

Cows and Hens a Help

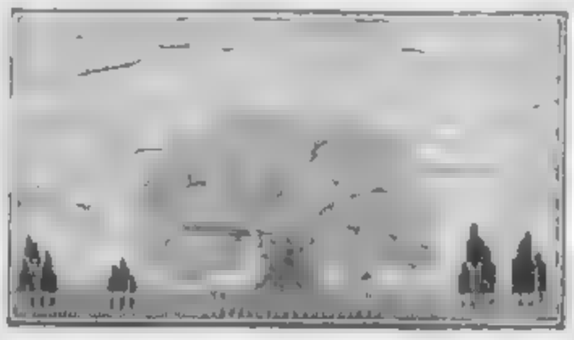
Deep plowing, the establishment of a mulch on top of the soil to keep the moisture from evaporating, the establishment of a proper amount of humus in the soil by plowing under an occasional forage crop—all these things are part of the new doctrine of dry farming. Many of the processes, or most of them, are new to the farmer from the East. Thus, back home, he may have been accustomed to spreading the manure loosely on the soil and later plowing it under. The dry-farm sharp points out that when coarse manure is plowed in it makes a blanket between the plowed and the unstirred soil, which prevents the water from rising through the plowed land and creates air-spaces which dry out the soil rapidly, and hence weaken the plants growing in it. Most experts counsel the use of manure as a light top dressing for grains or grasses, in which case it acts as a mulch or blanket, to hold down the moisture. It is much like the principle of fireless cooking, of which, also, we have heard somewhat in recent years. In short, it is the intelligent and economical use of what Nature has given us.

First in importance to the dry farmer is his wife, and his success depends largely upon her. The cow and the hen in combination are of the utmost value thereto.

The garden is always something that ought not to be overlooked. The family must eat, and not everything can be bought outright by the cash obtained from raising grain alone. It is well, therefore, to remember the counsel of the Government experiment man, who advises supplementary irrigation wherever possible. A little ditch, a good windmill, a good cow, a few score hens and a cheerful and plucky wife of the good American frontier breed—these are things which must not be counted out of the dry farmer's equipment.

Good luck to them—this new man and his wife! They are holding our skirmish line for us.

Editor's Note—This is the first of three articles by Emerson Hough. The second will appear in an early issue.



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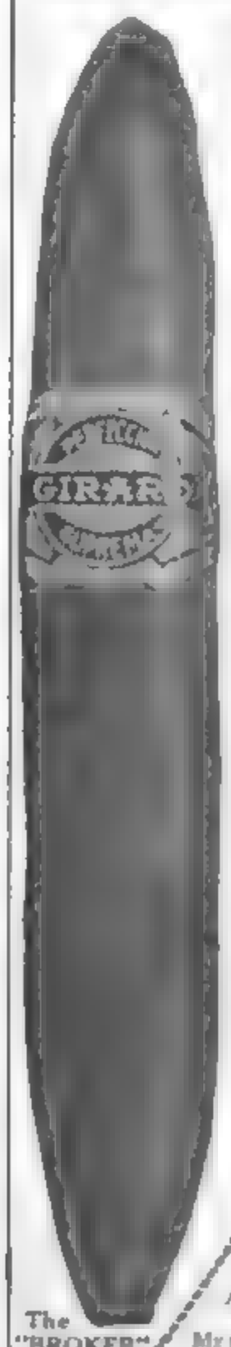

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THE APPLE OF DISCORD

(Continued from Page 35)

"No," Lanier answered without ceasing to play. "I never expected to cruise in this ark, and considered that a landlocked harbor, a chain cable and a two-ton anchor were the cheapest form of policy." He swung about on the stool. "Does your luncheon taste good?"

Clare choked a little. "It—would," she answered unsteadily, "if—if——"

"If your conscience did not trouble you?" asked Lanier mercilessly. "So far as I am concerned you are forgiven."

"I—I shall make good your loss," said Clare. "I have some money of my own—from my mother." She blinked back the tears that insisted on filling her eyes so that she could scarcely see her food. "But all these lovely things——" she choked again.

Lanier did not answer. He was playing a dreamy sort of fugue, the theme of which belonged to the voices in wind and waves and the drumming of the rain.

"How are you off for boats?" Clare asked presently, trying to steady her voice.

"One small dingey," answered Lanier indifferently. "My man took the motor whaleboat, the big sailing dory is ashore getting a new strake in place of one I smashed the other day against a rock, and Mrs. Wilmerding's boat got crushed under the staging before we discovered that we had been cut adrift. I rigged a tackle and hoisted it aboard, so that it might not wash ashore and scare everybody to death. I fancy that the Chimney Corner is in a pretty awful state as it is."

Clare got up suddenly from her seat.

"Don't!" she cried sharply. Lanier stopped playing and turned on his piano bench.

"Sit down in that big chair and rest," said he. "There's nothing for us to do."

"Haven't you any sort of anchor?" cried Clare desperately.

"There's an anchor in the lazarette, but even if we were to get it out and on the bow it would be of no use to us. You haven't left me cable enough to moor by."

"Then why not try to steer the hulk?" cried Clare. "With this wind you ought to be able to do something!"

Lanier shook his head. "I tried that," he said, "but it was no good. She's too light—doesn't answer the helm. She has to be jerked along by a tug to get steerage way. Besides, I shouldn't know which way to steer if I could. We've been drifting all over the shop."

"Then you think that she will be lost?"

Lanier shrugged. "Your brother may get into Seal Cove in time to catch the local steamer," said he; "but it will get dark early tonight, and with this wind and rain they may have trouble finding us. Still there's always the chance of being sighted by something passing. It looks to me, though, as if this gale was backing round into the southeast and might settle down to serious business. All the sailing craft have probably run for shelter by this time. No, I'm afraid that by morning the old Broken Word will be lying somewhere with a broken back."

The color faded from Clare's face. She sank into the big chair, the same that had been so fatefully occupied by Mrs. Wilmerding. Lanier turned to the piano again.

"Don't!" cried Clare nervously. "How can you sit there and play when in a few hours that piano may be rolling round among the reefs?"

"All the more reason for getting what good I can out of it," Lanier retorted. "However, if it upsets you I'll discontinue." He got up from the bench, went to a table and picked up his pipe, which he proceeded to fill.

A sudden faintness overcame Clare. Her eyes passed from one to another of the handsome articles that furnished the place: the big, mahogany center-table, the Renaissance buffet, the magnificent Jacobean chairs, the handsome rugs and the paintings that decorated the ceiled sides of the apartment; then to the stage with its charmingly painted scenery and the pretty little dolls that were bobbing and ducking and bowing. It seemed incredible that all of this beauty and luxury, all these costly objects, were destined in a few short hours to be torn and shattered and demolished on the cruel rockbound coast of Grand Manan. Yet Ravenel had told her that

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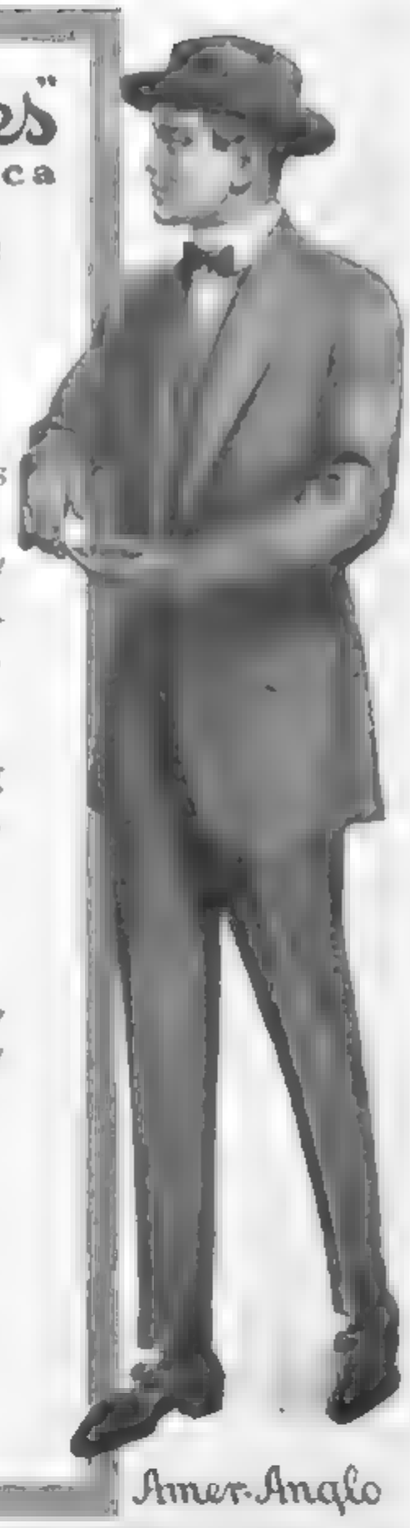

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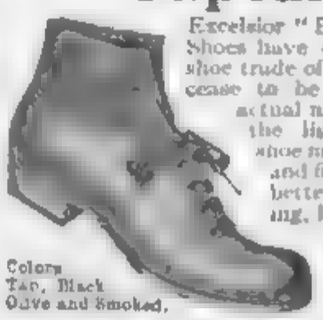

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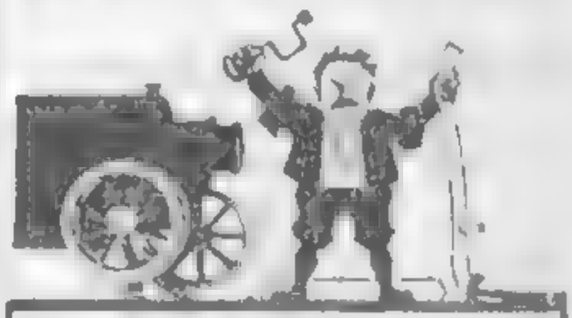

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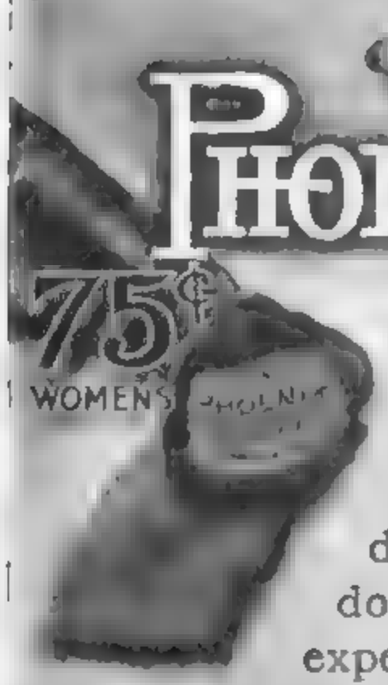

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four hours after the turn of the tide would see the end of the barge. Even now the island must loom very close.

Clare scarcely gave a thought to the danger to their lives. At the least Ravenel would have put the coast guard on the alert and there was little doubt of their being taken off before ever the vessel struck. The reflection that smothered Clare's pulses was that of the irreparable loss her mad act would bring to the man to whom she had given her heart almost at sight—the man whom she had so loved the day before and whom she loved still, despite his infidelity. She leaned back in her chair, sick, faint and all but nerveless.

Lanier studied her covertly and through narrowed lids. He read what was passing in her mind.

"It seems a bit odd to think that by tomorrow morning a lobster may be playing the harp on the strings of that piano," said he, "and that the first scenic production of The Pearl of Panama will be attended by an audience of skates and séarobins."

Clare whitened a little but did not answer.

"This furniture," said Lanier pitilessly, "is old family stuff. I loaded most of it aboard from the wharf of our ancestral plantation on the Eastern Shore. This Jacobean set was brought over by one Colonel Lanier in the good ship Golden Promise. Tomorrow morning a mermaid may be combing her hair in that chair you are sitting in at this moment."

Clare's pallor grew more intense. Her long lashes fluttered down on her cheek.

"And all of this," said Lanier, "because of the mad, unrestrained impulse of a spoiled girl!" His voice, which had been carelessly mocking, changed its key with startling suddenness. He paused in front of Clare and stared down at her stonily.

"What right had you to cut me adrift?" he demanded savagely. "Had I ever asked anything of you? Did I owe you anything? Hadn't I done my best to protect you from both of us? I told you that when you knew me better you would like me less! I told you to wait; and you come out in your boat, just ripe for some sort of trouble, and cut me adrift as if I really had belonged to you and had done you some wrong!"

Clare shrank back as if she had been struck. Her breathing grew shallow. She felt as if an icy hand had been laid upon her forehead, and a black mist swam and eddied before her eyes.

The darkness deepened. Her head lolled to one side against the back of the high, upholstered chair. One arm fell inert. She seemed to be floating—floating—and then, through a rift in the darkness that obscured her senses, she felt that Lanier was close to her. She felt her head on his shoulder, his arm about her neck. A flavor hot and pungent was on her lips.

"Drink this," said a quiet voice. A goblet was thrust against her lips. She gulped a little of the fiery fluid, then turned her head.

"Clare," said the same quiet voice, "will you forgive me?"

She stared at him, her vision still blurred.

"I have been talking to you as I talked to Mrs. Wilmerding," said Lanier. "You are sitting where she was sitting. She grew faint, just as you grew faint, and I came to her side and offered her some cognac, just as I am offering it to you. Now do you understand?"

"I—what—you—you say she was faint?" Clare murmured.

"Yes. She accused me of something of which I was quite innocent. I talked to her roughly, and she saw her mistake and was overcome. This is what you saw, Clare."

The blood rushed back to Clare's heart.

"Then you—you weren't—weren't ——"

"Making love to her? Absurd! I had seen her but once before in my life. She jumped to a wrong conclusion and came out here to beg me to go away—to leave you in peace. She loves you, Clare, more than anybody in the world loves you except myself. My sweetheart, I adore you!"

"Calvert, then why—why ——"

"So that you might understand. Clare, put yourself for a moment in the place of Mrs. Wilmerding. Don't you see? If you had looked in from the other side the tableau would have been a different one. You would have seen that she was white and faint and that I was holding the tumbler to her lips. It was a shock to her

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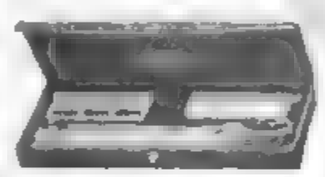

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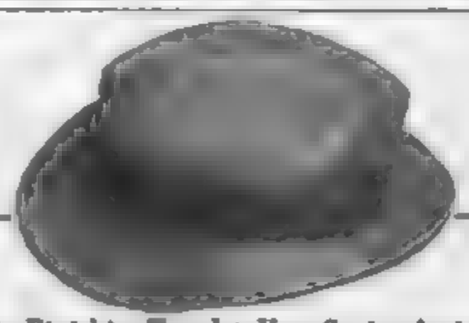

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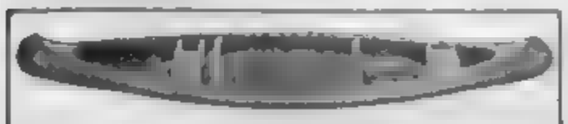

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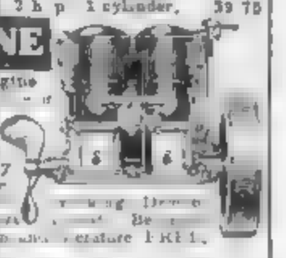

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to learn what a mess she had made of things. She told me that she had said things about me to you which were unkind and untrue, and when I expressed myself on the matter she was overcome. Then as soon as she learned that I loved you dearly and was only waiting for you to be sure of your own state of heart to ask for you, she was ready to throw her arms round my neck and bless us both. She was wishing us all happiness together when you cut the cable."

A big sob suffocated Clare. She twisted about in the chair. Her arms went up and encircled Lanier's neck. Her head turned, her lips brushing his cheek. She drew him down to her, his face so close to hers that he could see her eyes only as two dark, swimming pools of fathomless indigo.

"Calvert—and you can still love me in spite of all?" she whispered, her lips almost touching his. "Because, my darling, if I've lost your love I don't want to live! I want to go down, down, down to the very depths. I love you so! There is nobody like you—and yesterday, when I thought that some day you were to be all mine and I all yours, my heart was ready to burst. I wasn't quite sane, Calvert. My mind did not seem to work. Then there were other things; doubts that it nearly broke my heart only to face. But I believed in you, Calvert, and I said over and over to myself that they were lies, lies, lies. So I came out in my boat only to call goodby to you, and I was starved for a kiss and to hear you say that you loved only me. Do you think I'm shameless, Calvert? I can't help it if you do, because, my dear, I love you, love you, love you!" She burst into tears.

A gust of such emotion as he had never hoped to feel, had never felt before in all his life, swept through Lanier. It was less of passion than of an infinite tenderness. He gathered her in his arms and kissed the hot, moist lips and streaming eyes. He heard himself vaguely saying wild, rapturous words and felt her heart hammering against his own as she swayed over the arm of the chair and clung to him.

Outside the waves seethed and boiled against the side and the rain drummed against the decks. The sea was lengthening out with the turn of the tide and the ancient hulk swayed onward to the doom which lurked not far beyond in the storm-flung mist. A gathering gloom pervaded the studio. Clare gently released herself, and with her hands on Lanier's shoulders pushed him gently from her, the better to see his face.

"Calvert, darling?"

"Yes, sweetheart."

"It is getting dark. I'd forgotten that we were driving on the rocks." She smiled happily.

"Somebody will come."

"It does not matter. Do you love me really?"

He gathered her close again. "I adore you, Clare. Can you doubt it?"

She struggled for her breath. "No, there shall never be any more doubts. But I want to hear it over and over and over. Please say 'I love you, I love you, I love you' as many times as you can without drawing breath. And when your breath is gone, kiss me."

"I love you, I love you, I ——"

"Listen, Calvert!"

A new vibration seemed to strike through the ancient timbers of the hulk. It died, then was born again, and there followed a series of staccato bellowings, muffled yet resonant. Lanier sprang to his feet.

"There's a steamer!" he cried.

Again came the hoarse, peremptory summons. Lanier looked at Clare.

"Somebody has sighted our signal," he said. "Go into my room and wait until I come. There's no use in your being seen aboard. I'll be right back."

"Very well. Hurry, Calvert."

"I won't be long"; and he was off and up the companionway in a series of bounds. As he struck the deck he saw, close abeam on the weather side, a sturdy, ocean-going tug. Amidships a knot of men were in the act of getting a boat over the side. Lanier immediately recognized the lank figure of his caretaker—one Lem Billings, of Bath. He was himself discovered at the same moment, for the hands looked up and Billings gave a flourish of his arm.

Down splashed the boat on the lee side of the tug. Billings and two other men tumbled into her, when a deckhand flung into the stern-sheets a coil of light line. The men handled their oars, Billings

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shoved clear and a moment later the boat was swinging off to pass under the stern of the hulk, a hand aboard the tug paying out the line as she spun away. Up came the boat, swashed alongside the staging, and with no more difficulty than the ordinary citizen might find in boarding a trolley car Billings leaped out, the coil of rope on his arm. The tug had dropped down to leeward. The boat shoved clear and pulled off to round up on her lee side.

As Lem Billings toiled up the accommodation ladder with the heavy coil of line his feelings found vent in strident speech.

"Tha'ar, naow, Mr. Lanyeer," quoth he; "next time you'll take the advice of a man that knows, mebbe. I told you that a'ar graound taykle was tew light t' trust tew. Drug aout in that bust f'm the nothe, didn't ye, and cut the cable on the reef, hey—? Just what I allus said. I knowed it!" He passed his coil round an awning stanchion. "Sez I, when that a'ar squall struck the train: 'Here's wha'ar Mr. Lanyeer goes a-cruisin' fer a spell.' Lucky 'twas I ketched a tugbaout come fer some empty coal barges. Made a bargain afore I started, so ye needn't worry none abaout salvage claims, huh!"

"All right," said Lanier briefly. "Tell them to jerk us in. If you'd got that spare anchor on the bow, as I told you to, it would never have happened," and he went below.

Clare was kneeling on a transom looking out through a porthole. At the sound of Lanier's step she jumped up and flung her arms round his neck.

"The mermaids get cheated out of their spoils," said he, kissing her. "We're all right now. My man has got a tug out there that could snake in half a dozen roly-poly tubs like this. Now I must go up and lend him a hand with the towline. Try to get some sleep, Clare darling," and he kissed her again and went on deck.

. . . . . .

It seemed to Clare that she had barely closed her eyes when she awoke with the consciousness that her name was being softly spoken. Her lids fluttered up and she stared vacantly at the miniature stage, which happened to be directly in her line of vision. A crimson band striking through a porthole struck directly on a curtsying little figure, with the effect of a limelight. So real and living was the effect produced that Clare laughed softly to herself. The laugh was echoed from directly behind her, to be followed by a swish of garments, a soft rustle, and as Clare twisted about on the divan a figure slipped from the gloom, dropped beside her and with a half sob and half laugh flung a pair of arms about her neck.

"Clare, my dear, dear child. Thank God!"

"Loretta!" cried Clare dazedly.

"Well, Sis," said a gruff though rather uncertain voice, "a nice scare you gave us!"

"Ravel, where did you come from? How did you get here?" Clare felt as if her senses were failing and as if she were hearing and seeing things that were not.

"We fell in with a tug sent out by our friends in the Chimney Corner. She's gone back with the glad news, and the Gull is in tow of the hulk with one of the tug-hands aboard her. It's clearing and the wind is going down."

"Where's Calvert?"

"Ho! Still worrying about your Calvy, are you? However, my dear, I quite approve your choice. Lanier is all right. Besides, the Chimney Corner owes him something and you are the prize," and he stooped down and kissed her, the tears in his eyes.

Lanier came in from the galley at this moment. He looked enviously at Ravenel.

"Here are your skirt and shoes, Clare," said he. "'Fraid the skirt is scorched a little."

"How terrible!" said Clare with an unsteady little laugh.

"Look here, Sis," said Ravenel, seating himself astride a chair and hauling out his cigarette case. "I told the tug people that you and Loretta were taking a moonlight sail together when the squall struck you, and that you took refuge on the hulk. Shortly afterward the hulk dragged out and cut her cable. See? Then I went after you in the Gull, but only managed to get Loretta off on account of the swash. That's a good yarn for all hands. Loretta doesn't approve, but it's said now, so you've all got to stick to it." He turned to

(Concluded on Page 84)

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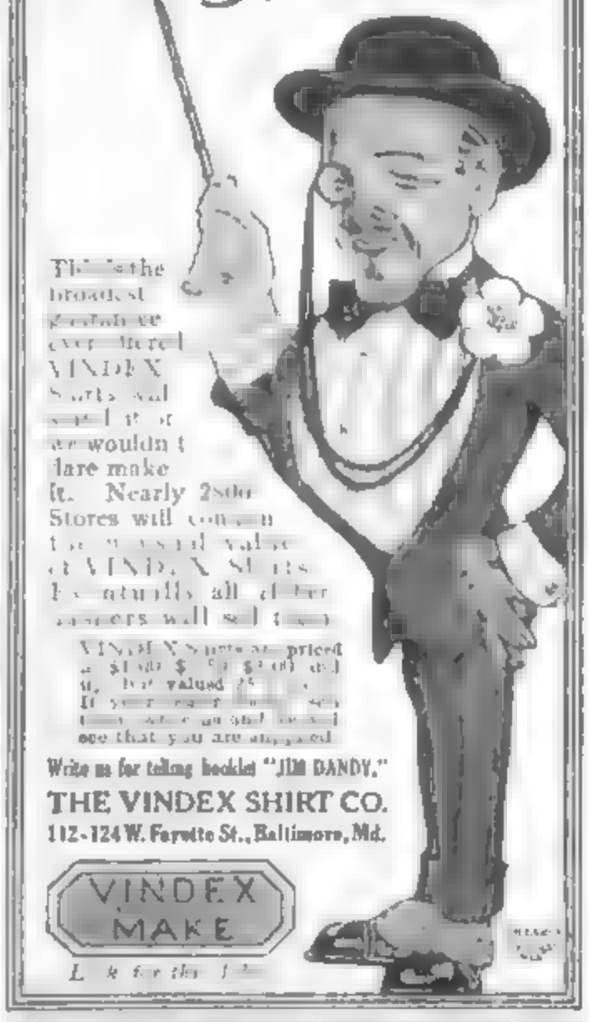

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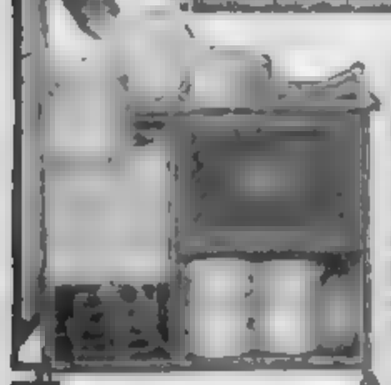

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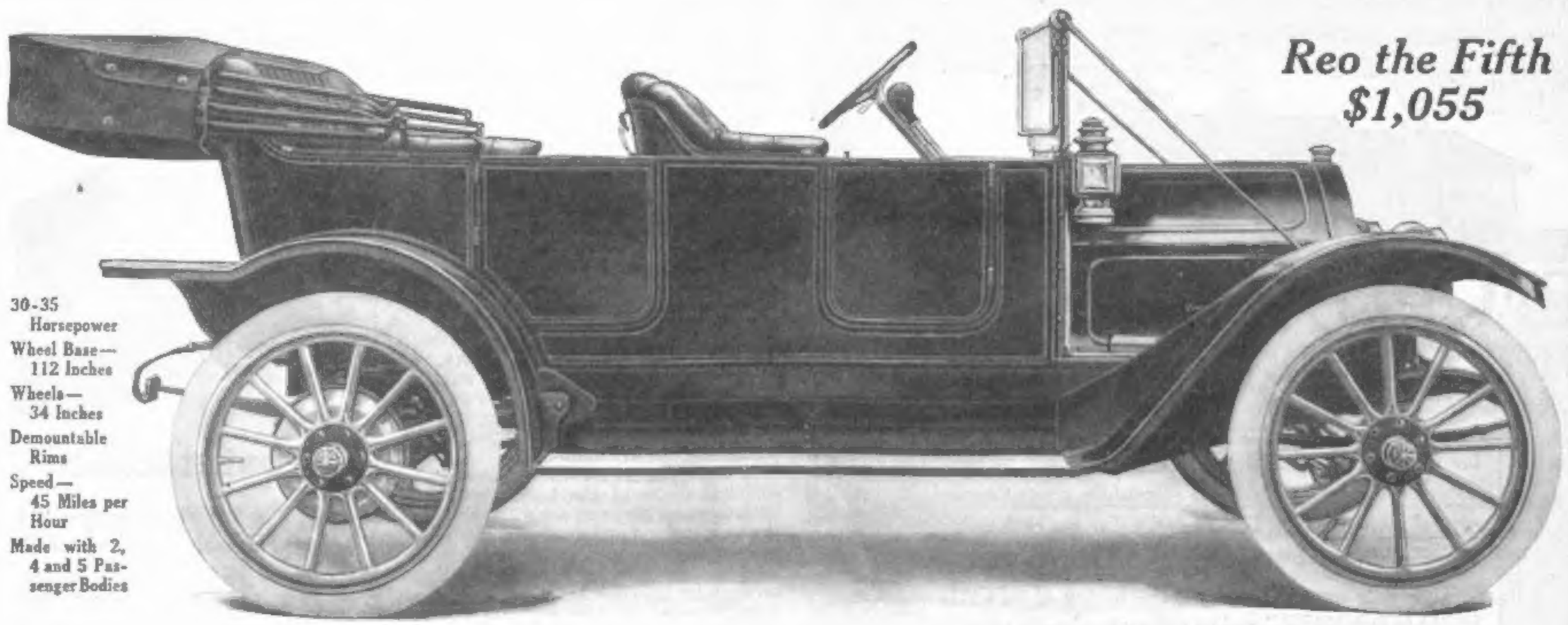

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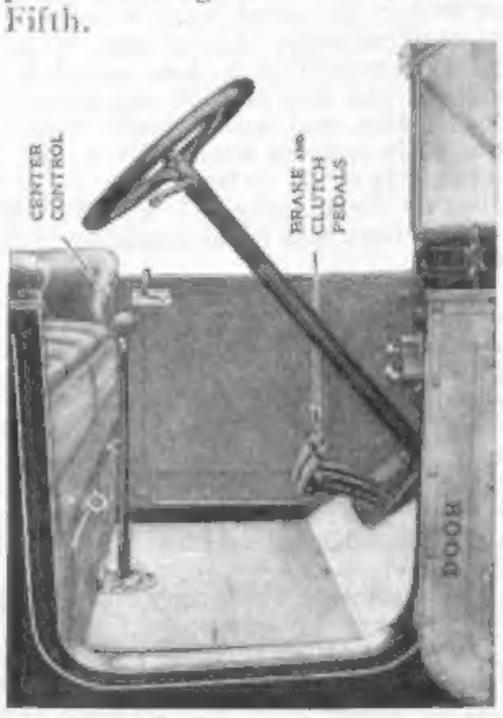

It is this center control, shaped like a cane handle. All the gear shifting is done by moving this lever less than three inches in each of four directions.

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These features permit of the left side drive, as in electric cars. The driver sits, as he should sit, close to the cars he passes and on the up side of the road.

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[64]

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(Concluded from Page 83)

Lanier. "Calvert, what is that yellow-colored liquid in that cutglass decanter? Whisky? Ah, yes! I never can recall the name!"

And he poured himself out a liberal libation.

. . . . . .

The ancient hulk was back at her old moorings off the reading room. It was the sacred hour of afternoon tea, yet, strange to say, the only occupant of the broad veranda was the reading-room cat, an abnormally large and fluffy animal with a ringed tail and a penchant for catching minnows along the beach. Maine cats are apt to have these habitudes.

But the colonists were not far away. They were assisting, *en masse*, at the first unofficial scenic and musical presentation of that afterward famous operetta, The Pearl of Panama. This festivity was given an especial éclat by the announcement of the betrothal of the colony's fairest daughter to the talented author of the piece, one Calvert Lanier.

It was a perfect August afternoon. The spacious decks of the hulk were spread with Oriental rugs and set with tables, and the awning ridgeropes hung with gaily colored paper lanterns. The performance was over and the guests beginning to cluster on deck for the collation, which was staidly superintended by the steward from the reading room. Down below, the smiling Charlie was ministering to the spiritual wants of such hardy souls as were inclined to bid defiance to the laws of Mrs. Wilmerding and the State of Maine.

"Ah, well," sighed Mr. Phelps sonorously, "thus it is our daughters leave us, but all is well that ends well"; and he drained his goblet of a strong solution of Pendennis rye.

(THE END)

Rolling Stones

THAT to change from one occupation to another may be something very different from wisdom—that it may come from vacillation, inconstancy, unsteadiness, lack of judgment, lack of perseverance—is shown by the career of a certain man who used to talk glowingly of what he hoped to do; but when the time approached for his going out into the world his ideas were far from settled and his words were nothing but generalities.

His first effort was with medicine. He studied for two years and then gave it up—decided that medicine was not precisely the thing for him; and thereupon, while changing, he made a good deal of a change and went into the law. He pursued this far enough to practice for two or three years, but then became dissatisfied and decided that he had not yet hit upon his proper vocation.

So he turned to real estate; and I remember seeing his name upon a number of pieces of property. In the course of a few years I learned that he had turned to the ministry and had studied and passed his examination, and was actually preaching in a little country town. Next, and the last change of all, so far as I know, he had given up the ministry and in another little country town was running a little country store.

Whether or not a change in one's occupation is good or bad is not altogether a question of money. The best occupation for a man may be poorly paid compared with something else he might do.

An Indian, a graduate of one of the Indian schools, was once one of the civil engineers of a big railway. His mind was seething with the legends and traditions of his race, and he loved to talk of them with a sort of shy pride.

Years afterward, a former business associate of Poor Lo was passing through an Indian reservation and rode up to a cottage door to ask a question as to the road—and the Indian who came forward, rough-garbed and looking as if he had always lived there and had never seen a city or a railroad, proved to be the former civil engineer.

After he had talked for a few moments the Indian said:

"No doubt you think this strange; but I love the touch of the soil—I love the fresh, sweet air—I love my horse and cow and chickens. I cannot be a wild Indian like my ancestors, but I can live just as much in touch with Nature. For others this might not be best; but for me it is."

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Daimler—England's foremost car—controls the British rights. That has been a Knight-type since 1908, and its sales have quadrupled since then.

Mercedes controls the German rights. Panhard for France, Minerva for Belgium.

Thus the master engines of the world have been displaced by Knight-types.

A Knight-type engine won the Dewar Trophy in the greatest engine test on record.

It won the Scottish Economy Trophy. It holds world records on points that count for most.

That's why we adopted it for the Stearns-Knight, after two years of rigorous tests.

"Wait and See"

Makers of poppet-valve engines say, "Wait and see."

But the Knight-type is six years old. Daimler has used it since 1908.

One after another, the greatest makers in Europe have been forced to pay royalty for it. It is used now in 17 famous makes of cars.

Some $25,000,000 has been already invested in Knight-motored cars of the highest grade.

And the demand for Knight-type cars today is three times the possible output.

How much longer is it wise to wait?

We waited three years after Europe came to it. We were not willing converts.

But we know when progress can't be longer stopped. The cars of the future will be Knight-type cars.

We were compelled by the evidence—as you will be—to come to this type of car.

Like Coasting

It is almost like coasting all the time to ride in a Stearns-Knight car.

The silence is almost uncanny.

No valves to pound open, no valves to spring shut—hundreds of times a minute.

No cams to grow noisy, no timing gears to hum.

No valves to grind. No carbon to cause leakage.

There is luxury of motion in a Stearns-Knight, known in no old-type car.

It's like gliding on the road. All the evidence of effort to which you are accustomed is lacking in this car.

There is wondrous flexibility. There is that continuous power for which electric motors are famous.

And the engines grow better with use. They show more and more power. We have Knight-type engines run for six years which are as quiet and efficient as when new.

Equipment

Warner Auto-Meter, Model K.
Banker Windshield.
Silk Mohair Top and Cover.
Vesta Dynamo Electric Lighting System.
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One-Half More Power

Stearns-Knight engines are rated on the poppet-valve basis.

But we guarantee the engines to show at least 50 per cent more than the rated power.

This is due in part to the spherical firing chamber. It is mostly due to the saving of leakage.

Poppet valves are rarely tight. When carbon accumulates the waste of power is enormous.

Judge for yourself what this saving means during the life of a car.

These are advantages too great to be disregarded.

The greatest engineers have had to adopt them. And most of the others are now seeking ways to end the poppet valve.

The time is fast coming when all high grade cars must have a new-type engine.

A Costly Change

Engineers have spent over $1,000,000 in perfecting the Knight-type motor.

We have ourselves spent $200,000, plus two full years, to meet American requirements.

Then this engine requires far more careful construction in every detail of the car.

Noises which were drowned by the old-type motors show up with the Silent Knight.

So this innovation was costly.

But our sales have doubled since the Stearns-Knight came out. They have compelled a new factory. At times our output was three times oversold.

This multiplied demand makes the Stearns cost less than any other Knight-type in America.

Hundreds Know

Hundreds of Stearns-Knight cars, in the hands of owners, have covered thousands of miles of road. The owners are men who know cars—men who demand the best.

The letters we get from them form the highest tribute ever paid to an American car.

The facts which won them will win you when you know them. They are the same facts which won 10,000 buyers in Europe.

They are irresistible to any man who wants the utmost in a car.

The Future Type

The evidence is that the leading cars of the future are bound to be Knight-motored cars.

History shows that what Daimler, Mercedes and Panhard adopt will soon mark the best cars the world over.

In buying a car for years to come, this fact should be well considered. You want the coming, not the passing type.

In two more years Knight-types will be common among high grade cars—as in Europe now. Today the Knight-type, in its perfection, means in America a Stearns-Knight car.

Go See This Car

Go to your local dealer and see this Stearns-Knight car.

But first write for our books. Get all the facts. Then judge for yourself if Knight-type is the future type.

Write now for these books. The Stearns-Knight car is the topic of the year in Motordom. Cut out this coupon, mail it to us, and we'll send all the interesting facts.

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